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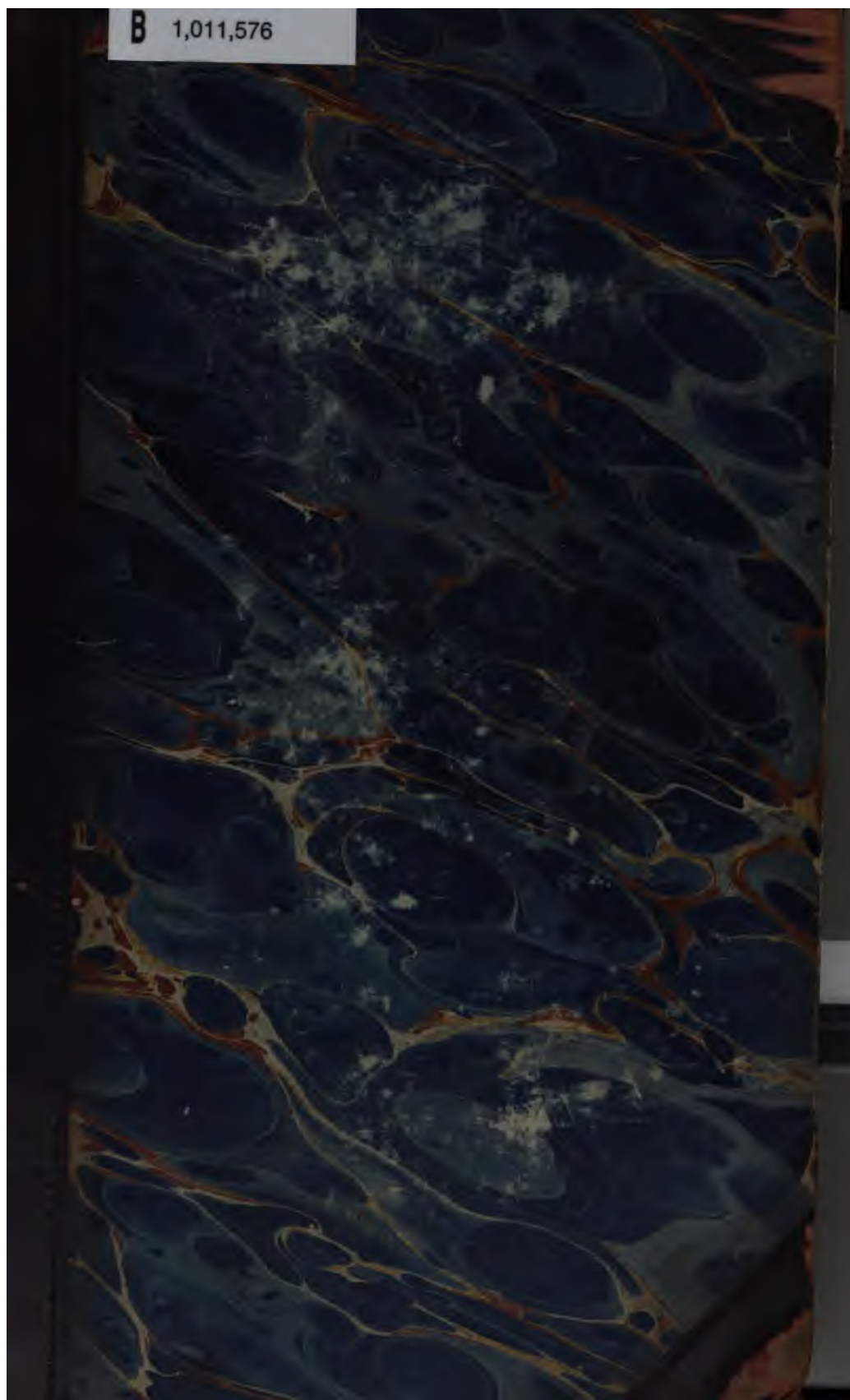
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**THE**  
**NORTH BRITISH REVIEW.**



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THE

# NORTH BRITISH REVIEW.

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MAY, 1848.

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- ART. I.—1. *Narrative of the French Revolution of 1848.* By  
WALTER K. KELLY.  
2. *The Three Days of February 1848.* By PERCY B. ST. JOHN,  
An Eye-Witness of the whole Revolution.

THE careless observer among those of our countrymen who are even well acquainted with Paris, would have noted, at the commencement of this year, but little that was unusual in its general appearance and tone. He might, perhaps, have remarked, that he encountered fewer of his compatriots in the Rue de Rivoli, the Champs Elysées, or Galignani's reading-room; and he might occasionally have heard dolorous complaints from trades-people, that there were far fewer English in the city than was usual. But in Paris itself and its Parisians, he would have found no material difference. If the Opposition was more clamorous, and the Ministry more imperious, this would have promised no more important result than rendering the Parliamentary debates more noisy, and the political journals less readable. All such war of words and shedding of ink had apparently no effect on the habitual gaiety of the mass.

The Cafés and Restaurants were as brilliant as usual with gilding, mirrors, and light; the shops were decked out with all their customary luxury and taste; the demand and supply of Christmas *bon-bons* undiminished. The theatres were as crowded as ever; the criticism of the *parterre*—now rapturous with Alboni's singing, now disgusted with Alexander Dumas' *Hamlet*—as dogmatical and dreaded; the mad riot of the Carnival balls at the opera as fast and furious. A sunny afternoon would bring out all the human butterflies to the Boulevards; a rainy holiday would send them to

inspect the various museums as heretofore. There were neither fewer artists in the Louvre, fewer readers in the public libraries, nor more devotees in the churches. There was the usual amount of science and literature at the Institute—of epigram and repartee in the *salons*—of lectures at the Sorbonne—of soldiers loitering in the streets—of nursery-maids and children in the gardens of the Tuileries. Care-forgetting, pleasure-loving Paris wore her usual gay aspect. Yet before the second month of the year should be ended, the same Paris was to accomplish a revolution which should not only dethrone a king, but sweep away a monarchy.

But if the superficial observer saw little unusual in the aspect of Paris at the beginning of the year, any one who was better acquainted with the French character, and bestowed a more thoughtful glance at its existing manifestations, could have foretold the approach of some mighty change. It was not so much the stormy debates in the Chamber of Deputies, nor the eloquence of the Count de Montalembert and the pertinacity of the Marquis de Boissy among the Peers, nor the fierce denunciations of the Opposition press, nor the vacillating feebleness—alternately bullying and cringing—of the *Journal des Débats* and the *Conservateur*; it was not so much even the concentration of military force in and around Paris—so expressive of palace-apprehension and weakness; nor the positive prophecies of a revolution, such as we ourselves heard, which foreshadowed the event that was to come;—so often had such prophecies ended in ridiculous unfulfilment, such debates in vain words, and such assemblings of troops in mere parade. It was not, in fact, anything outward or overt which foreboded the catastrophe; nor, indeed, do we see that any one individual fact, up to the very moment of the Revolution, could be pointed out as having been adequate to cause so mighty a result as a forced abdication, and a radical change in the form of government. But there was a suspicion abroad throughout the land, which of long growth had ripened to conviction, that the king was false to his people—that an enormous system of corruption and extravagance was undermining the integrity of the country, and ruining its finances—that the interests of France at home and abroad were sacrificed to those of the Orleans dynasty—that a disguised, but not the less real, despotism occupied the throne—indeed, that everything which had been gained by two revolutions was in danger of being reabsorbed; and that all this was not an accidental or an evanescent state of things, but the result of a policy deeply planned and unrelentingly pursued—the working out of an elaborate system, which had been matured, it might be, even before its author was raised to the position from which it was to be put in practice.

This distrust of the king was all but universal ; and to it he may ascribe the loss of his throne. For though the Republican party was far from being insignificant, it was still a small minority, and certainly would never have seen its hopes realized, if the universal people—attached to monarchical institutions as they were—had not felt that trust was no more to be put in princes, when they found that, under the Sovereign whom they had themselves set up, and whom they had fettered with so many restrictions in a carefully pondered and amended charter, they were in a worse condition than before, and that the whips of his predecessor had been exchanged for very scorpions.

This feeling of want of confidence in the king any careful observer might for a considerable time have read in the physiognomy of France. And to any thinking and unprejudiced man, considering the position of things, and aware of the character of the people, it plainly told that a change, and a great change, had become as imminent as it had long been desirable. For beneath much that is frivolous in their character, there lies an energy and intensity for which the French too seldom get credit in other countries. It is not merely excitability, it is a resoluteness and determination scarce paralleled among other nations, not sustained by the same determined perseverance which distinguishes the English, but irresistible in its first impetuosity, and terrible if it have been long restrained. No people, moreover, are more ready and more qualified to act without leaders, and to rise without previous concert. When an impulse sufficiently strong is communicated to them, they act as one man—animated by one spirit—extemporizing chiefs as they go along. And it is farther very characteristic of them, that when labouring under any grievance, they are ever ready to act upon the maxim, that any change must be for the better : they endeavour to rid themselves of it without inquiry as to what will replace it, and “ rather than bear the ills they have, they fly to others that they know not of.” They exhibit, in short, at this day, the very character given to their Gallic ancestors in the concise words of Cæsar—“*omnes fere Gallos novis rebus studere, et ad bellum mobiliter celeriterque excitari.*”

When, therefore, it was considered how acts the most arbitrary were openly practised, and acts the most corrupt were universally suspected, it was impossible for any thinking man—knowing the ardent and restless character of the nation—who mingled with the people, and saw the feeling—right or wrong—imprinted on their minds, not to apprehend a crisis, and that at an early period. And if the late Revolution took the people of Britain by surprise, it was very much because they are in general ignorant of those essential peculiarities of the French character which we have

on that account shortly insisted on. Reasoning from themselves, and judging by their own way of going to work, they do not understand how revolutions can be accomplished without organization, without meetings and associations and leagues, all of which—constitutional, regular, and efficient modes of procedure, as we consider them, and as with us they are—together with their implied staff of leaders and pamphleteers and committees, of secretaries and treasurers and subscription-lists, so far from being indispensable to the French, would be the very means to chill the energy and repress any movement of a people who are so accustomed to act upon impulse, and require neither appointed chiefs nor preconcerted schemes.

Before proceeding to a narrative of the events during the late Revolution, it may be well shortly to recall to the reader's memory its real, however apparently inadequate, cause.

Not a session of the Chambers had for fifteen years gone by without a demand being made for Electoral Reform, couched in one shape or another. Yet reform was far from being a generally popular desire till the result of the general election of 1846. At that election the Guizot Ministry obtained an immense majority—as it was believed, by means of every kind of corruption and undue influence. Among its supporters were nearly two hundred salaried functionaries, most of them liable to removal at will. This gave a vitality and energy to the Reform movement it had never before known. In the stormy session of 1847, distinct and specific charges of corruption were made against the Ministry. The trial of M. Teste and General Cubières shewed that there was at least good reason for inquiry; and the subsequent affair of M. Petit, when the scandal was carried on within the Cabinet of the incorruptible Guizot himself, has since indicated that the suspicions then existing were not wholly without foundation. But any inquiry whatsoever the Ministry refused. Trusting to their numerical strength, they took what may be called a vote of confidence; a great majority declared themselves “satisfied” with their conduct, and they considered their triumph complete. This ill-advised step produced a disastrous effect upon the country. If the Ministry, it was said, succeeded in packing the Chamber by corruption, who could expect that the corrupted would be otherwise than satisfied with the corrupters? And the result naturally was, that instead of regaining the confidence of the nation for themselves, they only impaired it for the Constitution under which such things could be; for men, having the fruit before them, and seeing it bad, argued that the tree must be rotten upon which it grew.

The Constitution, however, they were still loath to touch. In

electoral reform they continued to place great hope. To promote it the Opposition resolved to appeal from the Chamber to the country. Agitation was to be their weapon. A series of "Banquets" was resolved upon; the author of this system being M. Duvergier de Hauranne. The first took place at the Chateau Rouge, a large tavern at the Barrier of Paris. Twelve hundred guests were present, of whom eighty were Deputies. Other banquets followed in the different provincial towns—Lille, Rouen, Orléans, Limoges, Montpellier, Lyons, Strasbourg, and more than fifty minor places had each its own.

Differences, it is true, arose between the various grades of the Opposition. The Republicans separated from the dynastic and more moderate section. The latter had begun by omitting to toast the king's health, meaning nothing more than a personal insult to the occupant of the throne; but the extreme party, in continuing the omission, declared that nothing less was meant thereby than a protest against the existence of a monarchy. A Gironde and a Mountain had already appeared. M. Odillon Barrot, the leader of the constitutional Opposition, was excluded from the banquet at Lille, and had puns made on his name at the banquet of Macon; M. Ledru Rollin, one of the Republican chiefs, and now Republican Minister of the Interior, being in revenge excluded from the banquet of Amiens.

But, notwithstanding these grave dissensions among themselves, the banqueters were doing serious injury to the Government. The Ministry resolved to face the danger and act firmly. Working, therefore, on his susceptible feelings, they persuaded the king to adopt, in his speech at the opening of the Session, the expressions which soon after became so famous, and which, in some respects, have now a melancholy interest.

"Gentlemen,—The more I advance in life the more devotedly I consecrate to the service of France, and to the care of her interests, dignity, and honour, all the measure of activity and power which God has given and continues to me. In the midst of the agitation fomented by hostile and blind passions, one conviction animates and sustains me; and it is this, that we possess in a constitutional monarchy, and in the union of the great powers of the State, sure means of surmounting all these difficulties, and of satisfying the moral and material interests of our dear country. Let us, in conformity with the charter, firmly maintain social order and all its conditions; let us, in conformity with the charter, faithfully guarantee public liberty and all its developments; so shall we transmit intact to the generations which shall succeed us the deposit confided to our trust, and receive their blessings for having founded and defended the structure, under shelter of which they will live happily and free."

Unhappily for Louis-Philippe, the blindness was all on his own

side. He was not destined to devote the rest of his life to the service of France, to surmount all the difficulties before him, or to transmit intact to his posterity—and receive their blessings for it—the deposit confided to his charge. His real enemies were those whom he believed his friends. One voice, it is said, and that one generally of great authority with Louis-Philippe, was raised against this expression of royal pique and ministerial imprudence. His sister, Madame Adelaide, who (if his hesitation was real) did so much to decide him on accepting the Crown in 1830, is believed to have advised him against a course of policy which has ended in his losing it in 1848. But she was unheeded; and as if Heaven meant to punish his infatuation, the wisest and most faithful of Louis-Philippe's counsellors, died—died just in time not to witness her brother's fall, and share his misfortunes; for it was only in the first days of this year that he followed her remains to lay them in the family tomb at Dreux, by the same road which, within two short months, he and his were to take on their flight into exile.

The royal Address was delivered, and, as was to be expected, the epithets "hostile" and "blind" roused all the wrath of all the Oppositions. The debate on the answer, which was as usual a mere echo of the speech, and so reproduced the offensive expressions, was of the very stormiest kind; but the Ministry of course carried their point, and on the 14th of February the Address was voted. From that day the feud between the portion of the Chamber which found itself insulted, and that portion which had insulted them, became mortal. Defeated in Parliament, the Opposition were strong in public opinion, and an occasion for a trial of strength on a different ground soon presented itself.

Paris is divided into districts or wards, called *arrondissements*. The electors of the 12th of these had resolved to organize a Reform Banquet, and it was, at first, fixed for the 19th February. This was the little cloud which was to send down a revolutionary deluge.

The Banquet was forbidden by the Prefect of Police, M. Delessert, on the express injunction and responsibility of M. Duchâtel, Minister of the Interior. The Committee of the 12th *arrondissement* resolved to pay no regard to the interdiction, and intimated their intention to the Prefect. The members of the Opposition held a meeting, and unanimously agreed to accept the invitation they had received to the Banquet, which, after having been more than once postponed, was finally fixed for the 22d February. Here then was a mutual defiance; the quarrel was reduced to its simplest elements.

Both parties made their preparations—the Opposition for an

overwhelming popular demonstration, the Government to vindicate its authority. On Monday, the 21st of February, the Opposition journals of the morning contained an address, issued by the General Committee of the Banquet. It set forth that they had chosen for locality a part of the capital where the width of the streets and the openness of the ground would admit of a multitudinous assembly meeting without inconvenience; for it was now resolved not only to have a banquet but a procession. Those who had been invited were to assemble on the Place de la Madeleine, at eleven o'clock, forenoon; but besides these the National Guards (unarmed,) as well as the students of all the various colleges, were to form part of the *cor-tège*, and, of course, all Paris would have gone to witness the show. They were to proceed by the Place de la Concorde, to a pavilion erected for the purpose in the grounds of General Thian, nearly at the other extremity of the Champs Elysées, a distance of nearly a mile and a half. All this was arranged on the faith of a kind of understanding which had been come to with the Government, that they did not intend forcibly to prevent such a demonstration, but only to hinder the Banquet itself taking place; and, accordingly, it was resolved that the first summons from the authorities to disperse should instantly be obeyed under protest, in order that a clear and simple issue might be brought before the tribunals. Both parties stood strong on their legal right of doing all they did.

The Government on its part was not idle. The horse-artillery at the dépôt of Vincennes, a fort about two miles to the east of Paris, infamous as having been the scene of the murder of the Duke d'Enghien, was ordered to be ready harnessed on the morning of the day appointed for the Banquet. Fifty cartridges were served out to each man of the Municipal Guard and the garrison of Paris, who were kept confined to their barracks. The troops in the neighbourhood were in readiness to march on the capital. It was even said that the forts surrounding Paris had begun to be armed, and that those of Montrouge and Aubervilliers were already provisioned; and when all was over, a letter was found at the Ministry of War, in the hand-writing of the Duke de Montpensier, demanding the transport to Paris of seventy-two more pieces of artillery. The troops concentrated on Paris amounted to at least 70,000 men; and to conceive aright of the force at the disposal of the Government, it must be kept in mind, that by the peculiar disposition of the forts round Paris, the city might actually be starved in a few days, provided, that is to say, the troops remained faithful.

Their fidelity, however, might well have been suspected. Besides their notorious reluctance to act against the people, there



was unquestionably a strong Republican spirit among the soldiery. Some eighteen months past we chanced to be driven by stress of weather in the Bay of Biscay into the Isle Dieu, which has a garrison, the acquaintance of whose chiefs we made. One of their favourite songs had for *refrain* the words, "Voilà pourquoi je suis Républicain," which, being sung by an officer, at the time astonished us not a little; but the remembrance of the glories and honours which followed the establishment of the former Republic, possessed too many charms, for the army not to calculate the chances which another Republic might afford them of a war, to develop new Junots, Murats, or Napoleons.

Thus, on the 21st February, the two hostile parties were in presence. The day had passed over quietly, when in the afternoon a new act of the Government precipitated matters. They took upon themselves to forbid the whole affair. M. Delessert issued two proclamations. In the first, after declaring it had been the intention of the Government to have permitted the entry of the guests into the pavilion of the Banquet, hoping that they would have had the good sense to retire at the first summons, so as to bring the matter distinctly before the Supreme Court, he went on to say, that matters were entirely changed when a dangerous demonstration was intended, which went to set up another authority by the side of the constituted authorities of the country, and actually proposed a contravention of the law of 1831, by which any such convocation of National Guards as was contemplated was expressly prohibited. He therefore issued an order interdicting the meeting, at the same time intimating, that all necessary means would be taken to assure the execution of the decree. The second of these *ordonnances* was directed against the assembling of mobs; and besides these, an address, bearing the signature of General Jacqueminot, was issued to the National Guards, cautioning them against taking any part in the proposed demonstration.

These proclamations gave rise to another scene in the Chamber of Deputies, in which M. Odillon Barrot and M. Duchâtel played the chief parts. The result was another meeting of the Opposition, and the issuing by them of a counter-manifesto, to the effect that they now found themselves in the dilemma either of provoking a collision between the people and the authorities, or of renouncing the "legal and pacific" demonstration they had contemplated; that they declined the responsibility of such a result as the former, and therefore left the Government to answer for the consequences that might flow from the alternative: finally, that they had resolved on impeaching the Ministry, and would immediately present their accusation. The real truth was that the dynastic Opposition now recoiled.

These successive acts produced, as may be imagined, a great ferment on the evening of Monday the 21st; but still none dreamt of what was yet to come. Rumours, it is true, had been rife of an approaching revolution, but they were usually treated as a jest. On the previous Saturday evening, for instance, we were present at a *réunion* in the Avenue des Champs Elysées—where, by the way, we signed two Anti-slavery petitions to the Chambers—petitions which were never destined to be presented—when one of the party, addressing our host, said with mock earnestness—“Sir, I and some of our friends here have to beg of you to allow us to occupy your windows on Tuesday next, in order to see the Revolution pass.” We saw the jester some days afterwards, and reminded him of his joke. “My friend,” he replied, “as it turned out, we only required to go to our own doors to see the Revolution pass—and that both to and fro.” And even on the morning of Thursday the 24th, the first day of the Revolution, happening to call on a clergyman of the Reformed Church, he invited us to attend a religious meeting in his house on the Saturday following, he and we little expecting that if we had then met, our prayers, instead of being for the king, must have been a translation of the formula—“*Domine salvam fac Rempublicam.*”

The evening of the 21st, we have said, was agitated. Men saw that things had become more serious then. There was a kind of hollow ominous murmur throughout Paris, like the sound of the coming storm. It was the voice of the people—whispering; to which it is ever well to take heed while it yet whispers: otherwise it will speak, and that in thunder.

The evening papers which contained the ordinances, were eagerly bought at three or four times their usual price. Knots of people formed, and here and there, by the flare of a torch borne by a boy, one man would read aloud to the rest, who formed an eager auditory, and on whose faces the red light showed indignation or apprehension, according to the party they espoused. All, however, were equally gloomy, and though there was much laughter, it was not of mirth.

Yet, by the morning of Tuesday, all this seemed, at first, to have evaporated. We walked up the Champs Elysées, nearly to their end. It was a raw, cold morning, with gusts of wind, and they looked most desolate, as indeed they always do look at this season from the contrast they present to their appearance in summer. Instead of the crowds of gay and gaily dressed people sauntering under the trees, or lounging on the chairs, or sipping their coffee, and listening to the music at the cafés: instead of the laughing groups at the puppet-shows, charlatans, and conjurors, at the weighing-machines, merry-go-rounds, and pop-gun targets,

instead of the tiny carriages full of happy children, and drawn by goats with tinkling bells, there is nothing in the Champs Elysées during winter that is not dismal. The cafés are deserted, the goats are gone, the chairs are piled upon each other, the ground is a mass of clammy mud, and as the keen blast howls past you through the trees, you wonder you could ever have felt grateful for their shade.

Thus desolate to us seemed the Champs Elysées, as we returned towards the Rue de Rivoli, wondering at our own curiosity, which had brought us to so empty a scene, and in such weather; for we had seen no sign of any effervescence, and indeed had scarcely met a human being. But as we got farther down the avenue, we began to encounter more people. They came at first only two or three together, but soon there was a stream—lads, working-men in *blouses*, shabby-looking personages with republican beards, composed the majority;—a great many were speaking German. They seemed to have no object, and merely to be loitering about.

But the farther we proceeded, the more and more numerous did the people become, till on arriving at the Place de la Concorde, and looking up the Rue Royale, we saw that a pretty dense crowd was assembled at the Madeleine, and we found that notwithstanding the proclamations, and that the Opposition had abandoned their Banquet, a procession was actually to take place. We overheard a man, who seemed to know something about the matter, declare that they proposed to march to the Chamber of Deputies, and sing the Marseillaise before the portico. Such was the trifling object of the demonstration, and yet it ended in a Revolution.

But there was much criticism. Almost universal blame was now attached to M. Odillon Barrot, and those of the Opposition who had retreated at the critical moment, after making themselves so busy previously. In the second *arrondissement* even their resignation of the seats in the Chamber was demanded, in order that the country might judge and express its opinion of their conduct. The concluding paragraph of their manifesto—"In abstaining from going to the Banquet, the Opposition performs a great act of moderation and humanity; it knows that it remains for it to accomplish a great act of firmness and justice"—was held up to ridicule as an empty bravado; for this "great act of firmness and justice" consisted in nothing more than the impeachment of the Ministry, which might have been a just, but assuredly was not a very bold proceeding. The conduct of M. Odillon Barrot and the majority of the Opposition, certainly contrasted but poorly with that of eighteen Deputies of the more advanced party—Dupont (de l'Eure) and Lamartine being of

the number, which included besides no fewer than three Peers of France, Messieurs de Boissy, d'Alton-Shee, and d'Harcourt. These strongly protested against the recoil, insisting that the Opposition should go on with its purpose and accomplish its threatened act of defiance to the Government. Who were, and who were not, the men of nerve and action, began now clearly to be seen—it is unnecessary to say in favour of which division the popular voice pronounced.

Meanwhile the crowd continued to increase, and in proportion as it did so, the quarter of the town in the neighbourhood of the Madeleine became more agitated. Shopmen began to put up their shutters, crowds of the curious hurried to the scene, and those who remained at home stood in their doorways, or under the *portes cochères*, and talked excitedly. Everybody was making inquiries, and none could give any satisfactory answer: we do not know how often we were asked what had happened, what was happening, and what was going to happen? for in point of curiosity not less than of excitability and love of change, the French—or at least the Parisians of the present day, answer in a wonderful degree to the description given by Cæsar of the Gauls—"It is their habit to make travellers stop, even against their will, and to ask them their news about anything they may have heard or may know."

We passed through some of the streets adjacent to the Madeleine. Part of the Place round the church was now occupied by the 21st Regiment of the line, and there were also mounted Municipal Guards on duty. About eleven o'clock a body of students, about fifteen hundred strong, who had marched from the Pantheon, and had been joined on their way by about as many workmen from the Faubourgs, came up in a body—students and workmen mingling together in tolerable order. They sang at times the Marseillaise, and at times the hymn of the Girondins, at present so popular in Paris. We returned to the Place de la Concorde, which was now very crowded. As the western terrace of the Tuileries gardens commands a view not only of the Place, but of the Chamber of Deputies, we mounted there to see what passed.

The view from this point is one of the most striking in Paris. In front the avenue of the Champs Élysées stretches away in a long straight line till it is terminated, at the distance of a mile and a half, by the Arc de Triomphe. To the right are the fine façades of the Ministère de la Marine, and the ancient Garde-Meuble;—to the left is the Seine, crossed by the Pont de la Concorde, at the end of which is the Grecian portico of the Palais Bourbon, or Chamber of Deputies. The Place de la Concorde, immediately in front, with its obelisk, its massy gilt

lamps, its fountains, and its statues, presents a very noble appearance, while behind are the gardens of the Tuileries, bare and bleak enough just now, but beautiful in summer, when their square-cut trees present one mass of green, and their cool fountains sparkle in the sun.

We had not been long on the terrace when the procession made its appearance, issuing from the Rue Royale. It slowly worked its way through the crowd to the end of the Pont de la Concorde, which leads from the Place to the Chamber of Deputies. Here they found their march stopped by a double line of dragoons and chasseurs à cheval. But a heavy cart standing hard by, they conducted it to their front, and flogging the horse, sent the vehicle whirling in among the cavalry, while the crowd dashed in behind it. They then advanced to the Chamber of Deputies, forced the gates of the railing, and ran up the steps. Some, it is said, had even penetrated to the interior, when a sudden panic seemed to seize them, and they all ran down again.

Thus timorous were the men who, within two days, were to front death so fearlessly at the barricades, and such is the divinity which doth hedge those in possession of authority, even in Revolutions, at the first. The crowd, however, were still in occupation of the area in front of the Chamber, when we saw advancing along the Quai d'Orsay, a strong detachment of mounted Municipal Guards at a sharp trot, headed by an officer on a white charger, whom we afterwards understood to be General Tiburce Sebastiani, brother of the Marshal of that name, and uncle of the unhappy Duchess de Praslin. The troopers drove the crowd before them along the bridge—but without drawing their sabres, and then formed in front of the Obelisk. A body of dragoons and a squadron of hussars also took up a position in the Place. There was a good deal of groaning and hooting at the Garde Municipale, but the dragoons and other troops were well received. *Vivent les dragons!* was frequently repeated. Some stones were thrown, slight charges were at times made, and expresses rode off in all directions, but there was not yet much feeling of irritation among the mass, or of anxiety among the commanding officers. A charge having been made, some of the crowd took refuge in one of the fountains, which are of great size, and were then dry; but the water beginning suddenly to play, all speedily jumped out, looking very ridiculous.

Such was the first scene of the drama. The locality was singularly appropriate for the commencement of the Revolution. The Pont de la Concorde is formed of the stones from the demolished Bastille, and the Place, which first bore the name of Louis XV., afterwards took that of the Revolution, for which

its present name, bestowed on it at the Restoration, is, we believe, again to be changed. Here, moreover, it was that the crowning sin of the first Revolution was perpetrated, for "near where the southern fountain seems eternally to lave the pavement," the head of good King Louis XVI. fell.

In the centre of the Place stands the Egyptian obelisk, brought some years ago from Luxor, after many difficulties, surmounted with great skill. How strange has been the lot of that block of stone—through how many changes has it passed! How much human passion has writhed round it since it first emerged from its quarry on the Nile; what waves of mortal destinies have rolled by it! On its native shore, the Pharaohs, Cambyses, Alexander, the Ptolemies, Cæsar, 'Omar, Saladin, Selim, Napoleon, successively passed under its shadow; and here, from its base, Louis-Philippe stepped out to exile!

We walked through the town and saw considerable excitement, but nothing at all alarming. Reports, however, were current, that there had been some fighting in the Faubourg St. Marceau, that some half-dozen municipal guards had been carried wounded to the hospital of Val-de-Grâce, and that they had had a captain killed; that the guard on the Rue Geoffroi-Langevin had been disarmed; that a gun-maker's shop near the Porte St. Martin had been broken into, and the arms carried off: but everybody had his own story, and all were different. In the quarter where we were, the guard-houses in the Champs Elysées were taken, and the troops driven away; many lamps and some windows were broken; the railing of the Church of the Assumption was torn away, probably with a view to its furnishing levers with which to turn up the pavement; two poor fruit-women were unfortunately trampled down and killed in a charge made by the troops; the shop of M. Lepage, an armourer in the Rue Richelieu, was broken open by means of the pole of an omnibus used as a battering-ram; in the Rue St. Honoré barricades even began to be formed: but the affair was still only a riot, and the people a mob.

At three o'clock, however, matters became more menacing. A band of ruffians went along the Boulevards breaking the shop-windows on their way. New attempts were made to raise barricades. In the Rue St. Honoré, and the Rue de Rivoli, we saw two carriages and an omnibus overturned. A guard-house in the Champs Elysées was burned. The people were getting irritated.

The troops at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs were reinforced, and no one was allowed to pass along the foot-pavement in that quarter. M. Guizot was perfectly aware of his unpopularity. Close to this a municipal guard was grievously maltreated by

the mob ; his horse had fallen with him, and the prostrate man was nearly murdered by blows and kicks ; for the people were yet cowardly, and so of course cruel.

The crowd in the Rue Royale had become so dense that it was with difficulty we got through it to the Place de la Concorde. At the moment we arrived there, and were about to pass in front of the Ministry of Marine, the cavalry made a charge, and now no longer with sheathed swords. The people dispersed before the troopers, and closed again when they had passed ; several persons, however, were wounded, for the charges were frequently repeated. The feeling towards the regular troops continued friendly, notwithstanding—as indeed it did in almost every case to the very last. It was very different with the municipal guard. That body seemed universally detested.—“ *A bas la Garde Municipale* ” greeted them everywhere. We saw one of them riding inoffensively along the Rue Rivoli, when he was suddenly assailed by a shower of stones from both sides of the way, from which, however, the poor fellow, putting spurs to his horse, escaped unharmed.

And here it may be as well to explain the nature of the different forces employed in Paris before the late Revolution. Besides the regular troops divided into the usual arms of the service, there were the Garde Municipale, the Garde Nationale, the Sapeurs-Pompiers, and the Sergens de Ville. There was no police similar to the police force in our large towns ; for the “ agents of police ” were merely a detective force, except when they were employed as spies in political matters, and they were very few in number. The Sergens de Ville were picked men, armed with swords, but there were not more than three or four hundred of them. The Municipal Guards were also picked men, but they were formed into regular companies, disciplined like soldiers, and armed like them—the infantry with musket and bayonet, the cavalry with carbine and sabre. The Sergens de Ville have been dismissed since the Revolution, and the Municipal Guard has been disbanded. The Sapeurs-Pompiers were and still are the firemen. They, too, are regularly disciplined and drilled, have their own barracks, and wear a regular uniform. Lastly, the Garde Nationale consisted of all the citizens enjoying a certain degree of income. They received no pay, and their equipments were made at their own expense. This force amounted on the 1st February to 56,751 men, on the 18th March to 190,299, for the Provisional Government has changed its constitution, and now every Parisian can join its ranks, as those who cannot afford it are equipped at the expense of the State. They now form the police of the town, whose duty formerly fell to the Sergens de Ville and the Garde Municipale. It

was this, indeed, which made the latter so obnoxious during the Revolutionary struggle, and caused them to maintain an unflinching hostility to the people, long after most of the regular force had sided with the movement. During the whole course of the events, while cries of "*Vive la ligne! Vivent les dragons!*" and the like, saluted the troops, the municipal guard were received with groans and execrations wherever they were seen. As for the *Sergens de Ville*, not one was to be met, at least in uniform. The people asserted that they were dressed in plain clothes and employed as spies; and so early as Tuesday one poor fellow fell a victim to this suspicion, having been stabbed on the Place de la Bastille under the eyes of the Municipal Guard, who were not quick enough to save him.

Proceeding by the Place Vendôme we met a regiment of the line preceded by its band; it forthwith took up its position along one side of the square, probably to be in readiness to act in case of any attack on the hotel of the Minister of Justice, M. Hébert, who was particularly disliked by the people, on account of some legal proceedings in which, as prosecutor, he had strongly urged a case of constructive conspiracy,—"*A bas Hébert, l'inventeur de la complicité morale,*" was one of the most frequent cries. We then returned to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, where the excitement seemed on the increase. "*Vive la Réforme—à bas Guizot,*" was everywhere shouted and yelled. It is curious that Guizot's old rival, M. Thiers, was undergoing at this moment some rather rough treatment in the Champs Elysées. Some lads and boys having recognised him, treated him to a kind of mock triumph, from which the quondam minister escaped with some difficulty. He had just left the Chamber of Deputies, which sat that day for the last time but one. M. Odillon Barrot laid on the table his motion for the impeachment of the Ministry, but, with the exception of this incident, nothing whatever passed relating to the existing state of things, the Chamber being occupied with the discussion of a bill concerning certain privileges of the Bank of Bordeaux! This silence on the state of the city was one of the strangest facts of the Revolution. Privileges of the Bordeaux Bank! Even so did the Byzantines discuss the light of Mount Thabor with Mahomet II. beneath their walls. "Oh! 'twas not then a time for tame debates, ye men of Gaul!"

In the Chamber of Peers the Marquis de Boissy made an ineffectual attempt to obtain a hearing on the occurrences of Paris. How could it be otherwise? If the worthies who composed the French Chamber of Peers had listened to anything on the subject, they would have exhibited a degree of intelligence of which they had long appeared bereft.



Things were in this sufficiently alarming state when we left Paris for one of the suburbs, intending to return in the evening, when we doubted not the tumult would increase, and we wished to be there to see. It is said that at noon, Marshal Bugeaud, on beholding the crowd in the Place de la Concorde, exclaimed, rubbing his hands—"We shall have a day of it!" and that M. Guizot replied—"For the day I can answer; but I am not without uneasiness for the night." M. Guizot's anticipation was natural enough; and yet the evening was less agitated than the day had been, and the night was perfectly tranquil. It is true that about five o'clock the national guards were called out—without, however, any great number of them answering the summons; that at eight the King, with two of his sons, passed in review the troops, amounting to several thousands, who were on the Place du Carrousel; and that several minor incidents occurred, which at another time would have been considered grave; but nothing surprised us more than the appearance of the city when we returned. Though many of the shops were at least half-shut, the Cafés and Restaurants were as gay as ever; at the corner of every street the wine-shops were doing a thriving trade, for shouting "*A bas Guizot*" and "*Vive la réforme*" makes men thirsty; the tobacconists, too, found themselves busy, for smokers and snuffers snuff and smoke most when they are agitated. The bakers' shops, so commonly the object of attack by a Parisian mob, were open; and even the *charcutiers*, with their displays of sausages, hams, tongues, preserved meats, and other delectable things likely to tempt hungry rioters, had not generally thought it necessary to close.

The city seemed relieved from much of its anxiety, as if it thought that the effervescence had worn itself out, and that all was right again. The streets were certainly more crowded than usual. Knots of persons talking eagerly were frequent; and from time to time the roll of drums was heard, as a body of troops passed along. But so different was the whole scene from what we had expected to find, that we were like most others deceived by the outward appearance of the place and people, and we were already saying to ourselves that the drama we had witnessed during the day had been no other than "Much ado about nothing."

We resolved, nevertheless, to make a tour through the town, and so directed our steps towards the Hôtel de Ville, so famous in revolutionary annals, and always in such cases a centre of commotion. When we arrived there we saw something that startled us. That part of the Place nearest the building was occupied by troops, and in the midst of them we thought we could distinguish in the darkness—a piece of cannon. To make sure, we

asked a bystander, an intelligent-looking young workman in a blouse—one of the class, in short, who were to accomplish the Revolution—and we received for answer, in as emphatic a whisper as we ever heard, “*Oui, Monsieur, c’est un canon.*” So then, thought we, those who should know best are far from being of opinion that all is over. They must think it now only beginning. Cannon in the streets! an unsightly spectacle—a sad necessity, indeed, even when justifiable!

Leaving the Hôtel de Ville, we crossed the right branch of the Seine, to the Ile de la Cité, by the Pont d’Arcole, which takes its name, not as might be naturally supposed from the battle, but from a young man who was killed on it in 1830, when rushing on with a tricolor flag at the head of the insurgents. Passing under the dark shade of venerable Notre-Dame, we traversed the island—everything was tranquil in that easily excited quarter. We then went up the Rue St. Jacques as far as the Panthéon—the centre of another inflammable district—the Quartier Latin—where students and grisettes abound. Here, too, however, all was perfectly quiet. It was now, it is true, getting late. We made a call in this neighbourhood on a philosophical friend, whom we found hard at work, as he had been since the afternoon. We observed to him that he resembled Archimedes in Syracuse; on which he smiled, and said, as he brandished a most formidable instrument of brass, used, we believe, in experiments on the polarization of light, that such might be the case, but that certainly he would die rather harder. He laughed when we expressed our opinion that the King would have to sacrifice either M. Guizot or M. Duchâtel, or both, as a sop to Cerberus—so little did even well-informed men believe in the instability of the Ministry, far less of the throne. Yet within thirty-six hours Louis-Philippe was a fugitive in a one-horse coach!

As we returned homewards we found the streets in general deserted, save by the occasional patrols. In some quarters, indeed, it was different—the troops bivouacked in many places. It was a strange and an unpleasing sight to see these campings in the heart of a city, yet it was picturesque in the extreme. The piles of arms, the soldiers scattered about, the short march to and fro of the sentinels, the groups of dark-cloaked officers chatting and smoking, all seen by the dusky light of the watch-fires, with the houses high and dark for a background, formed a scene to please a painter’s eye. At the fish-market the soldiers had apparently discovered that the stalls on which the fish are exposed for sale made very good bedsteads, and there they reclined, making themselves as comfortable as they could, with their knapsacks for pillows. “*Pretty fish you make,*” we said to one as we went by. “*Yes,*” replied the man good-humouredly, “*fish*

like these" (and he waved his hand towards his comrades) "are not to be found in the market every day."

In the Faubourg through which we passed on our way home every thing was still. There was not even a patrol. Every thing, too, was dark. For a great capital Paris is very ill lighted. The brilliancy of the principal streets in the evening is entirely owing to the illumination of the shops, and when these are closed there is darkness—indeed, the more so from the contrast of the previous hours. We went on through the narrow streets, where there was now no sound save that of our own foot-fall, and no light, except occasionally, high up in the attics of the tall houses, where some poor needle-woman was still at her painful task, or some hard student burned the midnight oil. But in those dark and silent houses, though we knew it not, there were doubtless many a plotting head and ready hand at work. Many a cartridge was made that night, many a rusty weapon burnished; for if Paris had gone so unexpectedly to apparent rest, it was only to gather strength and material for the next day's struggle, which, whatever we may then have thought, we now know had been resolved on. Asmodeus would have been an invaluable counsellor for Louis-Philippe that night.

The next day came, Wednesday the 23d of February. Going through the town, we found that barricades had been raised in several streets, and that there had been some fighting—all, however, with advantage to the troops, who had destroyed the barricades, and that without any serious loss. Whatever plots and preparations were hatching in the secret haunts of the Republicans, there was in general nothing more than feverish excitement in the minds of the people, leading, indeed, at some points to grave riots, but likely to produce no great political result, and to die away of itself. Here and there a few men with arms were to be seen, more frequently, however, boys or lads, and the graver and more sensible part of the community looked on such with pity, as exposing themselves to sad consequences, without an object as without a hope.

The streets were once more crowded, but the crowd consisted chiefly of the curious, anxious like ourselves to know what was going on. The National Guards, however, appeared in greater force than before. "*Où vas-tu?*" said we to a friend whom we met in full uniform; "*Mourir pour la patrie,*" replied he, laughing, in the words of the favourite *refrain* of the day.

At some points an irregular combat was carried on for a considerable part of the day. The apparent tranquillity of the night had not deceived the authorities, and they were well prepared. Early in the morning some occasional barricades had been thrown up, and a few of these were defended for a short time. The

troops, however, or the Municipal Guard, easily carried them at the point of the bayonet, and scarce a shot was fired on their part; and, whatever may have been the views and hopes of the Republican Clubs, there was no prevailing expectation of a general battle—so little so, that in passing through a street which was afterwards a very important centre of action, we found a crowd of people regarding with great curiosity the mark which a single bullet had made on the side of a window. The same people who twenty-four hours later saw without concern scores falling dead at their side, regarded a wounded man carried past to the hospital with the usual interest that the inhabitants of a peaceful town bestow on an accidental hurt.

The Government, however, had increased its preparations. More cannon had been brought from Vincennes, and planted on the Place de la Concorde, the Place du Carrousel, and the Quais. Troops were drawn up across many of the streets to prevent the passage even of pedestrians; so far was this carried, that in one instance we saw a workman prevented from entering a street near the Boulevards, though he declared he lived in it, and only wished to reach his home. The National Guards had been called out in the morning, and were under arms all day.

Towards noon we went along the Boulevards from one end to the other. They were strongly occupied by the troops, but the passage was free. We had not gone far before we found two pieces of cannon pointed along the street, and accompanied by their ammunition waggons as on a field of battle. Strong bodies of cavalry were posted at distances, others patrolled backwards and forwards. The troops and their horses seemed fatigued, the men had moreover a depressed air, as if they were engaged in a service they did not like. All were covered with mud, having been on duty throughout the night, and at each saddle hung a small bundle of hay for forage. In general they were not drawn up in order, but merely stood in readiness to act, many of them being dismounted, tightening or loosening a girth, or arranging as best they could their own disordered dress. The regimental farriers had all their instruments with them, and adjusted the shoes of the horses on the spot. All the balconies and windows were crowded: as a mere spectacle the effect was magnificent.

In the Place de la Bastille there were more cannon, and a very large body of troops. At the Hôtel de Ville, to which we thence returned, all passage by the Quai was refused, even to an old woman, who pleaded very earnestly and volubly for it. She went to one after another of the burly dragoons who barred the way: they were inexorable though polite, and the poor creature hobbled away scolding. At the moment we left the

Hôtel de Ville, to seek a passage into the centre of the city by the tortuous streets in the neighbourhood, a discharge of musketry was heard, proceeding evidently from regular troops, as it was simultaneous and not spattering. The people, who had been eagerly talking, were in a moment silent, looked significantly in each other's faces, and listened. Only a young girl cried out, "On commence!"

She was right; it had begun. Not only had numerous barricades been made, but they began to be defended. There was a good deal of fighting in the streets adjacent to the Rue St. Martin. But the most significant symptom was that the Garde Nationale began to fraternize with the people, or, at least, to refuse to act against them. The second legion made so open a manifestation of its temper, that its colonel, M. Baignères, went off to the Duc de Nemours, and declared he could not answer for his men. M. Besson, the colonel of the third, did the same to General Jacqueminot. Four or five hundred of the 4th marched to the Chamber of Deputies, and presented a petition for reform. M. Lemer cier, colonel of the 10th, having with his own hand arrested a man who cried "*Vive la Réforme!*" the Guards interfered and liberated him, informing their commander that "*Vive la Réforme*" was but the expression of their own sentiments, whereupon M. Lemer cier wisely withdrew. The 13th, which forms the cavalry, discovered similar sentiments to their colonel, M. Montalivet. On our return to the Boulevards, we met a large body of them marching along the streets, accompanied by an immense crowd of every description, amid loud cries of "*A bas Guizot—vive la Réforme!*" in which they joined, waving their hats and shaking hands with the people, while handkerchiefs appeared at every window, and the streets rung with cheers. This movement of the National Guard of course decided the question; because then, if not now, it was the arbiter of fate. The troops, it was well known, would never fire on it. Those on whom alone the Ministry depended, were become its most serious foes—thus, often "from the means of safety dangers rise." Nevertheless, the troops of the line and the Municipal Guard were still engaged at several barricades, ignorant, of course, of what was going on beyond their own immediate vicinity.

Suddenly a rumour, speedily confirmed as authentic, ran along the Boulevards, which are almost an electric telegraph, for swift transmission of intelligence. Thence it was carried into the cross-streets, and in an incredibly short space of time was known in the remotest and obscurest parts of Paris; but hours were then as days. Never did news give more general satisfaction; everywhere as it passed, the musket was thrown up and the sword sheathed; the barricades were abandoned by the

people; and the soldiers, fighting against their will, heard with evident pleasure the order to retire. Every face brightened; men drew their breath more freely, as if after long suspense; all was congratulation and triumph; men grasped each others' hands, clapped each others' shoulders; very little more would have made them dance! The news of a great victory, at a critical juncture, could not have excited more enthusiasm.—And, in truth, a great victory had been gained, and at a critical juncture. The Guizot Ministry had been dismissed! The Ministry which had cheated England, imposed on Spain, thwarted Italy, threatened Switzerland, and betrayed Poland, while it courted Russia, cringed to Austria, and humbled France—had fallen! Fallen too without pity, without honour, without dignity; fallen in full possession of all the eloquence and talent of its chief, which they now found were nothing without political honesty; fallen with all their boasted majority in the Chamber, whose representation of the country they now demonstrated by their own disaster, to be a juggling pretence. “All is over now, everything is going right,” were the literal words in every mouth. Even the Republicans, who had been so long prepared, and had so impatiently waited for their opportunity, thought their time not yet come; still they appeared, if they did not feel, content. But though in general the satisfaction was for the time sincere, the impression did not last, and it only required an accident to re-kindle the flame.

The King had sent for Count Molé; and though this was neither a popular nor a politic step, no one was at first disposed to gainsay it. “We have overturned the *system*,” said a working man to us, “and it is all one to France who the *Minister* be.” But when men reflected a little, they began to think it wise to suspend their judgment till they saw what the end should be. The dismissal of the Guizot Ministry had been a concession, not to the moral force of public opinion, but to the threatening aspect of a popular outbreak. It came too late. It had not been granted but extorted. This taught the people how strong they were—a dangerous lesson in such cases, for if they had obtained so much, why should they not demand all? The Republicans—few, but very energetic—did not despair. The affair, they trusted, might still be turned to account. Unfortunate indeed for the monarch was the character of *rusé*—dissimulator, which he had acquired among his people—his sincerity was doubted, they feared some new trick. Paris remained watching the course of events, in tranquillity, but with suspicion. Towards evening, indeed, there were some additional barricades raised in the quarter of the Temple, and there was some fighting in the Rue Bourg l'Abbé between the people and the Garde Municipale; but the latter

surrendered to the National Guard, and the people were appeased. In general, there was the appearance of contentment for the time; nothing more was demanded than the impeachment of the Ministry, in addition to their dismissal.

At nine o'clock that evening Paris presented a magic spectacle. Every house and every window was illuminated. Thousands of variegated lamps gave forth their mellowed light, and contrasted agreeably with the brilliancy of the gas. These lamps were generally arranged three by three, and were meant to represent the tricolor; but we remarked, that from some cause or other, what should have been white, red, and blue, were respectively yellow, orange, and green. This, however, though it might have displeased a patriotic eye, did not in any degree lessen the marvellous effect of the scene.

As might be imagined, the streets were crowded: every one had come out to enjoy the fairy-land into which Paris had been transformed. Working men in blouses, priests in frock and sash, trim grisettes without bonnets, *gamins* of all ages, Egyptian students in red Fez caps, Germans with yellow beards, Americans in extravagant cloaks, Englishmen in all their national composure, thronged the broad pavement, talking, jesting, laughing, smoking, and admiring. Even richly dressed women, for perhaps the first time in their lives, found themselves on foot in the streets, leaning on the arm of a husband or a brother—in the uniform of the National Guard.

All the marble tables in all the Cafés were occupied, and the white-aproned waiters were in full employment. Everybody had a newspaper, and in every quarter the fall of M. Guizot was read by the light of the illumination it had caused.

We had seldom seen so brilliant a sight. We had, it is true, been present at the fêtes of July, but at these the illumination was confined to the Champs Élysées, and, though beautiful, had not the picturesque magnificence of a whole city in a blaze of light—and that city Paris, with its tall houses of five, six, or seven stories. The last fête of the kind at which we had been present was that of Louis-Philippe in May last; we little thought then that the next illumination we were to witness should be on the eve of his abdication. Alas! it was also to many a brave man the eve of his last day on earth—nay, many of those now so gay and full of life, were to lie dead upon the Boulevard within the hour. A dreadful catastrophe was at hand.

We lounged along the Boulevard as far as the Hôtel des Affaires Étrangères—in the morning the official residence of M. Guizot. It was illuminated, very poorly however, for a single row of lamps along the wall of the court-yard constituted the whole affair. We found the passage barred by a double line of

troops drawn up across the Boulevard, and we therefore retraced our steps. We had not gone far when we met a motley procession of boys and lads, with a few men, among whom were some National Guards. Those in the van carried torches, some bore tricolor flags, and they had among them a few swords and guns. They advanced singing the Marseillaise, and shouting *Vive la Réforme*, but they were perfectly orderly, and so far from exciting apprehension in the crowd who stopped to look at them as they passed, the greater part laughed at the important air with which they waved their torches and flags, or bore their weapons. All they proposed to do was to go and sing the Marseillaise before the Ministry of Foreign Affairs! So insignificant did the demonstration appear to us, that we had not the curiosity to follow them, and we continued our course. But we had not gone a hundred yards when the roll of musketry rang sharp along the Boulevard—then came a confused cry—and an instant after, a mass of people fled past—men without hats, women with torn dresses, terror in the faces of all. We turned back and made our way to the spot where the fire had been delivered; it was at the *Hôtel des Affaires Etrangères*. The Boulevard was strewn with hats and fragments of dress, and, farther on, close to the line of soldiers, lay killed and wounded men. We felt the pulses of between twenty and thirty, almost all of whom were dead. Those who were not, were carried with great promptitude to the neighbouring apothecaries' shops, where their hurts were examined. Some died on the way. In this massacre sixty-three persons were struck down, the victims being of both sexes and of every age and condition, for the fire had been delivered across the whole breadth of the Boulevard, which was crowded with people. Almost all of those who were struck were killed, for the muzzles of the muskets were actually touching those in front, and some of the soldiers had even, it is said, to retire a pace in order to present their pieces. In many cases the bullet had passed quite through its victim. Amongst the dead we noticed a soldier, who must have been passing at the time he was thus slain by his comrades; he was a remarkably fine looking young man, and lay on his back with his head supported by his knapsack, and a smile on his lips—"like a warrior taking his rest."

After ascertaining as far as possible that all the wounded had been removed, we went to the shop of O'Grady, in the Rue Neuve St. Augustin, the apothecary to the British Embassy. There was a man of Herculean proportions lying dead at the door; he had ceased to breathe as they carried him thither, and there they had left him, not uselessly to encumber the place. Inside, several of the wounded were stretched on the floor, and



the place was besieged by anxious people, who came to look at them, and fearful of recognising some dear face. We shall never forget the agony of one poor lad, whom grief seemed to have rendered frantic and incapable of doing anything; he had come to look for his father, but was obliged to lean against a tree to support himself. *Mon père, ah mon père!* he cried in heart-rending tones.

The circumstances which had led to this tragedy were as follows:—The band of men and boys which we met, had encountered at the Hôtel des Affaires Etrangères the soldiers who barred the way. Their leader, an officer of the National Guard, stepped forward and asked permission to pass. This was refused; but the National Guard persisting in his request, they were still in parley, when, from some cause not yet rightly explained, the officer commanding the troops thought his party was attacked, retreated behind his men, and, without the thrice-repeated summons preceded by the beat of drum—which is required by law, and corresponds to our reading of the Riot Act—gave the word, "*En jeu—feu,*"—present, fire! which order was obeyed with the blind obedience which constitutes one of the virtues of a soldier. Nevertheless, many of the troops must have humanely fired in the air, otherwise the results would have been still more serious, for they were two hundred in line, and as we have said, the Boulevard was crowded. The greater proportion of the victims were peaceable and harmless citizens, whom curiosity and the illumination had drawn from the homes so many of them were never to regain alive. The exact truth of the matter, however, will not be known till the trial of the officer in command, which he now awaits in prison.

Such was the disastrous accident which was the immediate cause of the Revolution. The Republicans, who had begun to think their opportunity was gone, immediately set to work—few in number, but very energetic and active—to improve the occasion; nor was it difficult. In two hours, late as it was, the event was known all over Paris. The illumination—everything was forgotten except a blind desire of vengeance for the slaughter of so many innocent persons. "It was the 14th of the line who did it," they cried, for they had found out the number of the regiment to which the two companies belonged, "and we were such fools as to cry *Vive la ligne!* ah, 14th! you have signalized yourselves indeed!"

Seventeen of the killed were placed on a tumbrel, and drawn slowly through the town; those who conducted the melancholy procession every now and then uncovering the corpses and pointing to their death-wounds—the pale unmoved faces of the dead contrasting horribly in the glare of the torch-light with the fea-

tures of those around, convulsed and flushed with passion as they were. And everywhere as the tumbrel passed, a thousand and a thousand voices cried, "*Aux armes, aux armes, vengeance pour nos frères !*"

We went to the house of a friend to wash off the blood with which our hands had been stained, and again proceeded along the Boulevards. The change that had already taken place was striking. The streets, which an hour before had been so brilliant in their illumination, were now comparatively dark, and the people that had been so gay, now wore a look half-sad, half-stern. Barricades were rising in all directions ; the clank of the lever and the pickaxe, the rattle of stones, the measured blow of the hatchet, and the crashing of falling trees, told how the work went on. Strange to say, the troops offered no interruption, though barricades were raised within a few yards of some posts. They prepared to bivouac, as before, in the streets, piled their arms, and lit their fires. We walked through a considerable part of Paris, and everywhere the same scene met our eyes. At the Hôtel de Ville the bivouac was particularly picturesque. The troops of the line and the Chasseurs d'Afrique, seated on their knapsacks, and crouching round the fires, made what supper they could, or smoked their pipes, while the dragoons, wrapped in their long white cloaks, looked like so many ghosts by the light of the burning wood, whence ever and anon the wind, which was blowing strong, whirled up a myriad sparks, high over head on every side.

We returned to the Boulevard, and resolved to pass the night there. Accident made us choose, as our halting-place, the barricade at the Rue du Faubourg Montmartre. It was already far advanced. That in the Rue Montmartre, directly opposite on the other side of the Boulevard, was finished. Amongst the materials of which it was composed, a hackney cabriolet had been overturned and laid against it, but so gently had this been done, that one of the lamps was still burning. We lit our pipe at it. We had furnished ourselves with a pipe as having an anti-aristocratic air ; for, to say the truth, we had never hoped that the Parisians, with so little exception, would have shown the perfect good feeling which they manifested, and that absence of all animosity except against those with whom they were actually engaged, which so honourably characterized them in their late contest. When they entered a house for the purpose of demanding arms, they were scrupulously polite, and endeavoured in every way to calm the fears of the inmates ; in many instances they refused arms because they were too highly ornamented ; one man having got possession of a richly mounted sword, took out the precious stones, and returned them to the owner, saying the blade was all he wanted.

The barricade where we were was finished before one man out of twenty of its defenders was armed. On making this remark to a young man who took an active part, he replied, "*Soyez tranquille, Monsieur, nous en aurons bientôt!*" And, in truth, by little and little, muskets, fowling-pieces, pistols, sabres, daggers, and every description of weapon, appeared. Ammunition also became gradually provided. Every thing was done with astonishing method, judgment, and coolness. There was neither hurry nor confusion. There was little of the talkativeness and bustle which often characterize the French. The barricade was not a mere mass of stones roughly heaped together, but was carefully built; when it was finished, a man armed with a musket took the post of sentinel, and a tricolor flag was planted on the top. The men had evidently counted the cost of their enterprise, and were prepared to go on with it, conscious of the desperate nature the contest was likely to assume—for no one expected that the victory would have been so cheaply purchased as it was. They had made up their minds to brave it, for now had broken out their long pent-up indignation against the king—every ancient grudge was called to mind, and they resolved to bear no longer. And so, "breathing deliberate courage," "*le peuple souverain s'avance.*"

The tactics of the Government—said to have been planned by Marshal Gérard, the hero of Antwerp citadel, if heroism there were—were of the simplest but most efficacious kind; efficacious at least as long as the troops were willing to put them in execution. It will be seen by reference to a Plan of Paris, that the Boulevards, on the right bank of the Seine, form the arc of a circle, of which the Quais present the chord, that the Rue St. Honoré—terminating at the Halles or Markets, and the Rue de Rivoli—skirting the gardens of the Tuileries, lie parallel to the river, and that the Rues St. Martin, St. Denis, Montmartre, and Richelieu, run nearly at right angles to it, and so connect it with the Boulevards. To keep all these lines of communication clear, to occupy in force some prominent positions, such as the Hôtel de Ville, the Halles, the Place de la Bastille, and, above all, the Tuileries, with the contiguous Place du Carrousel and the Louvre—to keep light columns in motion, so as to disperse at once any large gathering of people, and to hold in hand some larger bodies capable of being thrown with celerity on any given point—these were the most important features of this strategy, and from the very first it was put in practice, for the Government certainly had expected a riot, or even an insurrection, though far from being prepared for any thing like a Revolution. The aim of the people, on the other hand, so soon as it came to fighting, was equally simple:—first to throw up as many barricades

as possible in every direction ; to harass the troops by this guerilla warfare, and disconcert their movements by cutting off their communications ; then to converge as much as possible on the Tuileries, was all they had to do ; except—and this was the most important part of all—to gain over the National Guards. This last, however, they found already done.

As to the Tuileries, another glance at the Plan will shew that they are a long narrow building, one end of which abuts on the Quai, and the other on the Rue de Rivoli ; that in front and extending to the Place de la Concorde, are the gardens which bear their name ; and that in the rear, is the Place du Carrousel with the quadrangular Louvre at its other extremity. It will be seen also that the Palais Royal comes down nearly to this last mentioned place, from which it will be understood how the attack directed against the Tuileries came to be made from that quarter, and why the Château d'Eau, which is in front of it, made so desperate a resistance ; for as regarded the attack, the possession of the Palais Royal gave the insurgents a base on which to act, and a rallying point in case of a reverse ; while, for the defence, the retention of the Château d'Eau was important, inasmuch as it lay between the Palais Royal and the Place du Carrousel, and so commanded the communication between them.

About day-break we left the barricade, and went home, returning to the scene of action early in the forenoon of this the decisive day. We found the barricade of the Faubourg Montmartre retrenched by another, about a hundred yards farther up the street, and in each of them a piece of cannon was placed in battery. These had been abandoned by the troops on the Boulevard. There had been considerable fighting. The wounded were attended to in shops turned into temporary hospitals, those of the troops who were hurt receiving as much care from the people as their own friends. The garrisons of the barricades were now numerous and well-armed ; every one had a weapon of some kind. Of course their general appearance was grotesque enough. One man had, perhaps, a sabre without a scabbard, swung from his neck by a cord ; another, with a dragoon's helmet and the crossbelts of a foot-soldier, bore nothing offensive but a pike formed from a street-rail ; boys of twelve or fourteen, had muskets which they could scarce carry, while active men had nothing but knives. The variety of lethal weapons was astonishing, but every one had something, and hoped soon to have something more ; for in many cases the military voluntarily yielded their weapons to the people.

While the Parisians had been busy with their barricades, Louis-Philippe had not been idle. Marshal Bugeaud, whose

energy is well known, was appointed commander-in-chief both of the National Guards and of the troops of the line, in room of Generals Jacqueminot and Sebastiani; in other words, a terrible butchery was at one time contemplated. On being asked if he thought he could master the insurrection, the humane Marshal replied, "I cannot be sure of that; but I can promise to kill thirty thousand men!"

Shortly after this appointment Count Molé was set aside, and a Ministry composed of Messrs. Thiers, Odillon Barrot, Duvergier de Hauranne, de Remusat and Lamoricière was installed. The latter took the place of his old commander, and the Duke d'Isly was superseded just about the very time his nomination appeared in the *Moniteur*.

And now, behold the glorious results of the Banquets! Behold M. Duvergier de Hauranne, whose invention concocted the first, M. Odillon Barrot, whose want of nerve recoiled from the last, and M. Thiers, whose cunning detained him from them all, placed at last on the summit of their wishes, each with his portfolio in his hand. But, alas! they have been calling spirits from the vasty deep, and these, to their terror, have appeared! At all events, however, they are ministers—destiny allows them to enjoy the sweets of office for the space of seven hours. And yet, had M. Thiers and his colleagues been called in the day before, it would probably not have been—*too late*. But now, with the barricades reared and manned, it is absurd. Their proclamation, though announcing that the firing is suspended, that the Chamber is to be dissolved, and that they—the leaders of the Opposition, are actually Ministers, is torn down as fast as it is put up.

And now every street had its barricades; a long one was traversed by several. The Rue St. Martin, for example, was crossed by thirty or forty. Some of these were prodigious works, capable of resisting even artillery for a time. Some had regular loop-holes. On all of them waved a flag—red or tricolor; men cannot fight without a flag. At the sound of the tocsin in the morning the people had taken their places, and since then they had maintained the conflict with almost unvarying success. Nor is this to be wondered at. If they wanted the discipline and experience of the troops, this was amply compensated by other circumstances. In the first place, they were fighting enthusiastically for a principle, the soldiers against their will, and only in obedience to orders. They were protected by the barricades, their adversaries were exposed, not only to the fire from these, but to every kind of missile from the windows of the houses. And again, troops who would mount with unshaken gallantry the deadliest breach, become dispirited when they know that

behind one barricade there is another, and another—and a hundred, while even those they may succeed in storming, will be occupied again as soon as they are left; for it would be impossible, in many parts of Paris, to cut off the communications of the insurgents, in the quarters of narrow and crooked streets, where the officers probably had never set foot. They could of course have no idea of the ground, and so could never succeed in effectually occupying it, while every turn is familiar to their opponents, the inhabitants of the district.

As was to be expected, the battle, wherever it was seriously joined, was murderous. Two bodies of men, firing on each other at a distance of a few yards, cannot fail to do terrible execution. The severest conflicts during the course of the day were at the barricades in the vicinity of the Halles, near the Rue Rambuteau. At other points also it was very hot at times, but it is not our intention to dwell on particular localities, as the same general features everywhere prevailed. Nor is it our purpose to repeat the scores of tales which are current as to the acts of individuals—one-half of these being false, and many others trivial, exaggerated, or told of different individuals in different localities. One or two, however, are worthy of notice. In the Rue Mauconseil, a barricade was attacked by a detachment of troops. A young man among the defenders, was seen several times in succession to mount the barricade so as completely to expose himself, and to take deliberate aim with constant success. The soldiers repeatedly fired at him, but without effect, till at last their commanding officer gave orders to desist. On seeing this determination, the young man shouldered his musket and left the scene without again charging it! In the Rue St. Honoré, a lad mounted a barricade with a tricolor flag in his hand, which he wrapped round his body, calling to the soldiers, "it is your own colours, fire on it if you dare!" An officer was summoned to deliver up his sword to the victorious people; he broke it over his knee, and gave them the pieces. Another, a lieutenant of the Garde Municipale, was likewise called on to render his sword, and also to cry "*Vive la république!*" A musket was presented at his breast; he drew his sword, yielded it to one of the party, and cried "*Vive le roi!*" They admired his courage and let him go unharmed.

Marshal Bugeaud, the Ducs de Nemours and Montpensier, General Lamoricière, and finally the King himself, had successively passed in review the troops assembled in the Place du Carrousel. This looked as if things were to be pushed to extremities. Nevertheless, attempt after attempt was made to induce the people to lay down their arms. The first was at the Boulevards. M. Odillon Barrot, Horace Vernet the painter, and General

Lamoricière, used all the power of their eloquence to calm the insurgents, but they only met with insult; "*Pas de trêve*; no truce! citizens be on your guard against these wheedlers!" was the only answer they received. In the Rue Richelieu, Generals Lamoricière, and Moline Saint-Gon, the latter of whom bore a small palm-branch in his hand, met with no better success. A third attempt was made in the Rue Rohan, by General Gourgaud, who announced the abdication of Louis-Philippe in favour of his grandson: but even this came too late.

At twelve o'clock deputies from the people had been admitted to the Place du Carrousel, to announce the terms they would accept. The place was crowded with ammunition and provision waggons, and with troops of every arm, including several squadrons of cuirassiers. It seemed as if they were disposed to stand a siege. "But in the palace," says the *Presse*, the editor of which, Emile de Girardin, was present, "every one was in the deepest affliction. The saloons were full of generals and others, asking news, but offering no practical advice. Several members of both Chambers were present. MM. Thiers, de Lasteyrie, Dupin, Emile de Girardin, arrived in succession, the last-mentioned of whom, who had come alone across Paris, decided the King to sign his abdication." We shall only say in passing, that if M. de Girardin actually played the part he assigns himself, it must have doubled the bitterness of Louis-Philippe's draught, to receive the cup from such a hand.

The deputation of the people, after a short parley, had retired dissatisfied, and the fighting had recommenced. The abdication was now signed: but even this was not enough; the conflict continued. All the interest had become concentrated upon a single point. The men of the barricades had pushed their approaches in every direction close up to the Tuileries and the Place du Carrousel. The Palais Royal had fallen into their hands. This mass of building consists of two parts; the first—which faces the Château d'Eau—is the palace properly so called; the second, and much the larger portion, the source of the wealth of the Orleans family—being their private property, is a magnificent oblong, with colonnades running round it, and open only to pedestrians. The ground-floor of the houses forming the quadrangle, is devoted to shops and cafés, the upper stories to dwelling-houses and general purposes. The centre is ornamented with fountains, statues, and trees; and though the Palais Royal is no longer what it has been, the general view of it, especially at night, is one of the most striking things in Paris. This part of the Palais Royal, being all private property, was carefully respected, but the palace itself, belonging to the King, was completely sacked. Everything was broken in pieces, thrown

out of window, burnt. Furniture of the richest kind, books, papers, everything destructible was destroyed. The royal carriages were burned before the palace. The wreck afterwards presented a curious juxtaposition of articles. Among a heap of broken glass and torn papers, we remarked a piece of a piano-forte and the handle of a saucepan. Now that they were in occupation of the Palais Royal, the people directed their attack on the Château d'Eau, on the opposite side of the small Place, and between them and the Place du Carrousel, which is as it were the key of the Tuileries. The Château d'Eau, a long building of two stories, with some seven or eight windows in each, was occupied by a detachment of two hundred men from that same 14th Regiment which had already so unhappily distinguished itself. They did not, however, at first confine themselves to the building, but defended their post with great gallantry from the inside of the railing in front. They fired by platoons, the people responding by irregular but brisk discharges. The siege lasted two hours. General Lamoricière was wounded in the hand, while attempting to mediate. At last some of the citizens rushed out from the side of the Café de la Régence—Etienne Arago, who has so often during the last eighteen years shewn daring in every possible way, and who is now Provisional Postmaster-General, being among the first—a musket in his hand; a company of National Guards followed, the soldiers were driven into the building, and the attack was now one at close quarters. But the people had a powerful auxiliary at hand. Throwing themselves into the Rue de St. Thomas du Louvre, on which the wing of the Château d'Eau abuts, they heaped up immense quantities of straw against the wall of the building and set fire to it. The flames and stifling smoke began to surround the Château, the defence slackened—ceased. Cries arose from within—some of the unhappy victims made an effort to escape, but all were immediately massacred, among others their commander, a *chef de bataillon*, who was thrust through with a bayonet by a man of the people. Those who remained, to the number of about fifty, were all burned or suffocated, and among them several of the insurgents who had been made prisoners the previous evening, and temporarily lodged in that building.

Deplorable as it is to have to record such a scene, we must remember, in the first place, that, according to the savage laws of war, the attempt to defend an untenable post may be punished by putting the garrison to the sword, so that the troops only met with the fate which in similar circumstances they would probably have inflicted on others; and, secondly, that men do not fight in cold blood, and that the people had been engaged



either working or combating—most of them without food—since the preceding day. After they had seen their fathers, brothers, sons, and even their wives struck down at their side, and in sight of their homes, it is not to be wondered at if a resistance so prolonged and so useless—for the capture of the Tuileries was already known—should have exasperated them to the last degree. Yet very little would have sufficed to calm them—“They killed my brother at the Palais Royal,” cried a young man afterwards at the Place du Carrousel, “and I must kill some one of them.”—“Whom can you kill,” said a National Guard to him, “who would not also be your brother?” It was finely said, and the fury of the other instantly abated. This massacre at the Château d’Eau is, however, the only event of the kind which, as far as we know, occurred during the Revolution, except the same thing on a smaller scale, which took place at the Place de la Concorde, where a party of Municipal Guards were killed, with a solitary exception. He was saved by a brave young woman, who, at the suggestion of an officer of the Sapeurs-Pompiers, rushed forward at the risk of her own life, threw her arms around the poor fellow’s neck, and claimed him as her father.

During the attack on the Château d’Eau, important events had been succeeding each other at the Tuileries and the Chamber of Deputies. The King and Queen had left the Palace by the semi-subterraneous passage, which—passing along the whole length of the gardens under the terrace, *du bord de l’eau*—emerges at the gate on the Place de la Concorde, in front of the obelisk. There Louis-Philippe, leaning on the arm of Marie-Amélie, crossed the Place as far as the asphaltic pavement, where their progress was somewhat impeded by the crowd. Though no insult was offered, they appeared to labour under great apprehension. The ex-King took off his hat and waved it, ejaculating something which no one caught. Her Majesty misinterpreting some re-assuring words which a gentleman addressed to her, repulsed him with the words “Laissez-moi!”

Within a yard or two of the spot where Louis XVI. was guillotined, two small one-horse carriages were waiting. The King and Queen entered the first—in which were two of the royal children, and the vehicle drove off at a furious pace—the poor infants standing at the windows and looking out with all the unwitting curiosity of their age, at the scene around them. An escort of two hundred troopers rode beside. In the second carriage were two more of the children, and the Duchesses of Nemours and Montpensier. The latter, it is said, had been forgotten in the hurry of escape, and was very nearly left behind. One account describes the poor young creature as so terrified that she

refused to quit hold for a moment of the arm of the gentleman who accompanied her; while another represents her as saying with a smile, at the moment of departure, that her own country had accustomed her to such things, for that twice she had only been saved by being carried off in a sack.

Thus did Louis-Philippe quit the splendid Palace which, eighteen years ago, he entered as the chosen of the people; thus did he now leave that people; and their only cry was—"Let him go!" Such was the departure of Louis-Philippe from Paris, which owes to him so many of its finest monuments—thus did Marie-Amélie leave the Parisians, whom her bounty had so often clothed and fed,—“and no man said, God bless them.” Where were now the creatures of the king? Was there not one to shew at least a decent regret at this funeral ceremony of his royalty? No; they were calculating for themselves—arranging their own plans—preparing to do as they so soon did, to adhere to the new order of things—professing enthusiasm for a republic, and intriguing for other places. Where was the chivalry of France, at once so eager to respect misfortune and to shield it? Dead—at least among the higher classes—or at all events afraid to compromise itself. Where were the king's personal friends? The answer would be painful. Charles X. had friends; but this deserted monarch went forth again into exile—not as before, in the vigour and with the hopes of youth—but in his old age, forsaken and forlorn, leaning on the arm of his wife.

Meanwhile, another scene was acting in the Chamber of Deputies hard by. We do not propose to enter into details, because we were not present, and accounts vary. The leading facts, however, are, that the Duchess of Orleans presented herself with her two sons, as if to claim the regency conferred on her by the late king at his abdication; that a warm discussion on the subject had commenced, when the hall was invaded by a mob of armed men, who broke open the doors, took deliberate aim at individuals—amongst others at M. Lamartine, who was in the Tribune—and by their acts and appearance vividly recalled to memory similar scenes in the Convention; that the Duchess retired during the tumult; and, finally, that by this Assembly a Provisional Government was approved of, named, and constituted. Not from France, not from Paris, not from any authority, not even from any Club, but from the sweet voices of the mob who burst into the Palais Bourbon, did the Provisional Government receive its commission. Its title is of course a bad one; but what power originally shews a better? It can boast, at all events, that it does not spring either from intrigue or violence of its own, whatever may have been the intrigues of the Republican Societies, and the violence of those who immediately named it.

Meanwhile the Tuileries had been captured and entered by the people without opposition, the troops retiring precipitately as they advanced. When the Palais Royal was taken, it was, as we have already stated, completely sacked. In the Tuileries, however, a distinction was made; they were not, like the Palais Royal, the private property of the House of Orleans, but the public property of the nation. Hence they were respected; and to guard against the thieves who were of course to be found among the multitude that entered, the people took upon themselves the protection of property, and the punishment of offenders. "Les voleurs seront mis à mort" was chalked upon the walls, and the threat was actually carried into execution; for a man being detected in the act of making off with a piece of plate which he had stolen, was immediately shot by some of the others, a label bearing the word "voleur" being hung round his neck, to designate his crime and explain the cause of his punishment. It was diverting to see the childish way in which the people amused themselves—throwing themselves laughing on the rich chairs and sofas, ogling themselves in the mirrors, and performing a thousand tricks of school-boys in the absence of their master. They carried the throne of Louis-Philippe on their shoulders to an open space, and there they burnt it, remarking, as they marched along, that now the throne was really supported by the people. They tasted the wine in the cellars, and pronounced it bad; accounting for this by saying, that a king's wine had never time to become old in the Tuileries. While many instances were afforded of poor men and hungry taking faithful charge of coin, of precious jewels, and of other valuables, they were far from scrupulous as to things of no intrinsic value:—the papers of the ex-king, for example, were all ransacked; they had found the key of his private desk in a tea-cup—and letters from the different members of the royal family were soon in everybody's hands.

Next day the scene was not less curious. All fighting being over now, the principal localities of the conflict were visited with intense curiosity—the marks of the bullets on the walls were minutely examined—the barricades, which of course still remained, were centres of gossip and street-oratory. There were humorous things too:—on M. Guizot's late hotel a board was affixed, bearing the words "*Boutique à louer*"—shop to let. A man of the people exclaimed—"And they say we are lazy! why yesterday we swept out a Court and two Chambers!" Another, alluding to M. Arago being one of the Provisional Government, cried—"Yes, my friends, all must now go well, since we have amongst them the man who manages the sunshine and the rain." One trait of generous feeling pleased us much. A placard full of

gross insult to Louis-Philippe having been posted in the Rue Richelieu, it was immediately torn down with indignation.

On all the public buildings the words *Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité*, were painted, and the destination of many of them was changed. The Tuileries, for example, were on the very first day assigned as an hospital for aged and infirm working people, and took the name of *Hôtel des Invalides Civils*. As is usual after a Revolution, there was a general changing of names, everything "Royal" being discarded, everything Republican being in fashion. The *Place Royale* became the *Place de la République*, the *Place de la Concorde* was again to be the *Place de la Révolution*. The colleges changed their names—the theatres, some towns, and even ships—the corvette *La Couronne* became *La Barricade*! An unfortunate *chaudronnier* in the Rue Duphot had *Royal* for his family name; a friend of ours saw him outside his shop, eying wistfully the fatal word, and ready, probably, to change it to *National* on the first hint. It is even said that some zealous Republicans objected to one of the tigers at the Jardin des Plantes being allowed to retain the title "tigre royal," till it was pointed out that the tiger being a cruel, treacherous, and cowardly creature, it was really well named, which was admitted to be true. A *bon-mot* of Armand Marrast is also worth repeating. Prince Louis Napoleon having hastened to Paris to offer his services and sword to the Provisional Government, M. Marrast thus addressed him: "France accepts this sword if it is the sword of a private soldier, but not as that of a *petit caporal*." The prince, it is well known, received shortly afterwards a hint to leave the country for the present. "I came, I saw, but somehow I did not conquer," are the words put into his mouth on his return, by a witty contemporary. Prince Jerome Bonaparte has been more fortunate: he has had the honour of mounting guard as sentinel, being a private in the National Guards.

On the evening of Friday the 25th, we went, on invitation, to see a friend, who had established a *corps-de-garde* in his bureau, situated in the Rue Meslay, adjoining the Rue St. Martin. Our friend being absent on duty when we called on him, it was past midnight before we left the quarter, which accident afforded us an opportunity of seeing how the safety of the city was assured by its self-constituted police. Self-constituted, for every volunteer made part of it, men of every rank and age combining zealously to maintain order and tranquillity. We had not gone fifty yards before we were arrested by the cry "*Qui vive!*" accompanied by a certain significant sound, which denotes that a moment more will bring to bear upon your person the musket of the sentinel. "*Ami,*" we replied. "*Halt!*"

*ami!*" was the response. A patrol immediately came up to us, and we were re-conducted to our friend, to verify the truth of our statements—not, as they assured us, that they doubted our word, but that such were their orders, and we must see that at such a time they were necessary. Our friend having answered for us, we set out again for our home, accompanied, however, from poste to poste by a couple of men to secure us from farther hindrance. We changed our convoy at least a dozen times, being treated by all of them with the utmost consideration, our guides offering us their aid in crossing the barricades—no easy labour in the dark. We mention this incident to shew the admirable spirit which pervaded the people, and the excellent good sense which animated them, at great personal fatigue and inconvenience to perform the duties of a regular police. Had they not done so, Paris would have been in a terrible state, for certain bands of robbers and assassins were watching their opportunity; some of these were arrested, others, making resistance, were killed on the spot. We were not, however, destined to reach home that night. We had still a long way to go when it began to rain very heavily, and we were glad to accept the invitation of the officer of a corps-de-garde, to remain till daybreak with his party. We were not sorry afterwards to have had an opportunity of seeing the interior of a corps-de-garde in Paris that night. It was a curious scene. In one part of the room a large quantity of straw had been thrown down, and there lay some dozen men of all conditions, fast asleep,—being worn out with the fatigues of the previous days. On benches round the fire sat the guard, maintaining an animated discussion on the recent events, and speculating on the effect they would produce abroad—more particularly in Britain. Outside from time to time was heard, now near, now far off, the sonorous caution, "*Sentinelle! prenez garde à vous!*" or the challenge of a patrol as it passed, and the whispered exchange of the watchword. Never were greater vigilance and order displayed. These men, most of whom were mechanics, seemed at once to have grown into careful and experienced veterans. There were, of course, many incidents that night.

A ludicrous story is told of an old woman who was stopped by a patrol.—"*Qui vive!*" they cried, to which a shrill voice replied, "*C'est moi—mais ne craignez rien, citoyens!*" Another fact shews the stern determination of the people to punish plunderers. A wretched woman had forced a lady to give her a gold bracelet she wore on her arm: two working-men observing this, returned the bracelet to its owner, and shot the female robber on the spot. The general temperance of the people was most praiseworthy. Many instances of this might be cited, but we content our-

selves with one. A hungry workman entered a house and asked for a piece of bread. He was offered meat and wine, but refused both, saying—"Nothing but bread and water when I am not at my work," and yet the people were often half-starving during their resistance. At the Hôtel de Ville, so great was their hunger, that some horses which had been killed, were cut up and eaten—having been converted, according to a French pamphlet now before us, into *beefsteacks*.

The next day, Saturday the 26th, the Provisional Government were still in deliberation at the Hôtel de Ville, after an unparalleled session, which had strained their physical endurance to the utmost. It was then that was seen the grand triumph of genius, character, and courage, in the person of Lamartine. Wave after wave of popular tumult rolled to the seat of Government. An angry and armed mob invaded their presence. Threats were uttered—a little more and they had been executed. Lamartine came forth and spoke—spoke bravely, honestly, and judiciously: the people were softened, and went away applauding. Five times was this scene repeated; five times did Lamartine wrestle with turbulence and control anarchy; five times the storm became a calm. His words to those who wished to force on the Government the red instead of the tricolor flag will not soon be forgotten:—"If we prefer the tricolor to the red flag, it is because the one has gone the round of the world in glory, while the other has only gone the round of the Champ-de-Mars in blood." Remarkable words, and very significant of the difference between 1848 and 1792.

In concluding this article, we believe that a short account of the Members of the Provisional Government will not be unacceptable; for though they are well known in France, and Arago and Lamartine have a wide-spread fame, the majority were probably unknown, even by name, till the recent events, to all who are not particularly conversant with French politics in these later years.

M. DUPONT (de l'Eure) is the patriarch of his party; a very Nestor among Republicans: he has seen two revolutions pass away, and now he rules in the third. In early youth he embraced democratic principles; in manhood he steadily maintained them; and now in his eighty-second year he finds them once more successfully asserted, and beholds the establishment of his favourite Government—himself presiding in its councils. It is not because of brilliant genius, profound learning, attractive eloquence, nor even because of the superior wisdom arising from long experience, that the Revolutionist of 1789 has been unanimously thought worthy to preside over the Revolution of 1848; but because of the spotless character he bears for integrity,

disinterestedness, and independence. Dupont, who came to the bar in 1789, had filled with credit several successive offices of the law, when he was removed in 1818 by the Pasquier Ministry from the function of President of the Cour Royale at Rouen, in consequence of his democratic opinions. For this, however, he was consoled by being invariably elected Member of the Chamber of Deputies, and by the universal respect which his consistency as a politician, and his probity as a man had inspired. At the Revolution of 1830, Dupont was prevailed on, though with much difficulty, to accept the Ministry of Justice. Laffitte and Louis-Philippe were sufficiently sensible of the value of a man so much respected, and used every means to gain him. At last he consented, as he said, "*to try it.*" The trial, however, soon proved unsatisfactory. Within five months he resigned his portfolio, and took his place amongst the Opposition, there to remain till another Revolution should make him President of the Council in its Provisional Government. We trust this simple-minded, worthy man may live to see realized in the nascent Republic at least some of his long-cherished dreams. Of his disinterestedness, and also of a tendency to quaint humour, which he possesses, the following anecdote may be cited. When, in 1830, he took possession of the Hôtel de la Chancellerie as Minister of Justice, one of the officials brought him the sum of 25,000 francs. "What is this money for?" said Dupont. "Sir, it is the sum allowed for the expenses of your installation."—"In that case please to take it back again; my installation cost me two francs, which I paid to the porter for carrying my portmanteau." Dupont was the uncle of the unfortunate Dulong, killed in 1834 by Marshal then General Bugeaud, in a duel which caused much sensation at the time. Dupont resigned his seat as Deputy in consequence, being unable to bear the sight of the man who had slain his dearest friend and relative. In personal appearance, M. Dupont has the look of a sensible, good-natured old man, whose white hairs command respect, and to whom an unostentatious simplicity adds dignity.

Not less noble in character than Dupont, and far superior to him in genius, is the Provisional Minister of Foreign Affairs. ALPHONSE PRAT—for Prat was the family name which Lamartine afterwards changed for that of a maternal uncle—was born at Mâcon, in 1790. After visiting Italy, whose sunny sky inspired the greater part of his *Méditations Poétiques*, he entered for a short time into the Royal Gardes-du-corps; for this Republican chief was born of a Royalist family, on whom the iron hand of the first Revolution had fallen far from lightly. His earliest recollections are of the prison whither he was daily taken to visit his father. Lamartine, however, left the army in early life; and an episode

soon followed, which seems to have strongly marked his future character, and given it that tinge of melancholy which is as apparent in his speeches as in his writings:—the Elvira he has immortalized in his verses died. His first work, the *Méditations Poétiques*, had great success; and the reputation he then at a single bound acquired, has since been worthily sustained as a poet, while as a historian his *Girondins* entitles him to a high place. As an orator his celebrity was great, notwithstanding the sneers directed against him as a dreamer and a poet. As a Minister of Foreign Affairs we cannot yet judge him; his previous career, however, must to a certain degree have prepared him for the post, as he has filled diplomatic stations in Tuscany, in Naples, and in London. Lamartine married an English lady, who brought him a large fortune, and whose heart, as a man not less than as a poet, he was well calculated to gain; for a nobler countenance is not to be met with. It is equally expressive of greatness, of genius, and of goodness of heart.

Very different from that of Lamartine, yet equally intellectual, are the features of DOMINIQUE FRANÇOIS ARAGO; the one the philosopher, as the other is the poet, of the new Republic. The scientific reputation of Arago is too great that it should be necessary to speak of it. His early life, however, and its romantic adventures, are not so generally known. In 1806, he was sent along with M. Biot into Spain, there to continue the great geometrical operation, by which the arc of the meridian comprised between Dunkirk and Barcelona was measured. The war broke out between France and Spain, Arago's labours having lasted for many months; and the Spaniards imagining that the signals of the young Frenchman were intended to communicate with his countrymen in arms, he was glad to escape in the disguise of a peasant from the death he certainly would have met with. He arrived at Palma, and for his own safety was shut up in the citadel of Belver, where he passed several months absorbed by his calculations. At last he was allowed to leave for Algiers, with what were most precious to him—his instruments and papers. Arriving at Algiers in a fishing-boat, he soon after embarked for France in an Algerine vessel, which vessel was taken by a Spanish privateer, and Arago was thrown into a prison-ship at Palamos. The Dey of Algiers remonstrated; Arago with the ship's company were set at liberty, and the vessel restored. They sailed for Marseilles, which port they had nearly reached, when a tempest drove them towards the coast of Sardinia. As ill-luck would have it, Algiers was at war with Sardinia, and therefore, although they had sprung a leak, the Algerines made for the African coast. Once more at Algiers, Arago found that the Dey who had before befriended him, had been killed in an insurrection; and his



successor, not knowing him, inscribed him in the list of slaves, and employed him as an interpreter. At last, however, his sufferings were ended. The French consul obtained his liberty; and having rescued his beloved instruments also, he embarked once more for Marseilles, and despite of the attempt of an English frigate to capture his vessel, regained his native France. He was immediately elected a Member of the Academy of Sciences, and that at the age of twenty-three. We need not say how this career has been followed up. His political life, which began in 1830, has been one of systematic and fiery opposition to all the anti-democratic Ministries which successively arose under the dynasty of July.

M. CREMIEUX, the Provisional Minister of Justice, is a distinguished advocate, and a Jew. In the prosecution of the Ministers of Charles X., M. Crémieux, though well known for his democratic politics, had the honour to be chosen by the family of M. Guernon-Ranville as his counsel. He acquitted himself of his task in a most distinguished manner, and was thereafter ranked amongst the first lawyers and orators of the Courts. His pleadings on behalf of prosecuted journals and political offenders were very numerous; with his appearances in the Chamber of Deputies they gained him the applause of the extreme Opposition, which his speeches at the Banquets of last year materially increased.

M. MARIE, the new Minister of Public Works, is also an advocate of great eminence, and was formerly Bâtonnier of his order. After 1830 he, even more than Crémieux, devoted himself to the defence of those accused of contravention of the laws relating to the press, and of other political misdeeds. He defended one of those implicated in the conspiracy of the Pont des Arts; M. Cabet, now regarded as the head of the Communists, when arraigned on account of his work *La Révolution de 1830*; — Pepin, the accomplice of Fieschi; and many others. He never, however, engaged in any of the premature revolutionary plots, and was always regarded as a cool and patient man who would bide his time. M. Marie has some literary and philosophical pretensions; he is for instance the author of a critique on the Philosophy of Reid. In the Chamber of Deputies he was always listened to with attention, and he it was who there on the 24th February first started the idea of a Provisional Government.

M. GARNIER-PAGES was originally employed in some commercial capacity at Marseilles. He is a man of probity, and is said to possess ability, but he owes his position very much to his name. His brother, Garnier-Pagès the elder, was celebrated in his day among the democratic party, and they were of course inclined to look favourably on one who bears his name and pro-

fesses his principles, even though he does not inherit his abilities. The exact measure of these we shall have abundant opportunity of taking, now that he fills the office, as difficult as it is important, of Financier to the crisis.

M. LEDRU ROLLIN is the dangerous man of the Provisional Government: this his manifesto to the provincial authorities has abundantly shewn. A member of a Government whose acts, strictly speaking, are null—or at least temporary, till they are ratified—he assumes the airs of a dictator. While France is waiting till her delegates shall pronounce what form of Government is to be adopted, he writes from his Ministry of the Interior, instructing the local authorities to see that they do their best to have none but staunch Republicans elected, seeming to agree with the extraordinary letter from the *Démocratie Pacifique* to the *Presse* of the 15th March, in these words:—"That the Republic exists by inherent right; and that while every one is free to discuss the conditions of the social contract, no one—not even a majority, can impose a monarchy." A more complete mockery cannot be conceived than an appeal to the people, while the determination exists not to submit to its decision should it be adverse. We trust that M. Ledru Rollin may be withstood in time, for if he acquire influence with the people, as he is well calculated to do with a certain class, he may be the cause of much trouble in France.

M. ARMAND MARRAST is the successor of Armand Carrel in the editorship of the *National*. His name has an ill-omened sound, but we believe in no other point does he resemble the "sea-green incorruptible" of the first Revolution. He has been actively mixed up with all the plots of the Republican party for the last eighteen years, and was one of the party who made the celebrated escape from the prison of St. Pélagie.

FERDINAND FLOCON was the editor of the *Réforme* when he was appointed one of the Secretaries to the Provisional Government. He is understood to be a violent man, and a partizan of Ledru Rollin; but his subordinate situation prevents his being dangerous, at least for the time.

ALBERT, described in the proclamation of the Government as a working-man, is a native of Lyons, and was a chief of the *Société des Droits de l'homme* of that town. In 1834 he vainly attempted to restrain the insurrection which there broke out, or at least to retard it till it had a hope of success. Since then he has been one of the most active of the Republicans, and suffered prosecution and imprisonment for his share in their premature attempts.

LOUIS BLANC is the author of a History of the First Revolution, only two volumes, however, of which have as yet appeared.

He is a writer of some merit, and much pretension; a steady Republican, and the declared enemy of the *bourgeoisie*. His first work—*l'Histoire de dix ans*—possesses considerable interest at the present moment, containing as it does a curious narrative of the plots, trials, and sufferings of the Republicans from 1830 to 1840. Most of the names of those now in office under the new Government are there to be found; and those who wish an extended account of their previous history would do well to read the work of M. Blanc.

It will have been seen that in these short sketches of the Members of the Provisional Government, we are disposed to regard the great majority of them as able and honest men; and we trust that they may have the satisfaction of seeing their exertions prove a blessing to their country, and that the prize of their devotion to it at a very critical moment, may be the honour of having established its constitution on a stable and enduring basis. If France be destined to lead the march of improvement, we sincerely wish her all success; we only hope that it may be in a positive manner, that she will conduce to the safe advance of civilization, and not merely, as heretofore, be the wreck which warns others from the dangers on which itself has struck. May her motto of *Liberty, Equality, Fraternity*, be an expression of real existences, so that her liberty shall not become a chaotic anarchy, so that her equality shall not end in a crusade against rational rights and privileges, so that her fraternity shall not, as in the first Revolution, be accompanied with a threat—*Fraternity or Death!*

All depends on the temper and conduct of the approaching National Assembly. We confess we are not sanguine as to the success of the experiment. Nine hundred deputies, paid a guinea a day for their services, selected from any class, and nominated by universal suffrage, will not form a body in which, beforehand, we can put much trust.

It may be that it will succeed, and we hope so for the sake of France. Now that she has, for the present at least, nothing to fear from without, and so begins the trial without exterior embarrassment, should she fail in her attempt to re-constitute herself, she will have fairly demonstrated that she is not yet capable of self-government, and so cannot exist in the form of a Republic. She will have shewn that her powers are still limited to potency of destruction, that they are inadequate to organize, and that with her, while the sceptre is uncertain in the hands of a prince, it is impossible in those of a democracy.

ART. II.—1. *Poems*. By ALFRED TENNYSON. 4th Edition. 1848.

2. *The Princess: a Medley*. By ALFRED TENNYSON. 1847.

MR. TENNYSON'S productions, put forth at three rather widely separated periods, seem to be divisible into three classes, distinguished from one another by quite peculiar characteristics. The *Poems* constituting the first of the two volumes, which appeared four or five years ago, were first published when Mr. Tennyson was quite a young man; they are as laboriously finished and as rich in the poet's peculiar beauties of expression, as anything which he has since written; they are mostly distinguished from his next efforts, by being considerably more ambitious, and consequently, on the whole, considerably less perfect. Several of these early poems appear to have been undertaken without a sufficiently distinct object, and to have been executed without that kind of inspiration which sometimes compensates for the absence of conscious intention. Others display the then immaturity of the writer's notions of the nature of verse, at the same time that they indicate his desire, and his latent power, of excelling in the invention and adaptation of metrical forms. In others, and in "The Palace of Art," and "The Dream of Fair Women" especially—the poet takes his venturous flight in the very highest regions of his art. The most successful of this poet's first efforts are the pieces in which he delivers himself up to some peculiar phase of sentiment or passion, and contents himself with its simple expression; such are "The Miller's Daughter," "Mariana," and "Fatima;" and the least agreeable, though not the least interesting, with a view to his way of developing his own powers, are a set of highly wrought descriptions of female character and beauty. "Claribel," "Lilian," "Isabel," "Adeline," &c. &c., are displays of a kind of poetical rope-dancing, in which agility and skill are ends and not means. The whole volume bears the unmistakable character of youth; it is full of ambition, indecision, and immaturity, but it is brilliantly promising, and, in a few instances, brilliantly effective. All the peculiar faculties which have since been displayed by Mr. Tennyson, were distinctly announced in his publications of 1830 and 1832. The constant predominance of thought over feeling is manifest throughout them. The poet's intellect, to use his own words,

Flowing like a crystal river,  
Bright as light and clear as wind,

dazzles and amazes the reader in every page; and a certain de-

fect of spontaneousness, which in all Mr. Tennyson's subsequent poems tends to limit the force of the impression to the time during which it is being made, is not less striking in his youthful than in his later productions.

During the long period which elapsed between the publication of these poems and their re-appearance, with about an equal number of others, Mr. Tennyson appears to have reflected much upon the character of his own powers, and upon the best method of turning them to account. We have said that the poems belonging to the second period are efforts of a less ambitious nature than many of the earlier pieces; but, if we are not mistaken, although they are less ambitious in themselves, they indicate that the ambition of the writer had suffered increase, rather than diminution. All the lengthy poems of this period have the appearance of being more or less experimental. They are pervaded by no general style, modified only as far as was demanded by the peculiarities of the subject. Mr. Tennyson's early poems, and one or two of those of which we are now speaking, are galaxies of brilliant words. In this style it seems to us that Mr. Tennyson feels himself to be the most at home; but in the second of the two volumes recently published, he has, in most instances, abandoned it, for the purpose, apparently, of exercising himself in all the most contrary modes of expression of which he has felt himself to be capable. It seems impossible that any one, upon comparing, for example, "St. Simon Stylites," "Dora," and "The Vision of Sin," should come to a conclusion other than that the subjects were chosen to illustrate the different styles, and not the styles to illustrate the subjects. The passionate and dramatic rhythm of "St. Simon Stylites," the more than classical bareness of "Dora," and the fire-works of language and thought which dazzle us in "The Vision of Sin," upon comparison, declare themselves to be the deliberate experiments of the poet, to make trial of his powers in distinct manners of expression. Whether these experiments have been made simply with a view to the display of various power, or whether they were instituted as a discipline preparatory to some important work, it is impossible to say. The latter supposition, however, is most consistent with the dignity of a poet of Mr. Tennyson's pretensions; and it is one which has been, in some measure, supported by the subsequent appearance of "The Princess."

Had not the golden rule of criticism, that directs us, when we are unable to understand a writer's ignorance, to think that we may be ignorant of his understanding, met with the fate which is common to golden rules, it is probable that the disappointment which has been very generally expressed, in the minor Reviews, at Mr. Tennyson's last poem, would have been considerably more limit-

ed, or at least more hesitatingly declared, than it has been. If, indeed, Mr. Tennyson has striven to express in "The Princess" no more meaning than has been perceived in it by most of the critics who have, as yet, delivered judgment upon it, we have no scruple in stating our conviction that they have not judged this production severely enough; and that if it be in fact no worthier than they have made it out to be, it is one of the most worthless poems that ever came from the pen of a poet of Mr. Tennyson's rank.

Poets have often gained their popularity by qualities which must have been regarded by themselves as the accidents rather than the essence of their productions. Few, hitherto, have been the "fit" auditors of those "great bards," who,

"In *sage* and *solemn* tunes have sung  
Of tourneys and of trophies hung;  
Of forests and enchantments dear,  
*Where more is meant than meets the ear.*"

It is to be feared that modern readers in general need as much to be enlightened concerning the substantial significance of many famous modern poems, as did the students of Carthage, where, in the young days of Saint Augustine, "long white veils waving over the gates of the schools, elegantly typified the mystery with which the fables of poetry taught therein concealed the truths of philosophy." It is surprising how close to the surface an allegorical signification may lie, how manifest the indications given by a system of symbolical expression concerning its own nature, may be, without arousing the suspicions of the reading and criticising public. Even more surprising is the toleration with which the ruinous deformities often produced in the form of a work by the existence of an all-pervading, but totally unperceived significance, are viewed or overlooked by the immense majority of readers. For this toleration, and for the blindness consequent upon it, the modern reader, who commonly flies to the Muses for *a-musement*, may be excused; but not so the critic, who cannot, without intellectual dishonesty, wink at the existence of features, which, if they are not interpretable into important meanings, are imperfections which it is the first duty of the literary judge to perceive and to pronounce against.

The character of "The Princess: a Medley," and the nature of its reception, are phenomena which seem to us to be of the highest literary interest; and before we proceed to any further notice of Mr. Tennyson's poems in detail, we shall make these phenomena the occasion of some general remarks on criticism and art, the extent of which will, we trust, be justified, not less by their intrinsic importance, than by their relativeness to the present topic; a relativeness which will be sufficiently apparent

when we come to consider the merits and demerits of "The Princess" in the only light in which they can properly be considered, namely, in that of a due understanding of the character and dignity of that art, of which the author of that poem must be regarded as no common votary.

Criticism of the fine arts has attained, in the present age, a degree of subtlety which is unparalleled in the criticism of any former time. With few exceptions, all the important works of art which are now in existence, have been submitted to a thorough analysis, by men whose criticism has been more or less inspired by the self-same spirit that produced the object criticised. Works which, no more than half a century ago, received for their best tribute a self-suspecting praise, or a vague enthusiasm incapable of rendering any account of its faith, are now the objects of a reasonable veneration. Such indeed is the excellence of modern criticism, that we are almost content to regard it as a compensation for the shortcomings of modern art, and as a consolation for the presentiment with which we are at times oppressed, that the best ages of the arts are departed, never to return. The world is old, and has produced much of immortal beauty; quite as much as any man, with the business of life upon his hands, ought to have leisure to appreciate. What can we want more? It is true that an opinion is gone abroad, that it is the sign of a degenerated age to be without its peculiar and appropriate art; but we are disposed to believe, that it is rather the sign of such an age to place art at the head of the claims of a period to our admiration and respect. Very little reflection will suffice to show the groundlessness of popular notions upon this subject. What were the ages of Greek sculpture, Gothic architecture, and Italian painting? Surely by no means the best and noblest through which humanity has passed. The tree may be known by its fruits; but the fact that these ages were those in which the fruits of good living and religion were deficient, proves that the fine arts are only flowers, though amaranthine and immortal.

Deep and vital as our modern criticism is, there are two very significant, and even fundamental points, which it has wellnigh forgotten to investigate. These are, first, the position holden by the arts as instructors of, and conveyers of aliment to, the soul, with reference to science, philosophy, and religion; and, secondly, the degree and kind of value of which verbal rules are capable in the hands of the true artist.

It may be said that these are questions belonging to philosophy rather than to criticism, and that the latter fulfils its office in estimating, and in teaching others to estimate, the worth of individual results of art. This indeed would be a valid excuse, were

it possible that the office of criticism with respect to such results, could be adequately discharged without regard to the position of the arts in the intellectual system; also, were it true of modern criticism, that it aspires to no higher vocation than that of individual analysis. But the value of any work depends entirely upon its adaptation as a means to an end. A precise determination of the end of art is therefore quite essential to the precise determination of the value of the artist's labours. Moreover, it is not true of our existing criticism, that it professes to confine itself to details. It claims to be wedded with philosophy; it frequently descants abstractedly of art, as art, without at all referring to its separate results; it loves to wander and expatiate in generalities; and yet we seek in vain in the writings of Coleridge, the two Schlegels, Goethe, Schelling, Ulrici, Lord Lindsay, "the Oxford Graduate," and all the writers of all the Quarterly Reviews, for any consistent and considerate estimate of the vocation of the Muses, or for anything more full and satisfactory upon the subject, than various assertions of certain "exalting," "purifying," "expanding," and other influences, which they are said to exert upon the soul. This being the case, it would be difficult to account for the real excellence which, we repeat, that criticism has attained in our days, did we not remember, that truths are often very generally felt, and even acted upon, long before they are formally enunciated. Our modern philosophy seems to us to be extraordinarily pregnant with as yet unspoken truth. It is like a thin cloud, made pure light by the sun which is behind, and is concealed by it. A sense of the true position of art pervades and renders valid the writings of many critics, who have nowhere formally recognised the nature of that position. But the absence of such recognition, we are disposed to believe, has been the result, not so much of the difficulty that has been felt to be attendant upon making it, as of the boldness which its statement has hitherto demanded. Our best critics

"Have heard the muses in a ring,  
Aye, round about Jove's altar sing;"

but whenever they have treated of them under this relationship, it has been a question of the Muses and Jove, and not of the arts and the religion of Christ; in other words, the relationship has always been discussed in a mood of Pagan sentiment, and not according to a straightforward Christian method.

It has been the inevitable consequence of their ill-understood position, that too little honour, and too much, has been attributed to the arts. Upon one hand, the word *imagination* has been regarded as a general expression for all that is unsubstantial;



upon the other, its true substantiality has been impaired by exaltation to the highest place among the faculties which are the attributes of human life. The nearest statement of the truth upon the subject which has yet been made, is contained, if we mistake not, in the following verses by a modern poet :

“The muses are the helpmates  
Of mankind, are born to be  
Supporters of our moments  
Slack in faith ; their deity  
Is but our own reflected :  
Make them idols, and they flee ;  
Or, worse, remain as tyrants,  
Who, most tyrant-like, employ  
The power we give against us.”

However much modern art so called may have degenerated into an aimless imitation of natural objects and passions, with no consideration of their claim, or absence of claim, to artistical repetition, it is not to be doubted that art of every kind took its earliest and boldest flights in the immediate region of religion ; and it may be affirmed without fear of rational dispute, that the soul of art is gone, when religion has finally taken her departure. It follows from this truth, that an irreligious criticism must needs be insufficient ; and yet, the spirit of almost all our criticisms has been irreligious. We cannot help thinking, however, that religion herself has not been blameless in this matter. During the last three centuries, she has given little or no encouragement to her handmaiden, whose defection, together with that of her interpreter, criticism, and philosophy in general, which is the criticism of nature, has not been wholly unprovoked. It is not wonderful that the homage which the reformed faith has refused to notice, should have been withdrawn. Let religion remember her own, inviting back, as humble and loving servants, powers, which must otherwise long remain, what they long have been, and now too often are, very mischievous adversaries.

The fact that religion has been in a condition of decline during the most completely artistical ages, might appear to make against the utility of the services of art. But it can no longer appear to do so, when we remember what are the conditions of artistical production. The profound fable of the heathen mythology, made the Muses the daughters of Memory. It is as impossible for the artist to depict an emotion while himself within its primary influence, as it would be for him to delineate an object stationed at less than the focal distance of his vision. Never was a good love-song made by a poet in love, but when his passion has only lately ceased to be a part of his life, when every recollection fills his heart with ten-

der, but undisturbing echoes, when he can stand off and regard his affection as an object ; then may he tell it abroad in words, which will serve lovers for their love language, and will startle pulseless bosoms with the fact, that they also have been young and passionate. As it is with the emotion of an individual, so is it with that of a nation, or an age : a secondary emotion, namely, that which is exerted during the period of vivid and immediate recollection, constitutes the proper inspiration of the artist. But this inspiration, once gone forth, whether under the form of architecture, poetry, sculpture, or painting, remains an everlasting memento of the primary sentiment, a means, possibly, of reviving it, and an invaluable expression for it, if ever it should be revived. Thus, then, the truth that the best periods of art have followed, and have not been coincident with, those of religion, has nothing to do with the question of the usefulness of art, in the service of her divine mistress and mother.

Another, and still less tenable argument against art, has been deduced from the notions which have commonly prevailed concerning the characters of artists : these notions, however, by reason of the limitations given, by a just criticism, to the name of artist, are happily losing ground, and the world is slowly learning to believe that the greatest artists have been among the greatest men. But, had this not been the fact, we do not remember to have met with an application to any other case, of the maxim, that the product is worthless, because it has proved injurious to the health of the producer.

Not less shallow than the objections that have been urged on the part of religion against art, are those which pseudo-critics and artists have brought against religion, upon the part of art. The view of religion is a very narrow one, which induces a charge of narrowness against those, who would make religion the sole basis of art ; and the view of art is still more imperfect, which does not recognise, in all its noblest works, the existence of that basis. A poem need not be avowedly didactic, in order to be expressly religious, nor need the moral of a painting reside in a label proceeding from the mouth of the principal figure. Art has its peculiar and far more effective method of teaching. It combines the efficiency of precept with that of example, and exerts, moreover, a third kind of efficiency, which depends upon its power to force the mind which would appreciate it to self-exertion. A few words upon the subject may not be unacceptable to our readers. For the sake of brevity, we give our views in terms which are common to art in general, though we do so at the risk of requiring a certain degree of attention to them.

Forms, upon which art depends for its expression, are always suggestive of ideas. They become so by means of the imagina-

tion; and in proportion to the power, whether natural, or assisted by cultivation, of the imagination, will be the facility with which the mind receives the suggestion. Hence, the highest art, which is chiefly dependent for its effect upon suggestion, is by no means universally appreciated, as mere skilful imitation is. The imagination in healthy adults rarely comes into play without some effort. By habit, the effort becomes as unconscious as are the extremely rapid movements of a skilful pianist. Therefore, the state of mind proper in an observer of a work of art is not only a preparedness to receive, but an endeavour to discover, the suggestiveness of forms, sounds, &c. The truth of this remark is proved by the fact, that truly original works of art have generally been unfavourably received by critics, who often come passively to the contemplation of that, which, for its comprehension, requires activity, and a desire to discover significance. The striking assertion of Mr. Wordsworth, that a great poet must form the taste by which he is to be appreciated, derives its truthfulness from what has now been stated. He must first find a few readers, who will be led by the mere superficial merits of his productions, to give him credit for meaning something by forms, which, on account of their unprecedented character, at first convey no significance. They then strive to attain to that significance, and, having succeeded, they point it out to others, who have been more idly, or less charitably, disposed; and the circle of admirers widens, until the number becomes so great, that even those sceptics who refuse to believe the evidence of their senses and consciousness when it is unbacked by authority, become convinced, and give the consent, and make the effort, without which they discover, and, at first, perhaps, irritably object, that they are unable to appreciate what every one else is praising.

Art, then, properly so called, and as it differs from mere imitation, is always, in a certain degree, metaphorical and enigmatical; consequently, when the meaning of a work of art is just, the work may be said, not so much to inculcate, as to be, the truth; and where it is appreciated, it acts, not by giving "information" in the modern sense of the word, but by informing, in the sense in which the word was used by the accurate and thoughtful writers of the 16th and 17th centuries; that is to say, by inducing the mind actively to take upon itself, for the time at least, a new and excellent shape, namely, that of the artist's work, as the only clue to the comprehension of it. The open recommendations to holiness of any other preceptor than art, are likely to be heard and understood without being adopted, the mind is able to perceive their beauty, and can derive a lazy satisfaction from its contemplation, without at all becoming the thing contemplated; but art is like religion in the treatment of

her votaries. She helps those who strive to help themselves. Only to those who have shall anything be given by her. Wordsworth's fine paradox concerning the poet is true of universal art,

" You must love her, e'er to you  
She will seem worthy of your love."

But we must not fall into the fault frequently committed by modern critics, of affirming truths which are novel to the majority of readers, without conferring a power of popular influence upon those truths, by showing their connexion and coincidence with others which are already received and understood by every one.

By the poet, the poetical reader, and the critic, poetry is regarded in three very different ways. The poet "possessed" by, rather than possessing, his idea, works, under its influence, with only a partial consciousness; or, perhaps, it would be more accurate to say, that he retains no more than a very imperfect recollection of the consciousness by which his work is attended. Ask any true poet to analyze the process by which he has created a genuine poem, or passage of a poem, and he will, though probably with some difficulty, astonish you by the intricacy and rapidity of the mental action which has taken place in the production of some one happy sentence. A single line, which you imagine he had struck off, as it were, at a blow, occupies him half an hour with its analysis; and you are surprised, if not pained, at discovering that that which you have hitherto regarded as an inexplicable breathing of "the faculty divine," is the product of, and examinable by, well known laws of thought and association. A little reflection, however, shows you that the miracle is, in truth, even greater than you before believed it to be. You are now more astonished at the real intricacy, than you were charmed before at the supposed simplicity, of the inspired phrase. Further thought proves to you, that the very idea of simplicity assumes such intricacy as its basis. There is no unity without multiplicity included. Simplicity is not the absence of intricacy, but its solution. Most persons, were they to read an exact analysis of many a very simple-seeming passage of high poetry, would reject it at once as a clever fabrication, the falsehood of which required no further proof than the extreme difficulty, nay, impossibility, of writing with consistency, rapidity, and freedom, in presence, and without violating any, of the multiplicity of laws to which the analysis appealed. Such art is too wonderful for them. But, indeed, such art is very easy to the poet; and this constitutes the great difference between him and them.

Or, if they waive the question of apparently superhuman diffi-

culty, they will perhaps think that it degrades the poet, and makes a kind of mental mechanic of him, to regard as the product of determinate motives that which will otherwise be attributable to an inspiration working above and without law. But although what Augustus Schlegel says of Shakspeare is quite true of every poet, although "nothing is more foreign to him than a dissecting mode of composition, which laboriously enumerates all the motives by which he is induced to act in this or that manner,"\* motives, nevertheless, the true poet will have for everything he does. The common mistake, which we are now endeavouring to remove, is, that laws must exist in the mind of the poet in expressed forms and full consciousness, in order to possess the efficiency of motives; whereas, in fact, their poetical efficiency would be quite lost had they attained, in the poet's mind, to the objectivity of verbal statements. To employ the language of Platonic philosophy, laws exist, as living and actuating ideas, in the mind of the poet, when he is in the act of poetical production; and in exact proportion to the subjectivity of the laws which direct him, will be the perfection of his power of poetical expression; and when the poet ceases to depend upon his idea for guidance, and seeks the aid and support of an external law, he ceases for the time to be a poet. His production acquires a degree of formality, and loses fluency; and the sensitive and cultivated reader will miss the accustomed "inspiration." Now, it is certain that there never lived a poet so completely worthy of the name, as to have always relied, in entire and simple faith, upon his Idea for guidance; but it is also certain, that he who has never committed himself to its conduct, has never had the slightest pretension to the title of a bard. This is what many critics feel when, without well knowing what they mean, they refuse the name of poet to such writers as Pope and Boileau, and allow it to writers of far more limited repute and present influence, like Donne and Suckling.

We can conceive of no more useful and interesting addition to critical literature than would be a detailed account, given by a good poet, of all the operations of his mind, from beginning to end, in the composition of some short poem. Nothing else could give an adequate insight into the nature of the simultaneous working of external necessities and rules, and the internal idea, which always takes place on such an occasion. One of the most interesting accounts of this sort is one that is to be found in a recently published *Life of Mozart*, who writes thus to his friend, the Baron U——:

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\* We quote from memory.

"You say you should like to know my way of composing, and what method I follow in writing works of any extent. I can really say no more on the subject than the following, for I myself know no more about it, and cannot account for it. When I am, as it were, completely myself, entirely alone, and of good cheer, say, travelling in a carriage, or walking after a good meal, or during the night when I cannot sleep, it is on such occasions that my ideas flow best and most abundantly. *Whence* and *how* they come, I know not; nor can I force them. Those ideas that please me, I retain in memory, and am accustomed, as I have been told, to hum them to myself. If I continue in this way, it soon occurs to me how I may turn this or that morsel to account, so as to make a good dish of it; that is to say, agreeably to the rules of counterpoint, to the peculiarities of the various instruments, &c. All this fires my soul; and, provided I am not disturbed, my subject enlarges itself, becomes methodized and defined, and the whole, though it be long, stands almost complete and finished in my mind, so that I can survey it like a fine picture, or a beautiful statue, at a glance. Nor do I hear in my imagination the parts *successively*, but I hear them, as it were, all at once. What a delight this is, I cannot tell. All this inventing, this producing, takes place in a pleasing dream."

These are manifestly the words of a man who had not been accustomed to watch over the operations of his own mind; but they amply prove the temporary subjectivity and imperfect consciousness, in the true artist, of the laws by which he is nevertheless unerringly guided; as subsequent analyses of his works, by critics, will always demonstrate to the satisfaction of every one, but of him who is such an abandoned sceptic, as to be capable of believing in nothing but that which he sees, or fancies that he sees, to be within the sphere of his own possibilities.

The vulgar objections of the asserted difficulty and supposed mechanical and unpoetical nature of the surprising art, the employment of which has always been attributed to poets by the profoundest critics, being thus removed, it remains for us to show the equal invalidity of another obstacle to the general acceptance of just views of Art. It is one which we believe to be very commonly felt, although we do not remember to have heard it very frequently urged; and we confess, that, at the first glance, it bears a far more formidable appearance than that which is borne by either of the arguments as yet noticed. The following question has been put to us:—How comes it that this miraculous art has remained hidden and unsuspected for centuries in the productions of poets, who, nevertheless, as you admit, have been during the whole of that time, in the receipt of their just meed of praise? The answer has been:—Because it was the intention of those poets that it should

be so; and because the praise which they desired and have received, was no more required for and awarded to their art, than the admiration with which we regard a beautiful human face is attributed to and demanded by its anatomy. A great artist is always best satisfied when he thinks he has succeeded best in concealing his art from all eyes but his own. He aims not at his own glory: his efforts are directed to persuade men to pay the homage, which he believes they owe, to Beauty. We have said that the highest artist has not been so invariably inspired as never to have experienced the intrusion of consciousness upon his soul in its moments of production. This consciousness, when it occurs, exerts a powerful tendency to show itself in his creations, and to let in undesirable light upon the intricate system of laws, which a perfect "inspiration," while it works by them, would yet keep steadily in the back-ground. The true poet strains every nerve to destroy in his work all traces of these uninspired times; his object is to win from his readers a reasonable, but not a reasoning faith; and the writer who, in his conscious verses, is ever intentionally foisting upon our notice his craft is a coxcomb, and not a poet.

Poetry, then, as regards the poet himself, is a vivid principle, which strives after self-expression, and is capable of attaining it by means of a surprising knowledge and agility in the application of certain laws of association. Such knowledge and agility in the poet, seem always to have been the product of a long observation of the means by which his own mind, and the minds of other men, are accustomed to be impressed. He has an eye to behold beauty; a heart to love, and to desire that others should love it; and boldness to win his desires by expressing it in an unprecedented way. He believes that there are grounds of perception which he possesses in common with mankind in general; but he gives the latter credit for a certain amount of obtuseness which is absent in himself, and which he will always bear in memory, in order that he may not become a poet to poets only. Withal, he constantly keeps in mind a few leading facts, with some of which, having gathered them from what we have heard and read of the accounts given by poets of themselves, as well as from occasional scrutiny of their works, we will endeavour to acquaint those of our readers who may require and wish to be enlightened upon this point.

Language, according to its first intention, and in as far as it is not become corrupt and arbitrary, is impressive as well as expressive, and constantly employs, as its best instrument, the representation of like by like; but the original character of language has long ceased to survive in any noticeable degree, in the phraseology which serves for the common wants of life. The

language of poetry, however, is a return to first principles; the poet abandons the arbitrary and corrupt, that is to say, the prosaic, and again endeavours to express impressively, and indulges in the copious employment of resemblances, by way of new words. Hence it is quite improper to regard the use of similes as in any measure "a poetical license;" since the successful application of them is nothing more than an extension of language in its own direction, and according to its own original method. The real extent to which similitudes are employed in truly poetical expression is not generally understood. Those similitudes in poetry which consist in the avowed illustration of one thing by another are very few when compared with those which the poet seeks to suggest by skilful juxtapositions, by subtle analogies of sound and meaning, and by other artifices almost as many and as various as the lines which he produces. At the imminent risk, as we fear, of exciting the incredulous smiles of those of our readers to whom this subject is an entirely novel one, we shall give an instance or two of suggested similitudes, because a right understanding of their use and mode of action is most essential to the main objects which we have in view at present—namely, the development of the means of teaching employed by Art, and the rationalia of their peculiar efficacy.

The most ordinary means of suggestion, by indirect similitude, is that which is dependent upon rhythmical analogies; and as this means is pretty generally understood and admitted, little shall be said about it, and that little in the words of S. T. Coleridge, who, in a manuscript note to Daniel's "Civil Wars," his copy of which is now before us, writes thus:—"A whole book might be written, neither diffuse nor uninstructional, on the metrical excellence of the fifth line of the hundred and fifth stanza."\*

Another means of suggestion which is scarcely less frequently

\* "The working Spirit ceased not, tho' work did cease," is the line referred to. Coleridge continues his remarks upon it in these words:—"The pause after *Spirit* compels a stress on *ceas'd*, and so makes *ceas'd* not, by the addition of the pause after *not*, equal to a spondee—a fine effect after the tribrach, or ' ' '."

"Spirit, body, money, honey, and two or three more perhaps, which I do not recollect, are remnants of genuine *metre* in our language; they are, or at least always may be pyrrhics, i.e., ' ' equal to ' ', as a delicate ear may instantly perceive; and they prove that accent, contrary to the almost universal opinion, shortens the syllable on which it rests, for in these words there is an equal accent on both syllables, hence they are both short. *The working Spirit* (a pause equal to ' ') *ceas'd* not, tho' work did cease. N.B.—This a valuable remark."

It will be a sad loss to literature if a complete collection of Coleridge's marginal notes is not made before the work becomes impossible by the ever-increasing dispersion of the books in which they occur. These notes, as far as we are acquainted with them, are among the most interesting and valuable of Coleridge's productions. How characteristic of that great Christian philosopher is the following observation, which we find on another leaf of the volume before us:—

"Thousands, even of educated men, would become more sensible, *fitter to be*



employed in high poetry, although its employment is less generally felt, and is seldom distinctly recognised by critics, consists in the choice of words, the letters of which convey subtle resemblances of sound, to the matter expressed. Out of the innumerable examples which suggest themselves, we select a well known couplet from Coleridge's *Christabel*,

“ The brands were flat, the brands were dying,  
Amid their own white ashes lying.”

Here the cold vowels *a*, *i*, *o*, are the only ones which are openly sounded, and of these *a* is repeated five times, and *i* three times; the *e* in the short *the*, preceding, as it does, the long syllable *brand*, is scarcely heard; the ear is wholly occupied with the eight cold vowels which occur in the long syllables of the eight feet that constitute these lines. The only effect of warmth is a very slight one, produced by the rapid succession of the consonants *b r* and *n d*, in the word *brand*. Again, there is an effect of weight conveyed by the word *brand*; and to this effect we are invited to attend, by the repetition of it, and by the juxtaposition and contrast of this word with other words, conveying the notion of softness and lightness; finally, the two ideas of lightness and weight are united, and the effect completed, by the word *amid*, in which the sound, passing through the soft *m* and its indistinct vowels, concludes in a heavy *d*; and completes, to a delicate ear and a prepared mind, the entire picture of the weighty and sunoulder-ing brands, sunken through the light mass of ashes, which remains after their undisturbed combustion. If the almost magically picturesque effect which all will allow to be conveyed by this couplet, be not due to these reasons, to what does it owe its origin? Explicable origin or reason of one kind or another, there must be for every effect of this nature. And if these reasons be admitted, they must also be confessed to have been intended. To imagine that an extensive and co-operating set of effects in art can have arisen without a first and intelligent, as well as a final and intelligible cause, were scarcely less stupid than atheism.

We dare not pursue any farther this inexhaustible subject of suggested similitudes; that is to say of similitudes which depend, for their acceptance, upon cultivation and habits of ready association in the reader. One word more, however, concerning the powerful use which the poet makes of openly stated similitudes, and of the tone of mind which is assumed for their recep-

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*Members of Parliament, or Ministers, by reading Daniel—and even those few, who, quoad intellectum, would only gain refreshment of notions already their own, might become better Englishmen.”*

tion. Proverbs xi. 22, contains one of the most striking similes we know: "As a jewel of gold in a swine's snout, so is a fair woman which is without discretion." The famous simile in Romeo and Juliet—

"Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night  
As a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear,"

though considerably, and from its subject, necessarily inferior to that of Solomon, was probably originated by it. How effectually does this kind of intellectual "rule of three" startle us into fruitful thought, at times when we should listen unmoved to statements of facts, made after any ordinary fashion! When the poet employs similes of this nature, and, still more, when he has recourse to what we may term pure suggestion, he assumes an audience made up of that better and happier portion of mankind, which loves to discover and dwell upon resemblances, rather than to detect and chafe at points of difference. The wit can appeal to few precedents, and small encouragement in sacred writ, for the practice of his sharp eye for incongruities; but which is that of the inspired books, wherein the poet, the apprehender of universal harmony, can perceive no strains of his own music?

So much for the poet's knowledge of the nature of language, and of the use which he makes of similitudes, either open or implied. Another constant principle of poetical expression, and that which we should imagine induced Aristotle to call poetry the most philosophical kind of writing, is the statement of things *as they seem*, particularly in cases where it is the common practice to think and speak of them as we suppose that they are; or, in other words, in connexion with their second causes.

The only other of the prevailing principles of poetical expression that we shall speak of here, is one, by the instrumentality of which, the poet is chiefly enabled to keep the machinery or artifices of his art out of sight, and to avoid the existence of the obstacle which the exhibition of his method of working would offer to the reader's enjoyment of his work. This principle will apply, obviously, only to more or less elaborate productions, and when we say that it is one of the prevailing principles of poetical expression, the word *expression* is, of course, used in its widest sense, as signifying the aggregate power of expression in a lengthy passage or an entire work. It is, moreover, manifest that the necessity for the employment of this principle will be about in proportion to the elaborateness of the work. Hence we find it nowhere so frequently used as in the plays of Shakspeare; and hence it is, that the art of those until very recently misunderstood productions, has been so frequently identified—more wisely than

has been supposed—with the art of nature. Few critics seem to have reflected much upon the method of working in either, or it would have been found that the plan of both is, to make each mean work several ends, and disappear as a mean, by itself becoming an end. An ignorance of this simple law, this grand art of concealing art, has been the cause of short-sighted criticisms innumerable. The critic has been contented to discover some one end of sufficient importance to warrant the mean employed in attaining it, and in his indolent content with the perception of one of its collateral, and, probably, supplementary ends, he has frequently lost sight altogether of its principal objects and results.

Such, then, are some of the leading principles of the poet's unconscious, or semiconscious art: and a man becomes a poet, in the sense of the term which seems to be the most commonly adopted one, by the simple possession and exercise, to any unusual extent, of the peculiar powers of language, which we have now endeavoured to describe; and which, we may add, are possessed and exercised, in some degree, by mankind in general, especially when under the influence of emotion that asks for impressive expression.

It need scarcely be said that the poet, in order to secure a high and permanent standing, must be in the habit of wielding his powerful instrument to some noble end. He must not flourish it for show and pastime, as too many have done, who have been true poets in powers of expression; but he must apply it to the great purposes, for the fulfilment of which it is so admirably and peculiarly calculated. And in order to do this, he must be a good man; for art concerns itself, not with the doctrines, but with the life of truth, which none, save those who have lived it, can imagine and depict. A work of art is the externalization of the artist's character; it does much of good by the almost irresistible power of example; and influences us, in this respect, exactly as character does; namely, less by few great and striking features, than by innumerable and minute glimpses and hints of an essential and unobtrusive nobility. Here a word more concerning the too frequently misunderstood character of the artist seems to be required.

All good men are lovers of the beauty of holiness, and how diverse soever may be the means adopted by them for attaining their end, the ultimate end of their existence is invariably the glory of God, and the exhibition of the perfect and only loveliness of his law. The artist whose energies are wholly absorbed in giving immortal expression, in his way, to the light and life which have been vouchsafed to him, is just as truly and as actively employed in the service of God as he is, who occupies

himself, no less constantly, in expressing the Christian spirit by charities, which are more immediate and palpable in their effect, and, therefore, more generally impressive. Man, by his nature, seems fitted to acquire excellence in only one species of activity at a time; and we probably require more of him than will be required by his Judge, when we demand from one individual a display of two kinds of energy, each in the highest degree. It would be as unreasonable to blame the lark, raining soul-reviving music from his invisible station in the air, for not fulfilling the functions of the homely bird that abides in the farm-yard, and ministers to our most common needs, as to complain of the artist for lacking an equal energy in spheres of action which are opposed to one another. Those who give a willing consent to this truth sometimes err in their judgment of the artist's character through ignorance of the eminently active nature of art; but we trust that what has been said will go far towards removing from the minds of our readers the mistakes which have originated in this source.

The most serious charge which has been brought against the artistical character, generally, is that it has a tendency to sensuality. We believe that the charge has a certain amount of truth in it; but, in judging the artist upon this score, there are certain facts to be considered which are too often left out of the calculation. Every condition has its peculiar temptations, every habit its consequential weaknesses, and every body of men stands represented by its worst members in the opinion of the world. The temptations and weaknesses of a contemplative condition and habit are, however, of a nature to produce results more popularly interesting than the sins of selfishness, avarice, pride, &c., which are severally the predominant failings of classes who engage in other special spheres of action. Again, there is no other order of men, besides the ministry, whose characters are so generally inquired after, as are those of the votaries of the fine arts, because, with the exception named, in no other case is character felt to be so intimately connected with an occupation and its products. It must, moreover, be remembered, that the body of artists has stood represented in the popular opinion, for the most part, by men who have not really belonged to it at all; for it is not to be affirmed of Michael Angelo and Milton that they hold a name in common with Aretine and Rochester, or even with men of much higher note, who have been gifted, to a certain extent, with the language of art, but who have altogether lacked its divine spirit.

An error which is widely prevalent concerning the character of artists, and which attributes to them, as a body, a defect of religion, has arisen from an excellence by which the expression

of the religion of great artists has ever been especially, and even necessarily, distinguished from that of most other men. The great artist, who, we repeat, is always occupied with the externalization, and dissemination of a peculiar expression, of the life of religion, would act in contradiction to the prime law of his method, were he to neglect to give religion, like every thing else, an unprecedented and *essentially* impressive expression. The phrase "didactic artist," understanding the word didactic as it is commonly understood, is a contradiction in terms; but it is not more expressly so than is the phrase "irreligious artist." A poet by becoming openly "didactic," would deprive his work of that essential quality of suggestiveness by which activity on the part of his reader is absolutely demanded, and upon which the peculiar character and excellence of the poet's teaching mainly depends; on the other hand, by ceasing to be an instructor of the spirit he would clip his own wings and drop to the earth, shorn of the glory in virtue of which the poet has been, at almost all times, and under almost all religions, associated with the priest. Far be it from us to attribute to the artist a dignity equal to that of the steward of the mysteries of God;

"The muses are the *helpmates*  
Of mankind; are born to be  
Supporters of our moments  
*Slack in faith.*"

Their society is the theatre, in which, to quote Lord Bacon's remarkable words concerning them, "it is not good to stay too long;" a crutch may become necessary, by being used often, when it is unnecessary; nectar will turn to "*vinum demonum*" if taken in excess; the poet, the painter, the musician, the sculptor, and the architect, in their ideal character, are the humble assistants of the ministers of God. There are already hopeful indications of the approach of an era, in which they will assume that character in practice. Painting, architecture, and, above all, poetry, are beginning to glow with a life which has long been unknown to them; and, we repeat, the life of art is religion.

Although, in the remarks which have now been made, we have necessarily fallen far short of presenting a complete view of the artist's aim, and of the means by which he works, enough has been said by us to assure the reader that we intended no ordinary praise, when we pronounced Mr. Tennyson to be an artist; and we have, moreover, established data and suggested a standard, by means, and in presence of which, we may be able to declare an opinion concerning this poet's productions, without risk of falling either into ignorant censure or unmeaning praise.

In original genius we conceive that Mr. Tennyson has been

surpassed, during the present century, by Coleridge and by Wordsworth; but we have no hesitation in affirming, that in that portion of the art of poetry which is to be acquired by reflection and by study, he has not been equalled by any English writer since the time of Milton. To this praise we think that Mr. Tennyson would have been entitled, had he not written his longest, which is also his greatest work, "The Princess." The limits of our space will not allow us to enter into any thing like an analysis of even the shortest of Mr. Tennyson's poems: we must content ourselves with declaring him to be an artist, both in theory and in practice, one who comprehends and acts in accordance with all the leading principles of which we have endeavoured to give an account, and one who, by an extension of, and by an unprecedented method of employing, the principles of his art, has put forth undeniable claims to the laurel which is awarded only to originality. The most strikingly original feature of the writings of this poet is the success with which he seizes upon and poetizes the spirit of the present time.

The general aspects of poetry, with regard to the passing age, have, for some time, been very remarkable; if they have no other merit, they have at least that of being altogether new. The times of Aristophanes, of Horace, and of Pope, have been painted by their poets; but in colours of censure and satire, not in those of honour and of praise. In these days, we witness the novel phenomenon of a body of educated poets, who, instead of seeing in their age no more than a laughing-stock, or a subject for their serious reprobation, or an earnest of a fast approaching hour of doom, behold in it rather a dawning merit, that requires encouragement, deserves judicious praise, and should inspire good hope concerning the times to come. But, save in the case of one or two of our highest poets, these views have led to the adoption of a practice, the justice of which is very questionable. Strongly impressed with the hopeful character of the age's spirit, the majority of our living songsters have sought to imbue their verses with it, by describing therein its developments in incidents and external phenomena. A sad mistake! for the spirit in question is, at best, a hopeful one, and only prophetic of a spirit, the development of which shall be worthy to be embalmed in verse. The material features of the present age are wholly unfitted to become the final subject-matter of the poet; for they are full of the deformities attendant upon a period of rapid change, and bear upon them evident signs of their impermanence. Let it not be supposed that we question the legitimacy of the direction of poetic power upon matters of a temporary nature, whenever a worthy, though temporary end is to be wrought by this means. Poets that are not of an age, but for all time, might have prided

themselves on the authorship of the "Song of the Shirt" and the "Bridge of Sighs;" indeed, the production of such poems is all the nobler for the sacrifice of enduring fame which is made in the choice of the subjects. It is only when the poet has no such temporary end in view, that we complain of his choice of temporary themes. For a long while past, poem after poem has appeared, each having been, avowedly, written of, or for, its particular place and year, yet without professing to subserve, in any especial manner, that year or place; as if, except in the case we have named, a good poem were not for all years and all places.

The advocate of this system of writing will perhaps urge the necessity of being governed, in the production of his effusions, by "the spirit of the age." We admit the necessity, but deny that he, in fact, does submit himself to being so governed, while he pursues such a plan of composition; nay, we affirm that, in pursuing it, he distinctly contradicts the spirit, of which he desires to become the representative. That spirit, as he himself asserts, is a spirit of hope, of looking forward; it looks to the events of the day for the sake of the promises which they contain; these events become the subject-matter of the poet, who is really inspired by this spirit, only in virtue of those promises. The true, the final subject-matter of the poet of our day, is the probable aspect of the days which are to come. The error of the author of "The New Timon," and of numerous others sticklers for the poetical claims of the present time, has been avoided by Mr. Tennyson, who, in "Locksley Hall," has the following characteristic lines:—

" Here about the beach I wander'd, nourishing a youth sublime  
With the fairy tales of science, and the long result of Time;  
When the centuries behind me like a fruitful land reposed;  
*And I clung to all the present for the promise that it closed:*  
When I dipt into the future—far as human eye could see;  
Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonders that would be."

The next great peculiarity which makes itself remarked in Mr. Tennyson's poetry, is the character of his language. We have said that it is a leading principle of poetical expression to state things *as they seem*; now poetry depends, for its variety, upon the variety of ways in which different poets see things. The happiest kind of expression would come from him in whose power of vision sense and spirit were most perfectly balanced. Such a kind is Shakspeare's. In Shelley, spirituality commonly predominates over sense, and everything, in his poetry, wears an unearthly and insubstantial aspect. With Keats's poetry it is just the reverse. His language is more than "sensuous," it is

sensual, taking the term, of course, in its widest signification. Mr. Tennyson's ordinary style of expression is an intensification of the latter style; and it is often saved from becoming painful, only by its manifestly voluntary and conscious character. All our great old poets have, upon fitting occasion, made use of the sensual style; we have, in Shakspeare,

"The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,  
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause."

In Milton,

"And, when they list, their lean and fleshy songs  
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;"

Such instances are, however, exceptions to the general style of their poetry; but the poetry of Keats and Mr. Tennyson is, for the most part, entirely made up of passages of this character. The most purely moral and philosophical lines of the last-named poet are rendered, to a certain degree, sensual, by the strong consciousness and pride with which they are expressed; for instance,

"A man is not as God,  
But then most godlike, being most a man."

We do not find fault with Mr. Tennyson for this style, which is abundantly productive of beauty, and of which the excess has been the reaction of the lax and inaccurate styles, which have prevailed in poetry for nearly two hundred years. We look, however, for a more perfect style from the next great poet who rises among us, now that that reaction has been gradually going on, for the last forty years, and has been completed, in the poetry of Mr. Tennyson.

Let us now consider the claim which Mr. Tennyson has put forth, in "The Princess," to be regarded as a great constructive artist, as well as a poet of decided originality of thought and feeling, and eminently endowed with the faculty of impressive expression.

If, in the course of the following remarks, we fail in doing full justice to Mr. Tennyson's poem, as we almost necessarily must, if it be really great and original, we shall, at least, avoid the injustice of limiting his intentions to our perceptions, of leading our readers to suppose that there is no more to be discovered in his production than we ourselves may be able to unfold. Hegel is reported to have said, in his last days, that his writings were understood by no one but their editor, Michelet, and that they were *misunderstood* by him. If we fail in arriving at an accurate estimate of the views by which Mr. Tennyson has been inspired in the composition of his new poem, we shall, at all events, do



him the justice of attributing to him, and proving the existence of, distinct and substantial intentions of some kind or other ; thus rescuing his work from the charge of very insufficient meaning, to which it is subject, under the assumption that it carries its entire meaning and merit upon the surface. To show that, under this assumption, "The Princess" is justly subject to such a charge, will be the most powerful method of convincing those who are acquainted with Mr. Tennyson's other works, that we are not likely to be mistaken in attributing some hidden significance to the present poem. That this primary significance is hidden may be said to be a fault, but will not be urged as an argument against its existence, by any one who is not wholly unread in that school of criticism which has opened to our view the unsuspected mines of meaning, so long concealed beneath the splendid surface of the plays of Shakspeare.

"The Princess ; a medley," upon the first reading, has a very curious effect. It is so thoroughly "a medley," its heterogeneity is so complete, that we wonder how any mind should have been able to escape the apparently inevitable continuity with which feelings and ideas suggest themselves. Tragedy, comedy, love, satire, the old, and the new, modern conventionalisms, and outrageous fancies, all contrarieties come together, and, at first, appear to clash.

The poem opens with a prologue, which is very gracefully written, and deals, in skilful allusion, with the most remarkable characteristics of the age. We have the mutilated statue of "Sir Ralph," a middle-age knight, clothed playfully with silks and satins, in ironical reference to the way we moderns treat the past ; there is talk of

" Rogues in grain  
Veneered with sanctimonious theory,"

which is a neat description of a class almost peculiar to our own time, and, numerically speaking, by no means insignificant : no small proportion of the prologue is occupied by pictures of the house and park of an English gentleman upon some day of festival, when the people are admitted to the latter. There

" The patient leaders of their institute  
Taught them with facts ;"

with model railways, telegraphs, steamboats, balloons, &c. ; and in the house,

" Upon the pavement lay  
Carved stones of the abbey ruin in the park,  
Huge ammonites, and the first bones of time ;  
And on the tables every clime and age  
Jumbled together ;" &c. &c.

All this part of the poem bears with sufficient distinctness upon the fondness for criticising all eras, and for investigating and applying all natural powers, whereby our day is especially characterized. Finally, a party of ladies and young collegians assembles among "the abbey-ruins," and a tale is called for, the "Prologue" concluding with the following lines, which, together with all the rest of this introduction, impress the reader with the notion that these first pages are of the nature of a skilful overture, and are intended to contain in embryo, and to suggest the general character of the entire poem:

"A tale that really suited time and place.  
Were such a medley, we should have him back  
Who told the Winter's Tale, to do it for us ;  
A Gothic ruin and a Grecian house,  
A talk of college and of ladies' rights,  
A feudal knight in silken masquerade,  
And there with shrieks and strange experiments,  
For which the good Sir Ralph had burnt them all,  
The nineteenth century gambols on the grass.  
No matter : we will say whatever comes."

Such is the character of the Prologue to "The Princess: a Medley;" and every reader of it, who is not unacquainted with Mr. Tennyson's fondness for metaphysical allegory, and frequently declared interest in, and acquaintance with, the tendencies and promises of the day, must proceed to the perusal of the main portion of the poem, full of curiosity to learn what our great poet has to sing or say concerning that which he himself, in the concluding piece of his last publication, "The Poet's Song," has pointed out as the only fitting subject for the muse of the nineteenth century.

But such a reader is likely to be strangely disappointed with his first perusal of the main portion of the poem; in place of any professed commentary on the time and its prospects, we come at once upon a fantastical love story, which, at first, appears to have not the remotest connexion with the matters obviously hinted at in the "prologue." The immense majority of readers will put aside the book, and, if they are honest to themselves, will pronounce it to be, upon the whole, "a failure." The innumerable hints which occur throughout, of the existence of a solid substratum of meaning, are too subtle to arrest attention and awaken thought among the many. Even the perfect correspondence of the "conclusion" with the "prologue," and the unaccountable apparent irrelevance of both, will be insufficient to startle readers of poetry, in general, into a notion that the "failure" may possibly be their

own, and not the poet's. The following lines are part of the "conclusion:"

"Here closed our compound story, which at first  
Had only\* meant to banter little maids  
With mock heroics and with parody;  
But slipt in some strange way, crost with burlesque,  
From mock to earnest, even with tones  
Of tragic, and with less and less of jest.

\* \* \* \* \*  
But we went back to the abbey, and sat on,  
So much the gathering darkness charmed; we sat  
Saying little, wrapt in nameless reverie,  
Perchance upon the future man.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Last little Lilia, rising without sound,  
Disrobed the glimmering statue of Sir Ralph  
From those rich silks, and home well pleased we went."

The tale runs thus: "The Princess," Ida, had been betrothed in childhood to a prince, whom she had never seen. When she becomes a woman, she refuses to fulfil an engagement which was not of her own making. Marriage would interfere with her plans, which extend to the reformation and regeneration of woman; and, to carry out which, she has retired with a number of ladies from the world, and has founded a college for women exclusively. Over the gate is written

"Let no man enter here on pain of death."

The prince, who has fallen in love with a portrait and a lock of hair, endeavours to win his right by stratagem. With two friends, Cyril and Florian, he enters the college, in female attire; their disguise is discovered by accident, and they are turned out of the college; the penalty of death being waived, in consideration of the prince having saved the life of Ida, who, in her precipitate flight after the discovery, falls from a bridge into a torrent. Meantime the king, the prince's father, fearing for the safety of his son, has encamped with an army about the walls of the college, and retains as an hostage, Gama, the father of the princess, who has fallen into his hands. Matters lead at last to

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\* So the first edition. In the second the passage runs thus:

"Here closed our complex story, which at first,  
*Perhaps*, but meant to banter little maids, &c."

Mr. Tennyson has been taught, by the reception of his first edition, a little of the wisdom which is commonly the last at which great writers arrive, namely, that of giving the "reading public" sufficient credit for obtuseness.

the decision of Ida's right to despise the contract, by a combat between the prince and a party of his friends, and the brothers of Ida, and an equal number of their adherents. The prince and his party are vanquished, and himself wounded. Whereupon Ida opens her gates to victors and vanquished, sets her pupils to tend on and fall in love with the hitherto detested males, tends herself the wounded prince, and marries him; and, in the very hour of triumph, forgets all her plans for female regeneration.

Such is the plot of this story, which is about three thousand lines long. There are numerous other incidents and characters, all wonderfully elaborated, which we have not noticed, because they have no connexion whatever with the main plot; but had we done so we should still have fallen far short of giving the readers a notion of the utter want of interest, unity, and purpose, in this production, considered merely as a narrative poem; and of its miserable weakness and want of integrity, if regarded, as some regard it, as a satire upon learned women. Now, by regarding it as neither one nor the other, and attributing to it some significance of which the incidents and characters are merely symbolical expressions, we, at once, do away with an overwhelming amount of difficulty and contradiction, and are enabled to reconcile its composition with the quality of Mr. Tennyson's genius.

No one who coincides with Mr. Carlyle's fine criticism of the second part of *Faust*, will be disposed to quarrel with us, for declaring the existence of a significance in "*The Princess*," before we pretend to be able to give any thing like a full and accurate account of that significance. It is, however, our duty to set before the reader, as far as our space will permit, such proof of the being of a central idea in this poem, together with such clue to the nature of that idea, as we ourselves after a very careful study of the work, have been able to arrive at.

An opinion has long been prevalent, that the phenomena of the present day, treated with respect to their more or less obvious consequences for the future, must constitute the subject-matter of the next great poem. We repeat that Mr. Tennyson himself has not been backward in declaring, directly and indirectly, his coincidence in the popular views upon this point. Of his recent poems, several treat openly, and with considerable foresight and profundity of observation concerning those phenomena; and no thoughtful reader of "*Locksley Hall*," of the "*Prologue*" and "*Epilogue*" to the "*Morte d'Arthur*," "*Amphion*," "*Ulysses*," "*The Golden Year*," &c., could for a moment imagine that the poet, who, in such brief pieces, has discussed the features and prospects of the times, in a tone so lofty and generalizing, would, in the present poem, by which his permanent reputation must be in a great measure decided, descend to the exclusive treatment of one

or two petty features, which, if it is true that they are characteristics of the time, are as impermanent as they are unimportant. Had a judicious student of the above named poems been questioned, before the appearance of "The Princess," as to his opinion of the probable character of the next long composition by Mr. Tennyson, we cannot but believe that he would have declared his expectation of a work, written with precisely the views which appear to be announced in "the Prologue" to that poem. Were such a student to experience any difficulty in deducing at once, from the poem itself its primary thought, he would question himself as to what would probably constitute that thought; and it is most likely that he would immediately fix upon the vast struggle which has long been in progress against authority of every possible kind, as being the most vital, and, in its consequences, the all important characteristic of the age we live in. That such struggle, with all its complicated elements and bearings, does, in fact, constitute the very essence and soul of the poem before us, is a truth of which we have been more and more convinced during each one of many successive perusals. Let us frankly confess that an unusually careful study of this poem has not enabled us to discover any very distinct connexion between the greater portion of its details, and what we conceive to be the central thought; upon which, if the poem be a truly artistical work, they must every one of them depend, for their primary meaning and value. Very many are the thoughts, illusions, traits of character, and incidents, the true meaning of which we seem to perceive fully; very many appear to us to possess some only half-perceived capacity of application to the central thought; but very many more have proved too enigmatical for our patience, or our powers; yet even these, equally with the rest, bear upon their faces the strongest evidences of their symbolical character. Our space will necessarily limit us to the mention of some few of the most remarkable details. In the most prominent incidents of the piece, namely, the isolation of Ida and her followers, and her refusal to ratify the contract, which the two old kings had made in her infancy, and without proposing to consult her desires, the declaration of independence, which, in our day, for the first time, is really being made, by secular knowledge, is shadowed forth with a distinctness of which it is impossible for us to convey a sufficing notion to those of our readers who are unacquainted with the poem. The character of Ida, who is "the very Ida of the Intellect," seems to be intended to represent that of science, or the simple intellect, in the most inclusive and exalted form which it is capable of reaching by its own unaided efforts. In its rebellion against an exorbitant authority, it has fallen into the grievous mistake of refusing to recognise any authority at all.

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It is much in the right and much in the wrong; and has to undergo a disastrous course of error before it can be taught the knowledge of the truth. Innumerable passages which are extravagant and unnatural absurdities, if we are to believe that they are the words of, or have allusion to, a woman of flesh and blood, are replete with profound philosophy, if Ida is to be regarded as the representative of the passive or feminine principle of the intellect, in a condition of total independence of, and opposition to, powers of higher activity and authority. Take, for instance, the following chant, with which Ida hails the victory of her cause, a victory which, be it remembered, she immediately throws away :

- " Our enemies have fall'n, have fall'n : the seed,  
The little seed they laughed at, in the dark,  
Has ris'n and cleft the soil, and grown a bulk  
Of spanless girth, that lays on every side  
A thousand arms, and rushes to the sun.
- " Our enemies have fall'n, have fall'n : they came—  
The leaves were wet with women's tears; *they heard*  
*A noise of songs they would not understand ;*  
*They marked it with the RED CROSS to the fall,*  
*And would have strown it, and are fall'n themselves.*
- " Our enemies have fall'n, have fall'n : they came—  
The woodmen with their axes : lo ! the tree !  
But we will make it faggots for the hearth,  
And shape it plank and beam, for roof and floor,  
And boats and bridges, *for the use of men.*
- " Our enemies have fall'n, have fall'n : they struck ;  
*With their own blows they hurt themselves ; nor knew*  
*There dwelt an iron nature in the grain ;*  
The glittering axe was broken in their arms,  
The arms were shatter'd to the shoulder-blade.
- " Our enemies have fall'n ; but this shall grow  
A night of summer from the heat, a breadth  
Of autumn dropping fruits of power ; and roll'd  
With music in the Eonian breeze of tune,  
*The tops shall strike from star to star, the fangs*  
*Shall move the stony bases of the world."*

Is this the language of fanciful satire, or that of philosophical allegory? Is this a literary lady's way of expressing her satisfaction at the success of a crotchet? or is it the song that is now bursting from thousands of hearts in every part of the civilized world? the proud hymn of the Intellect, over a triumph, which, according to Mr. Tennyson's allegory, has yet to be in considerable part modified, or reversed? Regarded in this light, the above song

is magnificent; but if we are to rest in the superficial meaning of the poem, this chant is a senseless impertinence.

There are few passages of length equal to the above, which are equally obvious in signification. The greater portion of the poem is exceedingly, and perhaps necessarily, obscure; but, in the obscurest parts, there are bright glimpses of the primary sense. What are Ida's tamed leopards, but the lower powers of Nature in just submission to the enlightened Intellect? What is the baby Aglaia, (*Αγλαία*, splendour, grace, &c.,) but the splendid Future, the daughter of the soul, Psyche? What is the Lady Blanche,

“ A double-rouged and treble-wrinkled dame,  
With all her faded autumns *falsely brown*,”

if not the representative of some worn-out form of Intellect, which retains nothing of its former excellence but the name? What does her juxtaposition with the younger Psyche, by whom she is supplanted in the affections of Ida and the University, mean, if not the present juxtaposition of lifelessness and true vitality in the intellectual system, and the forced retreat of the one before the other? Does not the decrepit Gama, that “ little dry old man, not like a king,” who is “ swamped in lazy tolerance,” but who is the father of Ida, and of her powerful champions, Arac and his brothers, shadow forth the present condition of a power, the weakness and decay of which, have produced the phenomenon which is typified by Ida's isolation? Is not the inscription above the palace-gate, “ Let no man enter here on pain of death,” a very just expression of the penalty incurred by those who seek to set up their habitation within the enchanted regions of the passive Intellect? The sweet Melissa is the offspring of the hateful Blanche, the mighty Arac, of the nerveless Gama: have we not here the generation of the opposites by opposites, which is so common a phenomenon in connexion with the birth of principles?

There are, we repeat, innumerable incidents, characters, contrasts, and allusions, the primary meanings of which are totally dark to us; but that they have such primary meanings is commonly manifest from the fact, that their superficial senses are wholly insufficient to justify their existence: Psyche, for instance, is “ the Lady of three castles;” a fact which bears in no way upon the *outward* sense of the story, but which is nevertheless impressed upon the reader by two or three repetitions. It is much the same with the characters of Cyril, Florian, the twin brothers of Arac, and of one or two others, who appear to us to be not a whit the less manifestly allegorical, because, hitherto,

we have been unable to assign to them their true position in the general allegory. A certain odd want of consecutiveness in the individual characters, which is obviously not the result of want of care in their development, considered together with an equally odd mechanical symmetry in their relationships, would at once stamp this production, in our opinion, as being allegorical, were the allegory itself much less manifest than it is, and had much less care been taken by the poet, in the "Prologue" and "Conclusion," to direct the reader to the real character of his work.

The poem is crowded with incidents, characters, and thoughts, and with the most subtle and laboured contrasts and juxtapositions, all of which would have been wholly thrown away, and worse than thrown away, upon a very flimsy plot, and a satire the poignancy of which they would have constantly diminished. This lavish expenditure of unnecessary materials, this constant occurrence of features that have no vital connexion with the plot or the satire, gives, upon the no-meaning hypothesis, an inexpressibly unsatisfactory effect to the whole work, which, viewed in this light, reminds us of the box full of inanimate dolls, that we remember, in our childhood, to have peeped into, before the commencement of Punch's drama; or, to employ a more dignified illustration, of the meaningless jumble of colours and outlines, which a painted window presents, when viewed from the *outside*.

Thoroughly as the poem is redeemed, by the view which has now been taken of it, from the weightiest of the censures to which it is liable, in the absence of this, or of some very similar view, it is not to be denied that the work is deformed by faults, and by faults which are not to be found, at least to the same extent, in Mr. Tennyson's former writings. None of these faults, however, seem to have resulted from a defect of care in the finish. Mr. Tennyson seems rather to have erred in the other extreme; or, to use his own words, by polishing, "till all is ripe and rotten."

The finish is too high for so large a work, giving it an effect something like that which would be produced by an immense pencil drawing. Mr. Tennyson also attempts to produce, by simple versification, effects of which versification seems to be incapable; and artifice pushed beyond its limits, looks like a want of art. We protest against the unfair trial of harmony in verse, by printing it like prose; but we think that nothing can justify such lines as these,

"With stroke on stroke, the horse and horseman came,  
As comes a pillar of electric cloud,  
Flaying off the roofs, and sucking up the drains,



And shadowing down the champaign, till it strikes  
On a wood, and takes, and breaks, and cracks, and splits,  
And twists the grain with such a roar, that the earth  
Reels, and the herdsmen cry."

The gravest fault, however, and one which seriously affects the value of the work, is the fact, that it is *constructed upon*, rather than *inspired by*, the central idea. This gives it an appearance of weakness which must be felt by those who best appreciate the merits of the poem; and which must be fatal to the impression made by it upon readers who will not take the pains required to get deeper than the surface. A poem of this kind ought to contain nothing to offend, even a careless reader, possessed of tolerably accurate taste; its meaning should not be destructive of its merely superficial beauty:—but the excellence, the absence of which we are lamenting, has probably never been attained by any poet since Shakspeare. Let us therefore thank Mr. Tennyson for having put forth an undeniable claim to

"The laurel, meed of mighty conquerors,  
And poets *sage*."

The promise which was held out by "The Palace of Art," "The Dream of Fair Women," and by one or two other poems, constructed upon much the same principles, but with far less power, has been, to a great extent, redeemed in "The Princess." But Mr. Tennyson has not yet done his best. We trust that the hints which are contained in the foregoing pages, and which we offer to his consideration, with the modesty that becomes commentators upon an original poet who has so lately made his appearance among us, may not be wholly unacceptable and useless to him, who is too much of an artist to be ignorant, that in art, outward law and inward inspiration must ever work hand in hand.

ART. III.—*Two Summers in Norway.* By the Author of "The Angler in Ireland." 2 vols. London, 1840.

IN the preceding Number of this Review we indulged ourselves, it may be too discursively, with some observations on the Art of Angling. If we prolonged the discussion beyond the endurance of any reader, let him remember, that patience is an angler's virtue, and ought to be exercised by all concerned, whether it be with the exposition or the practice of so great an art. We now desire to take up, more briefly, certain scientific portions of the subject.

Mr. Stoddart's opinion in regard to the spawning of trout and salmon—and so we presume of fish in general—is different from that of all preceding observers, whether fishers or physiologists. He asserts that the female does all the work herself, without any assistance from the male. She forms her own redd or furrow, expels the ova by a process of self-exertion, and covers them by the action of her tail as they descend. The milter, he holds, during these operations, yields her no assistance whatever. "It is possible he may be at hand on the watch, waiting the completion of the process; but he avoids, during its continuance, every show of contact with the female; and his interference with the operation can amount to nothing more than the scaring away of small fry from the spawning-bed; or perhaps he may indulge his own voracious appetite by picking up the stray ova as they roll towards him—a propensity not to be wondered at, while it is of common occurrence to capture large trout with individuals of their own species projecting from their mouths."—P. 27. How then, it may be naturally asked, do these ova produce their young? This the author, in an ensuing portion of his work, proceeds to explain as follows:—

"I have come to the conclusion, therefore, first of all, that although the milter and spawner are very frequently discovered to be on the redd together as a pair, this pairing takes place only for the occasion; and that the same milter will serve several females in succession, according as they are in a state of preparation to receive him. Again, that this state of preparation happens *after the completion of the spawning process*, when the females are in the condition of what are called kelts. It is not an impregnation of the shedded or flowing ova that takes place, but an impregnation of the ovaria after spawning; and this for the purpose of endowing or fructifying *the next year's deposit*. I may also add, that the fact of the male parr of eight or nine months' growth being, as respects its milt, fully matured, while the female fish of the same age exhibits no corresponding forwardness in regard

to the spawn, most unquestionably confirms the reasonableness of such views; and if it has not the weight and value of actual experiment in regard to them, yet, if looked upon as an anomalous and inexplicable circumstance, when taken into account by the experimentalist himself, as is the case in this instance, it certainly tempts to the inquiry—Have such experiments been conducted upon their legitimate bases? or, in other words, is there no error or oversight, no questionable postulate, on the faith of which they have been put into operation.”—P. 199.

Now, Mr. Stoddart's notions on these points would be of no consequence in themselves, as he evidently is not, and does not profess to be, a scientific observer; but when taken up vaguely by other people, especially when conjoined with what is contemptuous on his own part, and therefore to be condemned on ours, they may lead not only to a misapprehension of Mr. Shaw's conclusions, but to a misconstruction of his character. For example, in criticising certain experiments performed by Mr. Shaw, by means of which he produced some hybrid broods, specimens of which we have ourselves seen and handled, but the final results of which Mr. Stoddart thinks have not been properly explained to himself and the public, he observes as follows:—“Some mishap has plainly taken place; the wild ducks have been at work,\* the ponds robbed of their previous contents; or, so I fear, a new and important discovery is on the eve of coming to light; the error, *ab initio*, has been detected, and it will require, not time or assiduity merely, but caution, craft, and resolution, to unravel the threads of former speculation, and reblend them together, so as to attract and harmonize. Seriously speaking, however,” &c. —P. 201. And he then proceeds with his own views. Now we think the *serious* portion lies, not in what he is about to state, whatever that may be, but in what he has just already stated. He has made a serious insinuation, if not accusation—affecting, as appears to us, Mr. Shaw's truthfulness and sincerity of spirit, not only reprehensibly inconsistent with all that is known of that observer's character and conduct, but ridiculously contradictory of frequent laudation, bestowed upon those excellent attributes by the critic himself throughout the other portions of his volume,—surely in mockery; for what credit can be conscientiously assigned to any man for the results of one experiment, if we could believe him capable of intentionally deceiving us by craft and cunning in another? Poets have been by some one most irreverently designated “inspired idiots.” Mr. Stoddart is a poet,

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\* In the course of a previous experiment, some wild ducks had unfortunately stumbled on Mr. Shaw's boxes during winter, and swallowed up most of the collected ova of that year.

and of some power ; but it appears to us that even his prose on this occasion (if prose is ever inspired at all) has not been pre-aided over by the goddess of wisdom.

Mr. Shaw, as is probably well known to many of our readers, succeeded several years ago in maturing the spawn of salmon, and producing living fry, by intermingling the milt and ova of the adults. The observed fact of the male parrs with the milt matured, being "at all times found in company with the adult female salmon while depositing her spawn in the river," suggested the idea that they were probably there for a sufficient reason. To demonstrate the power and nature of the function performed, he, in January 1837, took a female salmon of fourteen pounds from the natural spawning-bed, from whence he also took a male parr weighing one and a half ounce, the milt of which he mingled with the expressed ova of the salmon ; and the spawn thus commingled, he imbedded in the gravel of a streamlet connected with his experimental ponds. The process succeeded in every respect, as it had done when tried with adult parents. The young fish appeared in embryo, were hatched, increased in size as parr, assumed the migratory aspect, and became smolts, or salmon-fry. This experiment he tried *repeatedly*, and with every requisite precaution, whether of a positive or a negative nature ; and he seems even at that early period to have anticipated, and rendered foundationless, the fanciful objections of such cavilling inquirers as Mr. Stoddart. Thus, early in January 1838, he took another female salmon, weighing fourteen pounds, and two male parr from the same spawning-bed, and commingled two lots of milt and ova, placing them in different streams. Although by an accident (referred to in the preceding note) he lost most of this impregnation, the few that remained shewed a progressive growth entirely corresponding to that of the former hatching. So also, in December 1838, he took a female salmon of eleven pounds from the river, and four male parrs from the same spawning-bed. After impregnating four different lots of her ova, one lot to each parr, he placed the four parrs in a pond where they remained until the following May, at which period they assumed the migratory dress. The ova were placed in streams to which no other fish had access, and there they became mature in the same progressive manner as those produced from an adult pair of salmon ; thus clearly demonstrating that the young salmon of eighteen months old, while yet in the parr or early state, actually perform the functions of the male parent before they quit the river.

It was in consequence, as we have already indicated, of Mr. Shaw having observed the curious fact, that male parr with the milt matured were at all times to be seen accompanying the

adult female salmon, while the latter were depositing their spawn in the river courses, (female parr being at the same time absent,) that he was first induced to try the experiments above narrated. The cautious and considerate way in which he *fenced* himself, and *floored* Mr. Stoddart, is well explained in the following passage, which occurs in a note to Mr. Shaw's paper :—

“As I believe it has been objected to my views, or rather practice, regarding this mode of impregnation, that the generative influence may have been in some other way effected than through the medium of the parr, I therefore took every means to prove the truthful results of my experiments by varying, in some measure, their conditions. Thus, in two instances, I took a portion of the ova from a female salmon, and placed them, *without impregnation*, in a stream of pure water. The result was as I anticipated: up to the termination of the general hatching season, they exhibited no appearance of vitality. The female, from which one lot of ova was taken and placed in water without impregnation, was the female with which the four parr above alluded to were spawned. They were placed in the same stream, but in a separate vessel from the four lots impregnated. The other lot was taken from the female with which the male from pond No. 3 was spawned. The unimpregnated lot was placed in the same stream with the former. The impregnated lot was placed in the stream of pond No. 3. To avoid contact, the unimpregnated lots were in each case taken first, and removed to a distance.”\*

Could anything be more prudent than this proceeding, or more legitimate than the conclusion come to? Masses of ova are divided into sundry portions. A certain process is carefully performed on some of these portions, and as carefully abstained from in respect to others, and the results are always found to be conformable in each—that is, all those portions which have been commingled with the milt become prolific and parr-producing, while those which have not been so commingled continue barren.†

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\* See *Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh*, vol. xiv., part ii., note to p. 562.

† The same diseased propensity to reason on facts without remembering them, is exhibited by the author of a really useful little volume “*On River Angling for Salmon and Trout*,” (1840), by John Younger of St. Boswells. Alluding to Mr. Shaw's experiments with the parr and salmon, he observes—“However correct in his main opinion, derived from a class of excellent experiments, that the parr is the young of the salmon, or other red fish, of the first season, still the impregnation of the roe of a fifteen pound *baggit* salmon, by a two ounce parr of her last year's spawn, is too great a stretch for a vulgar fisherman's comprehension or credulity, however many ‘learned Thebans’ may believe it. May we not with more probability imagine, that the roe of the *baggit* salmon, with which Mr. Shaw spawned by compression, and at the same time brought in contact with the milt of the small male parr, and thereby supposed to have impregnated the female's spawn as emitted,—is it not as probable that, at least a quantity of the spawn

Mr. Stoddart's commentary, which, we confess, we do not comprehend so clearly as we do the experiments themselves, is as follows :—

"The averment in the note in question I hold fairly open to challenge, upon the ground that it is, in fact, a slurring over of one of the most important points connected with the breeding of salmon, and also because it embodies an admission, on the part of Mr. Shaw, which is very apt to impress one with the idea that the experiment under detail was imperfectly, if not carelessly, conducted. I allude to the insertion of the words "as I anticipated," which phrase plainly indicates that Mr. S. had made up his mind to meet with but one fixed result to the experiment, although upon what grounds he had done so, apart from mere prejudice, he has not thought fit to enlighten the reader."—P. 189.

If Mr. Shaw's experiments are strange and illogical, we are sure that Mr. Stoddart's commentary is stranger and more illogical still; in fact, we fear it possesses those attributes independent altogether of Mr. Shaw. But not only does the latter distinctly state the general or suggestive ground (the want of which is complained of) on which he had formed his opinion prior to experiment, but Mr. Stoddart himself actually quotes, as we ourselves have done, the very passage. He had seen the breeding parr haunting habitually the natural spawning beds of salmon, and this it was that induced him both to form his opinion and to perform his experiments. The one fortunately confirmed the other, and proved that he was right; but whether he had been right or wrong eventually, he had, in the first place, fair inferential ground to go upon, and has given us that ground surely apart from what his critic calls "mere prejudice."

Moreover, what possible effect could Mr. Shaw's *anticipations*, whether well or ill-founded, have upon the hatching of the salmon spawn? And is not an anticipated result arrived at, and solidly secured and demonstrated, by a series of what are called *tentative* experiments, performed in a hopeful and foreseeing spirit, if not more valuable in itself, certainly more creditable to the discoverer, than if that result had been attained by chance, or some hap-hazard and empyrical set of observations? Thus the very features which render Mr. Shaw's discoveries the more interesting and satisfactory to others, because the more philosophically conducted, tend only to deteriorate them in Mr. Stoddart's view. He contends that the whole of these most signal and successful experiments are based upon a "false but popular

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would have produced the young *as well without as with contact with the puny parr?* Has Mr. Younger really read Mr. Shaw's observations, or has he written his own. The two doings seem incompatible with each other.

notion, that the ova of the salmon, previous to its (their) being emitted is (are) in an unimpregnated state," and he himself not only maintains the contrary, but reiterates it, with his eyes open, a very few minutes after he has copied, no doubt with his own hands, the very passages in which Mr. Shaw has *proved* the fact to be otherwise than Mr. Stoddart thinks it.

So anxious seems Mr. Stoddart lest the worst should not appear the better reason, and *vice versa*, that he does not always accurately report even what lies spread upon the printed page before him. Thus Mr. Shaw says—

"In conducting the experiment of artificial impregnation, it appeared to me to be very desirable that the male should be taken with the female of his own selection, at the very moment when they were mutually engaged in the continuance of their species. To take a female from one part of the stream, and a male from another, might not have given the same chances of a successful issue to the experiment."—P. 554.

Upon which the commentator remarks—

"Mr. S. evidently, in the instance detailed, acknowledges *as essential* the existence of a mutual understanding betwixt the sexes."—P. 194.

Now, Mr. Shaw does not in any way acknowledge that it is "essential," but merely mentions that he thought it "very desirable." He never could have acknowledged it to be essential, because he knew the contrary, and has stated it in that passage of his paper (p. 566) where he narrates the curious fact of his having performed the vitalizing process upon the ova of a salmon which had been killed and removed from the river a couple of hours before, and could therefore have had but a small share in any "mutual understanding" upon any subject whatsoever. So also, when Mr. Shaw is narrating a subsequent experiment in January 1839, on a female salmon which was taken from the river "in the act of spawning, in absence of the male," Mr. Stoddart immediately strikes in with—"What, then, I ask, is to be presumed from the fact that a female salmon can perform the generative functions, as Mr. Shaw terms them, unassisted?" Mr. Shaw does not consider, and therefore would not think of terming, the spawning of the female salmon *the generative function*. He regards it only as an essential, not a self-sufficing, portion of that function; but as, according to Mr. Stoddart's theory, or rather hypothesis, spawning constitutes the sole, and for the time being sufficient process, he makes Mr. Shaw, who thinks the reverse, say that it is so too. Whereas the latter most accurate observer's opinion is, that the absence of the male

salmon is an exceptional case, foreseen and provided for, when it does occur, by the presence of the parr, and that the simple process of spawning by itself alone would go for nothing.

It would almost seem as if Mr. Stoddart was not aware, that the different physiological laws which regulate production, were greatly varied in the different classes of the animal kingdom, in accordance with the range of structure, so highly diversified, although in each so wondrously adapted to the end in view. He desires, by sleight of hand, to overturn the very foundations of all acquired experience and recorded knowledge in respect to these matters; and what renders his own views the more preposterous, is, that if they were true, the truth would have been made manifest from the first, and would have met the eye of old and young almost every hour in every running stream, and could in no way continue among the hid secrets of nature, still to be ascertained. And what are the proofs adduced, besides his own vague reasoning on the subject? Merely this, that many years ago, a gentleman, his informant, and an eye-witness of the fact, "while angling along with his brother on the Earn at Strowan Bridge, near Crieff, the latter got hold of what he at first supposed to be simply a river-trout; but on drawing it ashore, was surprised to find that he had captured two fish of the species, and these, strange to say, attached to each other."—Note to p. 24. He names the persons referred to, who are, we admit, well-known gentlemen of the highest character for truthfulness and intelligence, and excellent anglers to boot; but that the contrary usage is that not only of fishes in general, but of trout and salmon in particular, is what we are well assured from a multiplicity of circumstantial observations of a directly opposite nature, which place the old idea on a foundation so broad and deep that it cannot be shaken. This, of course, is not a matter, the physiological details of which can be entered fully into in an article like the present, which ought not to be altogether as "*Caviar to the multitude*;" and as the *onus probandi* rests, in the meantime, with those who seek to remove the ancient land-marks which our fathers have set, we hope they will no longer delay an ample illustration of the subject. We trust, however, that Mr. Stoddart will not any further "follow out the analogy," as he terms it, which he has adduced as to the eggs of poultry, but rather bear in mind, that although the functions of fishes may be still in several points obscure, of this fact we are already so far certain, that fishes themselves, being featherless, wingless, and without feet, can be neither cocks nor hens.

We fear we may have already prolonged this discussion beyond the patience of our readers; but they who "deem our



prattle to be tedious," must remember, that as accurate a knowledge as we can attain to of the haunts and habits of salmon, whether parr or parents, is really a matter of the highest moment in an economical and commercial point of view, when we consider the extreme value of our fisheries; so that, setting aside the intellectual interest of the subject merely as one of science, it has an undoubted right of appeal from the pursuits of the philosopher to the purses of the people.

The *pairing* of salmon *during* spawning time has been often observed; and it is a habit which we may reasonably infer would not prevail at that particular period, if it had taken place, according to Mr. Stoddart's hypothesis, *after* the spawning of the preceding year, when the fish were *kelts*. Mr. Andrew Young, the skilful and long-experienced manager of the Duke of Sutherland's North-country fisheries, in an unpublished letter now before us, writes as follows:—

"Mr. Shaw is perfectly right in stating that salmon pair. I dare say I may say that I have seen more salmon spawning than any man alive at this time; and I am sure that I have never yet seen a female spawning without a male. But the services of one male are as good as those of another, if the milt of both is equally mature. A male fish, however, must be had, else the female will not remain a moment on the spawning ground. The experiment has been tried frequently (and is a well-known, though most reprehensible poaching practice,) by killing the male from the side of the female, and her first proceeding was to fall back into the pool below the spawning-ford, and from thence return with another male fish. This practical experiment has even been carried the length of picking off nine males successively from the side of the same individual female, and frequently have from three to eight been killed in that insidious manner. The fact is certain, that in the process of spawning, the female fish will be unproductive unless the ova come in contact with the milt, and that contact must occur when both milt and roe are in a state of maturity. Of this there need be no doubt. Deposit the ova without impregnation at the time of exclusion, and treat them otherwise as carefully as you can, and nothing is produced: impregnate the ova, and in due course you have a swarm of salmon-fry. Or take the milt and ova from a pair of salmon in August, when neither is as yet mature, and deposit them with equal care, you produce nothing: take the same materials from a brace of fish at a later period during the natural and spawning time, and when the fish are themselves upon the fords, and you produce fry. Mr. T. T. Stoddart draws far-fetched inferences from barn-door cocks and hens. He ought to recollect, that whether he disbelieves all natural facts or no, he himself writes on *fishes*."\*

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\* In another communication with which we have been favoured by Mr. Young, he adds as follows:—"Mr. Shaw is quite correct in the principle on which

Let us endeavour to ascertain Mr. Stoddart's views upon the same subject. His general argument against pairing is, that the number of spawners which ascend the Tweed, and, as he believes, salmon-streams in general, exceeds that of the he-fish in the proportion of three to one; and although he admits it as true that salmon frequently leave the sea in pairs, he denies that these are necessarily male and female. He thinks they are often **both spawners**, and adds, that during the early grilse season, when they enter the river in considerable shoals, it is not uncommon to find five-sixths of the lot females.

"I hold then as inaccurate the assertion, that salmon regularly pair off in the manner of partridges and grouse. [He is right in thinking that they do not betake themselves either to the corn-fields, or 'ower the muir amang the heather.'] They certainly pair, but it is not as they are described or understood by naturalists to do, one milter serving merely its appropriate spawner. On the contrary, a single male-fish is adapted to perform the requisite office to several females; in fact, is polygamous. I once witnessed, in a shallow pool in the Blackwater, near Contin, Ross-shire, a collection of above fifty fish, among which there were only three males, and these, notwithstanding the immense disproportion in point of numbers, so jealously inclined towards each other, as to prefer fighting furiously among themselves, to engaging in acts of duty and affection towards the other sex. It appeared, in fact, as if one of the trio wished to obtain possession of the whole harem. With regard to the females, on this occasion, they were generally inert, showing no disposition to leave the exact spot they severally hung over, and evidently, I judged, engaged, many of them, in the act of spawning, and that without the slightest measure of assistance from any of the milters."—P. 197.

This is very vague and altogether inconclusive. But it must have been a fine sight to see in one shallow pool of such an unambitious river as the Blackwater at Contin, above fifty full-grown salmon, some splashing, some spawning, and some (at least a trio) trying to tear each other's eyes out. Polygamous indeed! They were worse than Sultan Solymán, and should have been speared upon the spot. Where was the sheriff of the county? where the water bailiff? where the secretary of the Society for the Suppression of Vice?

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he conducted his experiments on the hatching of salmon. Mr. T. T. S. admits that fishermen have seen (we wonder he has not done so himself!) the ova flowing from the female. So have I often, and also the milt from the male. Pray, of what use is the large quantity of the latter, found in salmon when they commence to spawn! Has nature formed that one thing in vain! Take a salmon from off the spawning ground in time of spawning, and hang it up by the head, and the milt will run off freely. The ova of the female fish will do the same. Mr. Tod Stoddart's work, so far as points of that kind are concerned, I assure you is entirely against nature." Our other MS. collections, which on this subject are curious and extensive, all confirm these views.

"Can such things be,  
And overcome us like a summer cloud  
Without our special wonder!"

Mr. Stoddart's second great error on the salmon question, is stated by himself parenthetically while expounding his error first.

"Now, I put to Mr. Shaw one single interrogatory. Did it never occur to him, in the course of his observations and experiments, to inquire how it happens that the male parr of seven or eight months old—for I certainly differ from him in the notion that the young of the salmon remain during the course of two seasons in the parr state—most unquestionably such is not the case in Tweed, or in any other salmon river I am acquainted with, although in the ponds of Drumlanrig, indications of this disposition, the result of confinement, may very possibly have presented themselves)—is, with regard to its generative secretions, in a greater state of forwardness than the female fish,—why, when one has its roe just developed, and the pellets thereof are barely distinguishable to the naked eye, the other possesses its milt in a state of absolute maturity?"—P. 195.

To this we take upon us to reply for Mr. Shaw, who assuredly would not take the trouble, at this time of day, to answer for himself, that the point referred to did occur to him as a very singular one, that he inquired into it particularly, studied it in all its bearings, and has already publicly explained and accounted for it at full length, by showing the functions of the parr, and the nature of the same.\*

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\* The fact is, these peculiar functions had been seen and commented on at a long prior period by writers whose works, although of the highest value, were necessarily unknown to Mr. Shaw. Old John Ray, the greatest of the English naturalists, published, in conjunction with his friend Willoughby, a volume on fishes—"De Historia Piscium," in the year 1686. We there find, first a description of the salmon, and then of a small (and as these authors thought it) distinct species, resembling the river-trout, and which is properly regarded as identical with the *brankin* of the north of England—that is to say, the parr of present times. Of the sexual habits of these our author records as follows:—" *Brankins*, nonnullis *fingerlins*, i. e., digitales, dicti, quia notas seu areolas transversas nigricantes quinque aut sex, veluti tot digitorum vestigia impressa, in lateribus obtinent, cum macula rubra in unaquaque areola. Caudæ sunt forcipatæ, salmonum ritu; quodque mirum est omnes mares. Cum salmonibus, procreandi causa, misceri eos mihi persuasum est. Quum primum enim salmo ovorum editorum congeriem seu acervum malis dicere, relinquit, *brankinus* mox ei incumbit, ovaque (ut verisimile est) spermate suo irrigat et fecundat; nec alibi unquam inveniuntur *brankini* quam iis in locis quæ salmones frequentant. Quod ad mare descendant non ausim affirmare, siquidem quovis anni tempore apud nos inveniuntur. Fluentis rapidissimis acerrimisque versantur, in quibus nullum aliud genus piscis durare potest. Cum adoleverint sex circiter digitos longitudine sequant."—P. 193. So if Mr. Shaw has erred egregiously, he may console himself with the reflection, that he has great names to keep his own in company.

And so the author of the "Angler's Companion to the Rivers and Lochs of Scotland," actually never caught a parr running well into its second year! We shall believe this statement upon only one condition—that he gives equal credit to others who like ourselves state that they have often done so, yea, many times in many waters. This equalizes the mere matter of testimony, that is, of assertion without proof, and we may now proceed to the facts.

Mr. Stoddart believes in the slow development of the parr during the first few months of its growth, as explained and illustrated by Mr. Shaw; but he thinks that the subjects of his experiments having taken two years to be transmuted into smolts, was occasioned by the confined life they led in the ponds. When Mr. Shaw began to experiment on these fishes, he scooped up a few dozen with a gauze-net from the gravel of the river on the 15th of May 1834. They then measured about an inch in length, and were placed in ponds provided with a run of water, where they thrived well. In the course of the ensuing May (1835) they had attained a length of  $3\frac{1}{2}$  inches on an average; "and it is important to remark," says Mr. Shaw, "that they corresponded in every respect with the parr of the same age *which occurred in the river*." He detained them till May 1836, by which time they had grown to  $6\frac{1}{2}$  inches, with beautiful deep blue backs and silvery sides, and so had assumed the condition of smolts or salmon-fry, commonly so called. The undoubted smolts of the river were at this time descending sea-wards, "and the most careful comparison of these with those in my possession did not elicit the slightest difference between the two." Mr. Shaw's had completed their second year; and is it likely that those in the river, which he states so identically resembled them, were only a twelvemonth old?

But let us attend for a moment to the condition of the fry in April and May, when newly hatched, or only a few weeks old. They then betake themselves to the gentler eddies, being so small that many of them will conceal themselves in a single print of a horse's hoof—these little hollows, so frequent in the fords, being favourite resting-places for the fry. In these and similar quiet haunts, and covered by a slight current of a few inches of water, they may be observed with their little tails in constant motion, till such time as they are closely approached, when they dart beneath the stones, and disappear. They remain with these habits, and in such situations, during the months of April, May, and even June, and, in truth, continue comparatively unobserved throughout the whole of their first summer, being seldom taken by the angler during that season. But when the two-year-olds have disappeared as *smolts* in spring, these smaller fishes, now

entering their second year, become bolder as heirs-apparent, and now constitute conspicuously the May or summer parr of anglers. They are salmon-fry advancing into their second year, and progressing towards the completion of that early state, the conclusion of which converts them into smolts, after which, on descending to the sea, they become glorified as grilse without delay. Now, if parr descended to the sea during that particular spring which completes only their first year, how could anglers, young or old, contrive to capture any of these small fishes during the months of May and June, several times the size of minnows? If the yearlings are all gone to the salt water, and those hatched during the immediate spring are confessedly still in "the hollows of the horses' hoof-marks," or other nursery-ground, then, so far as the angler is concerned, there would be no parr to be had at all. But as there is no intermediate spring or early summer period between the departure of the converted smolts and the manifestation of the young parr of that same season, during which these small fishes may not be either caught by the angler or identified by the naturalist, we think it follows obviously that the creature in question must exist in the rivers during the continuance of its second year.

The truth is, that towards the conclusion of spring, our running waters contain, though they do not necessarily exhibit to the eye of the uninitiated, *three distinct broods* of parr or young salmon. 1st, Such as, recently excluded from the ova, are either invisible to common eyes, or at least require a steady and attentive gaze to make them perceptible. 2dly, Such as have just completed their first year, but have gained as yet little accession to their size since the preceding autumn, owing to the low temperature of air and water during wintry weather, and the consequent deficiency of insect food. These increase, however, pleasantly in their own quiet way, as the gladsome summer season marches onwards; and they constitute, during that season, the obvious and admitted parr of anglers. 3dly, And simultaneously, *for a time*, with the two preceding broods, (that is, during April, and, it may be, parts of May,) we have large, manly-looking parr, which have completed their second year. These now measure five, six, or seven inches in length, and although still parr, they are all more or less in the act of assuming that radiant livery of blue and silver, and those remarkable migratory or sea-searching instincts, which characterize the smolts, in their declared and undoubted condition of salmon-fry.\*

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\* Parr, in fact, occasionally continue for a considerable portion of, if not throughout, their *third* year in river water. We killed one such last July, in the Shin. Its pectoral fins had become black at the extremities, like those of smolts; but

The opinion of Ephemera (in his "Hand-Book of Angling," noticed in our last Number) on an important point of this nature, is not likely to be in itself of much value. He does not, in fact, express any opinion of his own at all, but wisely follows Mr. Scrope, than whom he could scarcely have chosen a better guide, as that gentleman seems, at an early period, to have seen as far into the truth as any one.\* Of course he takes up the parr subject "like a *two-year-old*." But it might have been as well for the author of the "Hand-Book" to have consulted other authorities, more especially as he says in his preface, "the singular history and habits of that splendid fish (the salmon) I have detailed with considerable minuteness; nor will the reader be disposed to question the accuracy of my statements, when he is told that they are founded on the authoritative data of Messrs. Shaw, Young, and Scrope."† At all events, he should by no means say, at this time of day, that Mr. Scrope maintained the point (regarding the parr being the young of the salmon) in discussion, "against the *contrary opinion of the Ettrick Shepherd*;" for if he had ever looked into the records he would have found exactly the reverse. Mr. Hogg was, in truth, one of the earliest and most pertinacious asserters of the very fact which Ephemera maintains that he denied; and although most doubted, and not a few derided the results reported by the poet, it is now certain that his imaginations were founded on facts. Hear the words of the Shepherd, beloved of Ettrick:—

"I suspected all my life that parrs were the fry of salmon, not merely because they had the same form, the same eyes, and the same tails, but simply because I found over all Scotland, that where there were no salmon there were no parrs, and *vice versa*. But as soon as I began to be an angler, which was rather late in life, the thing became self-evident to me. Here I would catch a prar with a few straggling

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although its general aspect was brighter and bluer than an ordinary parr, it had not lost either the crimson spots or the transverse bars which characterize that early state. On the other hand, and in curious contradiction to Mr. Stoddart's theory, it has been found that the assumption of the smolt condition, so far from being retarded, seems sometimes actually hastened by confinement in a pond—that is, if the said pond be fed by spring-water, which is warmer in winter than that of the river—the latter, as *superficial*, being therefore more exposed to frost.

\* See his valuable and beautifully illustrated volume, (likewise referred to in our preceding Number,) entitled—*Days and Nights of Salmon Fishing in the Tweed*. London, 1843.

† We think it likely that Ephemera has really never looked upon the original papers of Messrs. Shaw and Young. He makes no detailed or specific reference to them, and he designates Mr. Shaw as "the manager of the Duke of Buccleuch's salmon fisheries," which he is not, while he mentions Mr. John Young, as the other excellent observer, who, however, rejoices in the baptismal name of *Andrew*, which he has unblushingly prefixed to his paper—"On the Growth of Grilse and Salmon."

silver scales upon him. I would look at this and think it queer; instantly I would catch another a little better covered with silver scales, but all loose, and not adhering to his body. Again, I would catch a smolt, manifestly a smolt, all covered with white silver scales, yet still rather loose upon his skin, and which would come mostly off upon my hand. On scraping them off, *there was the parr with the blue finger marks below the scales.* The case soon became as manifest to me as that a lamb, if suffered to live, would become a sheep.

"Of course from day to day, and from year to year, my heart was grieved that the natural history of that most glorious of all river fish, the SALMON, should have been so little understood, and that a leading fact of such consequence should have been so long overlooked. So one summer, about ten years ago, I set on and marked 280 parrs, generally of the most insignificant sort, that were useless for making up a dish. I did this by what is called by farmers a back-halve of the tail, and returned them into the water. The next year, when close-time came in, I published among the poachers, and on the smithy doors, that all the *fish* (i. e., salmon) that were back-halved upon the tail were mine: That I would not claim the fish as my property, but whosoever would bring me word of such a fish having been taken, and seen by witnesses, *I would give him a dram.*"\*

We are sorry to say, that notwithstanding the irresistible nature of the bribe, not a single marked fish was found throughout the course of the ensuing year. Does Ephemera or Mr. Stoddart know the reason why? We shall whisper it as a secret in his ear. The Shepherd was not only an inspired poet, who saw and gloried in the fair effulgence of many an evening sun-set as it cast its far shadows across the green pastures from browsing cattle on a thousand hills, but he was also a hungry poacher who saw or deemed he saw another disk, darker yet not so distant, surrounded also by a ruddy glow, and not without its rising exhalations, (the frying-pan shall not be even named,) and so he *valed* out, (*Anglicé*, selected,) as he himself admits, "the most insignificant sort, that were *useless for making up a dish*:"—in other words, he chose unluckily the parr within the year, not knowing that they had to remain another season in the river, and that they were actually *still small* in that very river, while he himself was perambulating its banks with a bottle of the *small still* in his horny hand, wherewith to reward the shivering, if successful, investigators of nature.

"But behold," exclaims our now exulting Shepherd, "on the close-time following, which was the second from the first marking, two years and a quarter afterwards, to my great joy, I learned that

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\* *Quarterly Journal of Agriculture.* No. XV., p. 444. November, 1831.

either twenty-six or twenty-eight (I have forgot which) salmon were killed in one week, on the very water where I had marked the parrs, *all bearing my mark*. Here then was proof beyond all disputing.”\*

We were at first inclined to wonder why, as the result of Mr. Hogg's experiments, grilse rather than salmon, were not first captured. But this may probably be explained by the somewhat vague and rather too comprehensive meaning which the poet attaches to the latter term. He afterwards proceeds to explain that more than one-half of his twenty-eight *fish* turned out to be sea-trouts—“the rest were all salmon, save three which were a sort of copper-coloured fishes of the trout species, but which likewise came from the sea; so that parr is apparently not the fry of any one particular species, of the salmon kind, but of all the fish that come from the sea to spawn in the rivers.” This is quite true in regard to all the *Salmonidæ*, each of which has its own peculiar parr—the different sorts being in early life not always easy to distinguish, especially by pastoral poets in an upland country. What the copper-coloured fishes were, we shall not take upon us to declare at this time, but we hope that we have in the meanwhile relieved Ephemera's mind from the painful impression that any very serious misunderstanding continued (if it ever existed) between Mr. Scrope and the Ettrick Shepherd on the subject of salmon-fry. Were he to read more, and to write less, he would probably fall into fewer mistakes.†

In regard to the parr of the different kinds of *Salmonidæ* (three in number we believe) which frequent our rivers, Mr. Stoddart has offered us some excellent remarks. As this is a subject but slightly known even to our most accurate and observing naturalists, we shall quote the passages in question.

“There are three distinct species of smolt that at this time descend Tweed. The black-fin or salmon smolt, the orange-fin or whitling,

\* *Quarterly Journal of Agriculture*. No. XV., p. 445. November, 1831.

† In the paper just referred to, Mr. Hogg takes up with great earnestness the question of the damage done to salmon fisheries by the inconsiderate destruction of parr. “Now, let the proprietors of rivers only think of the millions of these precious fry with which every Cockney angler's basket in the United Kingdom is stuffed, and without which that species of fishermen would get no sport. Indeed, both parrs and smolts are so voracious and fearless that they will leap until hooked, even although pricked again and again. They take so keenly that they may almost be exhausted in a river. A double-rod fisher told me this year that he often caught upwards of twenty dozen in a day, and that he was sure he could not catch fewer in a season than *forty thousand parrs and smolts alone*! Good heavens! as the ladies swear. All the black-fish poachers, and all the stake-nets in the sea, are not so destructive as is the simple sport of angling, now so much increased, to the breed of salmon.”—*Ibid*, p. 447.



and the grey-fin or bull-trout smolt. Of these the last mentioned far surpasses in size the two others. I have caught them weighing five ounces, and equal in strength and activity to river-trout of nearly twice that weight. The orange-fin in this respect ranks next, and the black-fin or true parr-smolt is the least of all. In Tweed itself the real salmon smolt abounds more than the others, but in its tributaries, which are spawned in by vast numbers of bull-trout and whitlings, the fry of these fish greatly exceed those of the salmon."—P. 210.

This mixture of fry in the upper streams and tributaries no doubt accounts for the heterogeneous result of the Ettrick Shepherd's researches. Mr. Stoddart again observes, while referring to the difference between sea-trout and salmon—

"They are also, in respect to their feeding, of different habits. In fresh water the sea-trout is a voracious feeder, especially during river floods, and when the water is high-coloured, whereas the salmon, on such occasions, refuse every variety of sustenance. Even the parr or infant fish is then more capricious than usual. This is the reason unquestionably, why, before its descent to the sea as a smolt or black-fin, it is generally of smaller size and weight than the sea-trout smolt or orange-fin. The latter, while in fresh water, is as voracious in its habits of feeding as the common river-trout, and, consequently, at the time I speak of, grows with greater rapidity. On its entrance, however, to the sea, the change, as respects its food, being one of kind and quality, not so much one of quantity, its growth, (irrespective of its being affected through specific inferiority,) although proceeding at an improved rate, does not bear any proportion to that of the salmon."—P. 217.

There is reason to believe that this great bull-trout of the Tweed (*Salmo eriox*) is now much more abundant than it was about the commencement of the present century. It is the opinion of some observers that it is even destined to destroy and supersede the salmon altogether. When Mr. John Younger first became a dweller on Tweedside in 1802, the old fishers then spoke of the bull-trout as of an infrequent monster of casual appearance, known under the name of *round tail*. They supposed it a hybrid between the salmon and common trout!

"Old water-bailiff Balmour primmed his lips and laughed at my boyish conceit when I presumed that it was a distinct though scarce species. It has multiplied gradually since, however, until now it is by far the most plentiful of all migratory salmon in our river, and is found of all sizes, from the grilse state, when it is named the sea-trout, to sometimes twenty-five pound weight. It is the first to come up the river in the early autumn floods, by which all the smaller, and particularly the more easy running streams and tributaries,—such as the Till, Kail, and Teviot,—are filled with it, and often only a slight admixture of the real salmon and grilse.

"Bull-trouts," continues Mr. Younger, "do not rise to the salmon-fly so readily as the salmon on their first coming from the sea; but are voracious in winter and spring, after having spawned and got into the kelt state, and are then the worst of all our fish for eating. They are never indeed the most excellent eating, even in their clean state, being as coarse in this respect as in their appearance, when compared with the fine form and delicious richness of the salmon. More pale and stringy in their flesh, their roe also has not the fine rich redness of the salmon, being of a dull, yellow colour, and slabby, and almost useless as a trout bait.

"But the worst property of this species is, that they devour the salmon spawn so greedily that it is likely, ere forty more years elapse, they will have exterminated the breed entirely. Let any one keep a good look-out from an eminence over a spawning-bed, and observe a fine pair of salmon in the act of spawning, and he will as certainly also see, a little below them, a fish, probably the largest of the three, lying at ease in the hollow trough, catching the roe as it falls away from the female, having only to open its mouth to receive thus an abundant supply of food; and a continued observation will convince him that not a third or fifth part of the roe falls into its destined position. He may also observe a few smaller fishes, it may be of its own kind, or like trouts of various sizes, keeping at a cautious distance behind this black-mail marauder, but all as busy and as active as he in catching the stray roes, as they float down, or sink upon the gravel."\*

As regards the true salmon, although the conversion of smolts into grilse is extremely rapid, after they have reached their marine pastures, the special operative cause of that conversion, that is, of their great and sudden growth, is still unknown. That there must be favourite and fattening food at their command, in inexhaustible abundance, we may rest assured, and the *saline* nature of the water may possibly exercise a direct and beneficial influence; but still the extraordinary growth of smolts into grilse, of these into salmon, and of the last into larger fish, is a fact, or series of facts, rather well known than clearly accounted for. We are acquainted with no such supernatural increase, as we may almost call it, in any other department of the animal kingdom. Mr. Stoddart states that he has frequently seen grilse captured in the Tweed weighing eleven or twelve pounds, and he says they have been known as heavy as sixteen pounds,—an extraordinary increase in the course of a few months (five or six at most) for a smolt of not many ounces. It is possible, however, that these very large grilse may, for reasons best known to themselves, have remained a longer time in salt water than we are aware of. Can any of them be actually as old as salmon,

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\* *Journal of Agriculture*, p. 499. January 1847.

(that is in their second salt water year,) but have refrained from entering the rivers in consequence of some constitutional peculiarity? This is all conjecture; and the argument is rather the other way, from the fact of the gradual increase observable from spring to autumn, the largest grilse being always those of September and October. Now, if any of them remained over the winter in the sea, this would no doubt account for the great size of these juveniles, but then is it not highly probable that some of them would ascend the rivers in spring or early in the summer season? But this they are never known to do, although we may then kill small salmon, no heavier than the large grilse of the preceding year. The reason why a salmon is sometimes less than a grilse we presume to be this, that an individual in the latter state may remain longer in the sea during its first visit to the salt water, than may another during its first and second visits both combined. *A* and *B*, born of one and the same spawning, descend to the sea together in spring, so soon as they have taken that "bright shining leprosy," which the imaginative Shepherd supposes to be a disease which drives them shorewards for the sake of a saline draft. *A* returns to the river in a month or two, that is, early in summer, as a small grilse, and there she remains, spawns, and descends in winter to the sea, whence, if so inclined, she may re-ascend the river as a small salmon in spring. *B* remains in the sea continuously for many months, and comes up the river sometime before winter, a large grilse. She also spawns, and descends again to the sea, whence she may issue a well-sized salmon in spring, or a still larger one in autumn, if she remains again in the sea continuously throughout the summer season. Of course every after visit to the sea increases their dimensions; which, however, are finally determined by stake-net, net and cobble, or the cruel and insidious cruives—to say nothing of the angler's wily lure; for such is now the perfection and frequency of our fisheries in various forms, that it is extremely probable no salmon ever dies a natural death. Such as escape for a very few years, attain to a weight of twenty-five or thirty pounds; and if spared yet again for a time, they become even as the children of the Anakim.\*

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\* Tabular views of the increase of these invaluable fishes will be found in Mr. Young's excellent paper "On the growth of grilse and salmon," in the *Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh*, vol. xv., part iii.

The most interesting and remarkable example of this rapid increase of weight with which we are acquainted, is noted in the following extract from a private letter by his Grace the Duke of Atholl:—

"I have received the ticket No. 129 from Mr. Wilson, and on referring to my salmon journal, I find that I caught this fish as a kelt ~~this~~ year, on the 31st of

The ultimate size attained by salmon, that is, the largest dimensions which the specific mould of that fish admits of under any circumstances, it would be difficult to state with precision. That individuals from 30 to 40 pounds' weight and upwards, were much more frequent in former days than now, is certain, and we think the occurrence is best accounted for simply by the fact, that there is now no such thing as an old salmon on the face of the earth, at least in British waters. It is not in the nature of things, that is, of stake-nets, bag-nets, cobble-nets, and cairn-nets, to admit of any salmon travelling up and down betwixt the sea and the spawning-fords for a series of successive years, without being captured and slain by one or other of the modes made use of—and that so incessantly—for its apprehension. Even in Norway, the large fish which so astonished our anglers when they first sought the uproarious banks of the river Namsen, have now in a great measure disappeared. The great patriarchs of the tribe have been caught, killed, and eaten; and now that the spirit of commercial enterprise—in addition to the love of sport, has ascended from the fiords of the coast to the streams and pools of the Scandinavian rivers, we shall probably ere long hear little more of 50 pound fish, even in those remote regions. The only instance of a salmon of that weight occurring within our own sphere of observation, during the preceding season, was one disposed of by Mr. Groves of Bond Street. It weighed precisely 50 pounds, and for the honour of Scotland was a Tay fish. The heaviest we ever heard of being killed in this country with the fly, is that mentioned by Mr. Lascelles, who, however, gives no particulars as to period, or place of capture. It is said to have weighed  $54\frac{1}{2}$  pounds.\* Pennant makes mention of one which weighed 74 pounds, but the largest of any on record, so far as we know, is that alluded to by Mr. Yarrell, as having, a

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March, with the rod, about two miles above Dunkeld Bridge, at which time it weighed exactly ten pounds; so that in the short space of five weeks and two days, it had gained the almost incredible increase of eleven pounds and a quarter; for when weighed here on its arrival it was twenty-one pounds and a quarter.

"I assure you that I cannot too strongly express how much I am gratified by the interest you have taken in my experiments to ascertain the natural habits and growth of salmon. I only wish that all those connected with the fishing on the Tay would be induced to spare the kelts on their way down to the sea, for I fear much that most of those I marked last year were destroyed on their way down the river, and that it is owing to the favourable *spate* we had this year that this fish has been enabled to return as a salmon, and thus still further corroborate the statements made by Mr. Young in his very interesting pamphlet you were so kind as to send me, and for which I now beg to take the opportunity of thanking you.—I am, &c.

(Signed) "GLENLYON,

"DUNKELD, 11th May, 1845."

\* *Letters on Sporting. Part 1st, p. 21.*

good many years ago, come into the hands of Mr. Groves, above named. It was a female fish, comparatively short, but of unusual depth and thickness, and weighed 83 pounds.\* The Norwegians say, that their salmon sometimes attain the weight of 100 pounds. Mr. Bilton is satisfied that in 1837, he raised one or two that were certainly between 50 and 60; and there is no doubt that a native angler, Claus Moen by name, caught a salmon in the Namsen, that was very nearly 60 pounds. It took three hours to kill, and carried him down from the Boat Pool, through the Long Rapid, to below Rossøtters Næs.

Although we have great reason to be proud of, as well as highly pleased with, the angling of our own beloved country, there is no doubt that so far at least as concerns the *size* of salmon, the rivers of Norway are better than all the waters of Caledonia.† It may indeed be safely affirmed, that the Namsen

\* *British Fishes*. Vol. ii., p. 19.

† We are honoured by his Grace the Duke of Roxburghe, the most experienced and successful angler in the south of Scotland, with a memorandum regarding the size and number of the Tweed salmon. His Grace has killed in one day 26 fish, but a large majority of these were grilse. He has never yet captured a salmon weighing 30 pounds, although he has killed them as heavy as 29 pounds, and in the month of April 1843, he caught a fresh-run fish weighing 28½ pounds, a most unusual size to be taken—even by the net, at that early season of the year. He considers that salmon from 25 to 30 pounds are of rare occurrence in the Tweed. He was informed, however, that two of 36 pounds each, were taken last autumn near the mouth of the river. He recollects having on several occasions, during the autumnal angling, after the removal of the nets, (which takes place in the Tweed three weeks before the commencement of the close-season,) having killed five salmon weighing from 100 to 110 pounds. His Grace is of opinion that the numerous nets so diligently worked in the tide fisheries, and the destruction of kelts, or spawned fish, in the upper districts, when on their return to the sea, (a practice legal under the Tweed Act,) tends greatly to keep down the size of salmon in that magnificent river.

The author of a rambling work, (published by Messrs. Black of Edinburgh in 1841,) titled a “Voyage round the Coasts of Scotland and the Isles,” makes the following, it appears in some measure erroneous, observations, regarding the decreased productiveness of the noted river Ewe in Ross-shire, a favourite station of the late Sir Humphrey Davy. “It is said that the angling here, as in most Scotch rivers has of late deteriorated considerably. We know that in the summer of 1834, an English gentleman killed in it a hundred grilse and salmon, in the course of a few weeks, and the late Sir Hector Mackenzie is said to have frequently killed twenty in a single day.” Vol. i., p. 301. On this, Sir Francis Mackenzie of Gairloch, the son of the above-named, taking alarm at the supposed slight cast upon his beautiful ancestral stream, addressed the author of the slight as follows:—“Sir F. A. Mackenzie presents his compliments to Mr. Wilson, and having with much pleasure read his tour in the Highlands, hopes he will excuse Sir F.’s pointing out a mistake when mentioning the river Ewe, and *correct it in a future Edition*. Mr. W. states that 100 salmon were killed there a few years ago by an English gentleman—which is quite true; but he also adds that since then the angling has much fallen off. Sir F. wishes that Mr. W. had endeavoured practically to prove the truth of this report given him, and he would have found to a *certainity*, that such was not really the case. Never within the last 50 years have there been so many salmon killed in the Ewe as in 1841 and 42, and Sir F.’s Boiler, J. Young, wrote lately, stating that on the two first days of this season, (1843,) he had killed seven fine salmon, averaging 12 pounds each,—a thing not done by any angler at the

is the largest and noblest river (*quoad* salmon) in the world. Our personal correspondence altogether confirms the surprising statements as to sport given by Mr. Bilton, in the work named at the head of this article.\* But great changes are rapidly taking place from year to year. We have reason to believe that even already the fish are decreasing in size—that is to say, that the great chieftains of the tribe, courageous as well as strong, have been among the earliest victims to the wily lures of the newly introduced art of angling, and as most of the finest are thus picked off from year to year, few are now allowed that “fulness of days” which is required for the ultimate completion of their growth. An English gentleman, Mr. Postrook, visited the Namsen in 1839. He arrived on the morning of the 20th of June, a “raw and gusty day,” as he describes it. But he put up his rod without delay, and immediately rose, hooked, and landed, three successive fish of the respective weights of 37, 38, and 39 lbs.—making the extraordinary total of 114 lbs. for his first three fish! We know of many men who would far rather accomplish such a feat than discover the Philosopher’s Stone. Dr. Cumming, an accomplished and experienced angler, and possessing the natural advantage, so great to a salmon-fisher, of standing nearly six feet three without his shoes, was less successful in the summer of 1840. He did not succeed in landing any fish above 23½ lbs. He *had on*, however, two, “which,” he observes, “I can make oath were full 40 lbs; but, alas! they carried away my tackle, after making several magnificent springs out of the water, and thus displaying their huge proportions.”

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same period, on any other river. The last time Sir Francis himself fished there, he landed *twenty-five fish in 10½ hours*, three of them weighing upwards of 20 pounds. If Mr. Wilson will do Sir Francis the pleasure of paying him a visit, he shall be most welcome to enjoy killing Ewe salmon—the most lively and powerful fish he ever had on a hook.” We doubt not that the author of the above mentioned slight (work) would gladly have corrected the mistake in the manner, and through the medium referred to, had the reading-public thought proper to give a harmonious call to the publishers for a second edition. Our own impression is that it has not yet done so, a fact which we can neither excuse nor account for. But meanwhile, as a sincere well-wisher of the author, and as holding the memory of a most patriotic proprietor in high esteem, (Sir Francis himself being now no more,) we here state our unfeigned belief that the river in question is one of the finest for its length in all the world, and it will give us great pleasure to be informed that Sir Kenneth Mackenzie, the present amiable representative of an honoured House, has renewed the above recorded invitation, so soon as he attains to years of discretion.

\* Dr. Cumming who visited Norway in 1840, writes to us as follows:—“By far the best work on the rivers and angling of the north of Europe, is that called, ‘Two Summers in Norway.’ The book came out in 1840, and will interest you extremely. You may rely on its perfect truthfulness, for I had the same boatmen as he had, and they never ceased talking of the piscatorial exploits of Herr Bilton. The year after his book came out, half the Cockneys of London went to Norway, and I am told that every river of any note, is now let at high rents to Englishmen.”

The author of "Two Summers in Norway" enters largely into the subject of angling, the northern rivers being in fact "the burden and main region of his song;" but, as he says truly, that there are none devoted to that pursuit who do not keenly relish those varied beauties of nature with which it renders them conversant, so he has not omitted to describe the wild and romantic scenes (almost unequalled in their way in Europe) by which he was so constantly surrounded, nor failed to take cognizance of the moral and social features of its inhabitants, besides giving us what he terms "the general information befitting a gentleman and a Christian."\*

Our knowledge of the Namsen, in a piscatorial point of view, is of very recent acquirement. The "Ultima Thule," in respect to angling, was in our early days the Stænkjær river, at the head of the Triondhjem Fiord, that water, however, being generally so full both of floating and sunken deals, as to render the capture of a large fish extremely precarious. But about sixteen years ago, two Irishmen who had heard of the Namsen's fame, made their way as far northwards as Fiskum Foss, (the great cataract on that river,) of which vicinity they brought back so favourable a report, that others were ere long induced to follow where they had led. Stænkjær is about seventy-four English miles from Triondhjem, and a short distance beyond it two roads branch off northwards, by either of which the Namsen may be reached in a couple of days. This now famous river takes its rise from several large lakes embosomed among the mountains, which form the southern boundary of the province of Nordland. After passing through a wooded wilderness of almost uninhabited country, it flows past a lofty mountain mass, called Heimdalshougen, and then enters a capacious upland valley, extensively cultivated. At the lower end of this more tranquil country, it suddenly meets with and tumbles over a perpendicular wall of

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\* We are pleased to see that during both of his excursions he always made the Sabbath a day of rest, (refraining even from travelling,) which is more than can be said of others, who followed in his track. "The first year I was on the Namsen all whom I employed, or to whom I gave fish, expressed the greatest gratitude; this summer, it seemed that those who were excluded took offence, while the others received our guerdon almost as a right. I am inclined to believe, that much of this wrong feeling was attributable to the conduct of some Englishmen, in the preceding year, who, from ignorance of the language and customs of the country, had not only fished on the Sabbath, which gave deep offence, but had habitually taken their Fossland boatmen to all parts of the river, where they had no shadow of right, and had never made a fair distribution of the salmon among the farmers in whose waters they were taken. They consequently left an unfavourable character behind them, except with those who were immediately benefited by their expenditure, and a load of obloquy for their countrymen to fight against. Should this feeling and the passion for angling increase, the *beau jeu* of the Namsen are past."—Vol. ii., p. 9.

gneiss, (forming the Fiskum Foss,) about a hundred and fifty feet high, from whence it roars and struggles through a succession of rocky gorges, the last of which is just above the ferry of Mediaa. From this point the river is broader and more placid in its goings, but still affords those fine alternations of rapid runs and beautiful capacious pools which so delight the angler's heart. As it flows over a lengthened tract of primitive or silicious rock, its waters, so soon as freed from melted snow, are extraordinarily pure and transparent. It becomes sufficiently cleansed in this way to admit of angling by the very beginning of July, although a good deal of discoloration may continue for another fortnight. But the Norwegian salmon are of hardy constitution, and will take the fly well enough even with a very chilling intermixture of what Scotch anglers call "snaw brew." It clears away rapidly after heavy rains, "and happy is the man that is ready on its banks to attack the shoals of greedy salmon which are then seen to rush up its flooded streams."

This river is so broad, and the character of its shores so peculiar, that it is impossible to fish it except from a boat. The current is too great to row against in such a way as to admit of casting with sufficient regularity, and the better plan is to commence at the top of a stream, and work the boat, holding its head upwards, diagonally across the current, returning after the same fashion, some five yards lower down, and so proceeding alternately, from side to side, until the entire stretch is well fished over. The fly is to be kept playing from fifteen to twenty yards below the boat, and a practised angler (no other need go so far as Norway) will soon ascertain the special spots on which to dwell most lovingly.

"This is doubtless," says our author, "a very killing method, for if the boat is well managed, the fly can be presented in the most tempting manner, to almost every salmon in the river. But on the other hand, it reduces the inexperienced tyro, and the accomplished angler nearly to the same level; since the most difficult feat in the art—that of casting the fly far and well—is done away with; and consequently the hooking a fish depends at least as much upon the boatman as the fisherman. This is the great defect of the Namsen as an angling river,"—Vol. i., p. 225.

There is no difficulty in procuring good boats, as the river is used in preference to the roads for the conveyance of all heavy goods. They are built of fir, sharp and high at either end, and are as light and buoyant as a cork. They will ride on the tops of breakers, or bound over fearful rapids,—which they also ascend in a manner highly creditable to the skill, strength, and intrepidity of the Namsen boatmen. The natives of the Naumdal (or valley of the



Namsen) are almost all extremely careful and expert; and the tariff established by English anglers is four marks a day (3s. 4d. sterling) for two men and a boat, the men finding their own victuals. Mr. Bilton informs us, that he made it an additional rule to give a dollar (about 4s. sterling) for every salmon over thirty pounds, or for a total weight of a hundred pounds caught in one day. This gave his men an interest in his success, without materially increasing the expenses of his tour. He also gave, at the various houses where he dwelt after reaching the angling stations, half a dollar a day for his lodging, cooking, barley bread, potatoes, milk, and butter, (the last, he says, the best in all the world): everything else he provided; and as his hosts got a good share of the fishes he caught, and often took their turn in the boat, and their consequent share of wages, they were abundantly satisfied.\*

"I scarcely dare describe the feelings with which I approached Spillum, the first stage from Bangsund, and where I knew I should obtain the first view of the Namsen: they would appear both incomprehensible and ridiculous in the eyes of any but an 'Anglomaniac.' I had hitherto met with such very indifferent sport in Norway, and had been so grievously disappointed with every river I had yet tried, that I could not help dreading that I was doomed to encounter a still heavier disappointment at the stream, to fish which I had already travelled 1500 long miles.

"It was therefore with a feverish excitement that I ran up a hill that overhung the Post-house of Spillum, and promised evidently to command the lower course of the Namsen, near its entrance into the sea. The very first glance satisfied me I had at last reached the real river for an angler: a deep broad stream rolled majestically into a beautiful bay, that in its turn opened into a noble Fiord. For a long way up I could see that the river maintained the same equable course: and the character of the country, combined with the information I had obtained along the road, satisfied me that there was not, for thirty or forty miles, any obstruction to the ascent of the salmon. That single glance relieved my breast of an indescribable load of doubt and anxiety."—*Ibid.*, p. 127.

We may here refer briefly, in a general way, to the climatic and constitutional character of the Scandinavian rivers. Their size and number are extraordinary for the extent of country which they traverse; and this strikes a traveller all the more in consequence of the main roads being necessarily carried along

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\* Lorenz of Mediaa, and Eric of Grong, (both stations close upon the Namsen, near the ferry, but on different sides of the river,) may be mentioned as excellent and obliging boatmen.

the banks of the largest streams and lakes. It may also be borne in mind that Norway is a most mountainous region, almost entirely covered for a length of time by a pure mantle of deep snow, which, during the short but sultry summer, pours down into the lower valleys an almost inexhaustible supply of water. The rocks over which these rivers run are for the most part primary; the fall is great, the rush of water consequently rapid and tumultuous, and their course is often crossed by hard, unyielding, rocky barriers, called *fosses* in the Norsk tongue, which give rise to cataracts of such force and fury as to stay the upward progress of all fishes. Salmon are abundant along the coast of Norway; and there is scarcely a river of tolerable size which they do not enter; but, unfortunately, the fosses just referred to, occur in several of the finest rivers, *near their mouths*—an accident of nature, which debars the upward progress of these magnificent creatures to the proper spawning ground, and so not only greatly circumscribes the angling range, but also renders the breeding less productive. This indestructible kind of barrier occurs on the Glommen, the Drammen, and the Skeeen rivers—in fact, with the exception of the Laurvig, on all of any consequence that empty their waters into the beautiful and far-stretching Fiord of Christiania. Thus the obstruction of the Drammen, which occurs at Hougsund, not many miles distant from the sea, stops the further ingress of all marine fishes, so that the vast basins of the Tyri Fiord and Rands Fiorden, with their many feeders, stretching inwards and northwards for eighty or a hundred miles, are uninhabited by salmon. The Tyri Fiord, (a fresh water lake,) no doubt contains enormous trout, weighing from twenty to thirty lbs.; but even these are checked in their own domain, when they attempt proceeding onwards, by the characteristic falls, or rather rapids, of the Hønefoss. The foss across the Glommen debars all upward access to the lovely lake Miösen, a narrow river-like stretch of water which extends northwards from Minde to beyond Lillehammer, a length of seventy miles.\* So also on the Swedish Gotha, the rocky gorge and roaring rapids of Trollhætten cut off all communication between the lower reaches of that river and the vast expansion of the Wenern Lake, with its innumerable streams, to the fine spawning grounds of which millions of genuine salmon and sea-trout would resort in due season, but for those impassable and most injurious falls. A single glance at the map will show what a vast portion of the water-shed of Eastern Norway

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\* This singularly lengthened loch is, however, full of pike, which would probably incommode the salmon. The latter are themselves arrested in their way up the Longen river by the fall of Hundfoss.

and of Western Sweden flows into the sea by those splendid rivers, and with what other than a painter's eye the disappointed piscator must view the wild gorges of Trollhättan, of the Sarpfoss, and Høgsund, which deprive the countless streams which feed the vast basin of the Wenern, the narrower waters of the Tyri and Rands Fiorden, and the almost interminable Lake Mjøsen, from any participation in the brightness of the king of fishes.\*

In regard to the general character of the Scandinavian rivers, we shall only further remark, that the same observation applies to most of them, as to some of our own Highland streams, to wit, that the rocky nature of the beds through which they flow, their deficiency in food, and absence of sedimentary deposits, render them less adapted for trout than salmon. We shall now follow the author of "Two Summers in Norway" to the Namsen.

The lower portion of this river flows through a fertile and extremely level district. It is affected by the tide at least six or seven miles above Hund, that is, about sixteen miles upwards from its mouth. Higher up the hills present more of an alpine character, and come closer on the water, while the scenery in-

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\* We may here note that the large fish found in Lake Wenern are there called *Las*, the northern name for salmon, and that this lax use of the term seems to have misled Mr. Lloyd, (as it afterwards puzzled Mr. Laing,) the author of "Northern Field Sports," into the belief that they were actual salmon, dwelling continuously in fresh water, and having no access to and from the salubrious sea. "Near Katrineberg," Mr. Lloyd observes, "there is a valuable fishing for salmon, ten or twelve thousand of these fish being taken annually. These salmon are bred in a lake, and, in consequence of cataracts, cannot have access to the sea. They are small in size, and inferior in flavour. The year 1820 furnished 21,817."—Vol. i., p. 301. Even Mr. Yarrell, who might have known better, adduced this as an instance of salmon existing permanently in fresh water (*British Fishes*, 1st edit. vol. ii., p. 20,); but we perceive that in his more recent *Supplement*, (p. 14,) he states his opinion, that the great trout from Lake Wenern, killed by Sir Thomas Maryon Wilson, were the same as our Scottish kind. They were taken by spinning with bleak, and the largest measured forty-two inches in length, and weighed about thirty-four pounds. As Mr. Lloyd resides near Trollhättan, where he carries on a fishery, and likewise kills largely by trolling, his experience must have been so ample and long-continued, that the opposing opinion of a casual critic might go for nothing; but, besides, that the existence of true salmon in any water above a cataract, acknowledged to be impassable upwards from the sea, is contrary to all the known facts in the history of that fish, we took occasion to examine the species in question while at Trollhättan, so far back as the autumn of 1819, and were quite satisfied that they were loch-trout, closely allied to, if not identical with, our own well-known Highland species—*salmo ferox*. Although no fish can ascend these thundering rapids, there is no doubt that the huge trout just mentioned occasionally make their way downwards (possibly drawn against their will) among the rapids, and take shelter, as they best can, in some of the side pools, where they seek for peace and plenty. They are sometimes killed there with the fly, ranging from four to twelve pounds; but it is hazardous as well as heavy work to both parties; and the flashing of the foamy waters, and the ceaseless roar of the re-bounding cataracts, remain impressed on eye and ear throughout the greater portion of the ensuing winter.

creases in grandeur, and the river exhibits those alternate streams and pools, so symptomatic of the angler's sport. Our author at last reached the ferry near Grong, with the intention of proceeding to Ekker, an excellent house, which belongs to an excellent man, but two miles distant from the water-side. Perceiving two or three decent-looking Gaards, or farm-houses, close upon the ferry, he made overtures which were favourably received, and so he was soon installed in the best rooms of Iver of Mediaa.\*

"With what nervous anxiety did I get my gear in order that evening! How carefully did I examine the splices of my rod, and try the strength of my lines! for I knew that they were no pigmy grilse that I was about to encounter. Before five o'clock on the morning of the 15th of July, 1837, I first threw my line upon the waters of the Namsen—a day never to be forgotten in my piscatory annals. The river seemed to be in perfect order, and I had put on a most captivating fly, prepared for the occasion by Martin Kelly, of a size I should nowhere else have dreamed of using even in March.

"What was to be its success? I was not long left in suspense; for within a quarter of an hour after leaving the bank, at the head of the first stream, in the midst of the breaking water, I saw a large circle, and at the same moment felt I had firmly hooked a good fish. He instantly rushed down the rapid stream, plunging violently whenever in the slightest degree checked; and though we pulled at once for the shore, he had run out more than one hundred yards of line, before I could leap upon the land. I then scrambled as well as I could after him, among the loose shingle, panting with agitation more than exertion, and wheeling up my line as fast as my aching muscles would permit. Most fortunately, notwithstanding the great length of line out, I was enabled to keep it clear of the rocks; and at length succeeded in drawing my silvery foe into deeper and smoother water.

"Not that he was by any means beaten as yet. Many a time did he run out the spinning-reel, to my great alarm; many a race did he give me along the treacherous bank. However, conscious of the strength of my tackle, I made him fight hard for every foot of line, and saw that he evidently came towards the land with diminished energies after every struggle. My Swedish attendant, being a novice in the art of gaffing, missed several opportunities that a Tweed fisherman would have considered certain; but at length, after three quarters of an hour of most splendid sport, the fish was successfully gaffed, and laid on the greensward. The hook was scarcely extracted from his mouth, when he was accurately weighed, and proved to be a trifle over twenty-eight pounds—exactly the weight of the largest salmon I had ever caught."—*Ibid.*, p. 228.

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\* For the detailed itinerary from Christiania to Triondhjem onwards, and the most advisable mode of reaching those northern regions, we must refer the reader to the work itself.

He afterwards rose four fish, two of which, each weighing fourteen pounds, he killed ; but by eight in the morning the sun became so hot that not another fin would move, and so he returned home to breakfast, well pleased with his fifty-six pounds weight of fish in two or three hours. In the evening he again sallied forth, and speedily killed a fifteen pounder below the village of Grong. He then raised two in the beautiful bend of the river just above Moe, called the Spækkan Pool. One of these escaped in a moment, but the other appeared to be well hooked, and notwithstanding his impetuous rushes and enormous size, (for none of those present estimated him at less than forty pounds,) there was little fear of the result in such a spacious unencumbered pool. But scarcely were his first and most dangerous sallies in some measure subdued, than the tackle touched the branch of a sunken tree, and *Salmo* also sunk to rise no more—at least on that occasion.

The ensuing was the Sabbath day, and therefore one of rest. On the 17th he took the water by four in the morning, having already ascertained that after eight o'clock the heat became insupportable. He fished over two miles of very likely water, with the greatest care, but saw nothing till he came to Spækkan Pool, when he killed a finely-shaped nineteen pounder, with which he returned to head-quarters, and rested for the remainder of the day. In the evening he angled for two hours without a rise; but on gaining the reach below Quittum, he killed a salmon of thirteen and a half pounds, and a four-pound grilse. Then descending to the fine pool above Moe, he there killed a beautiful fish of twenty-six pounds, and speedily thereafter, in the lower portion of the same pool, another of fourteen pounds. By this time it was eleven o'clock at night, and he was about to conclude, out of compassion to his men, when, while rowing across the pool for that purpose, he hooked, and after a long struggle landed, a handsome fish of eighteen pounds, "by the glorious twilight of an arctic midnight." On reaching Mediaa he found the farmers working busily by moonlight, in order to avoid the intense heat of the day. The warmth of these high latitudes—

" Even in the grim and sultry hour of noon,"

is, in truth, as great as in southern Italy ; and such is often the unbreathing stillness of the air in the secluded valleys, that a sense of oppression is felt, incompatible with labour, or bodily exertion of almost any kind. Then comes the angler's plague of life—midges and mosquitoes numberless—which despise the poor device of the cigar, regard even the fuming meerschaum as a vain thing for safety, and so probe and penetrate the face and

hands of each veiless and ungloved adventurer, that no man can call his blood his own. The unfastidious Laplanders besmear themselves, their wives and families, with rancid oil, but some regard the remedy as worse than the disease.

There is a fine gorge between Mediaa and the village of Fossland, about two miles higher up. The river for a space is hemmed in by dark crags, extremely bold, and very lofty, which sink perpendicularly into fathomless pools as pure as crystal. In other places, the rocks recede a little from the water's edge, but lose nothing of their towering height, or savage aspect. There is good angling ground all the way up (a distance of eight or nine miles from Mediaa) to the great cataract of Fiskum Foss, where the fins of all fish are stayed for ever on their upward way. The road is a wretched one, extremely narrow, and in some places winds up and down most frightful precipices. There is also on it a good deal of clay, and as the horses, little used to draught, are shoeless, they can scarcely keep their footing after recent rain. On passing the small village of Glashoug, the traveller comes within sound, and soon after within sight of the great fall, which is one of the finest in Norway.

“The whole river precipitates itself at once over an almost perpendicular ledge of gneiss, or mica slate, in which quartz forms by far the principal ingredient. I should estimate its height to be from 100 to 150 feet; the scenery around is appropriately savage, and the water of the most silvery brightness that element can possibly assume. Often as I have viewed this noble fall beneath the powerful rays of the noon-day sun, or in the azure depth of an autumnal midnight, I never omitted on my way to and from my boat, to linger for a few moments on the knoll whence it is best commanded, and contemplated each time with fresh pleasure its varying aspects.”—*Ibid.*, p. 240.

The hamlet of Fiskum, the angler's only near station, and by no means a comfortable one, stands about a mile further up. Of course, he may supply both himself and others with abundance of salmon, but beyond milk and delicious butter, he will get nothing except barley cakes, and bad salt herrings. Eric the host, and his son Ole, are excellent rowers, and obliging men; but the matron of the house (on whom of course the comfort of domestic economy, there as elsewhere, so much depends) is neither cleanly, industrious, nor intelligent. She has no objection to finger the money, but takes wondrous little trouble in the earning of the same.

“Yet was the scene not without its charms, that soon made us forget our meagre meal, and chilling reception. The majestic Heimdal Hougén, and many other heights of lesser note, give an alpine character to the back-ground; while the broad vale that bordered the river

at our feet, was covered with luxuriant crops of barley and potatoes. The smooth sweep of the river was visible up to the very verge of the precipice over which it so suddenly plunges; a perpetual column of spray rose from the abyss, wherein it is received; and the cataract's eternal roar, now dying in the distance, now swelling on the ear with fitful sound, added nature's voice to complete the magic of the scene. Such was my first introduction to 'Minimum House;' for so we named our quarters, as affording the minimum of comforts with which an Englishman, accustomed to the conveniences of life, will put up for the sake of sport."—*Ibid.*, p. 242.

We shall not follow our author through each day's angling, but merely make such a selection as will exhibit the peculiar character and excellence of the Norwegian sport. In "Jacob's Pool," a little below Rossætter, he rose twelve fish within two hours, six of which he lost. One of them he believes to be the largest he ever hooked. It was lying on the verge of a sunken ledge, immediately beyond which the water is said to be fifty feet deep. The instant the fish took the fly, he plunged head foremost into that crystal depth, just like a whale "sounding," and so contrived to cut the line against the edge of the rock. From the fair view obtained of his length, breadth, and thickness, as he dived and disappeared, and from the great whirlpool caused by his descent, this fish was supposed to have probably exceeded fifty pounds. Another, of at least thirty pounds, ran out the line with the rapidity usual to the giants of the Namsen, but unluckily the whirling-reel "caught for a moment in a chain which I foolishly wore round my neck, and in an instant the enormously strong gut was snapped asunder like pack-thread."

"I have seldom," says our author, "seen a large fish in this river take his capture quietly; his first rush is usually tremendous; and if at that time he meet with the least check, no tackle, however good and strong, will bear the sudden strain. Several times have I had 150 yards of line run out within the first half-minute; and it was not before I had lost many noble fish, that I learned how to manage them properly. At first I made it a rule, under all circumstances, to row to land as soon as possible after hooking a salmon: the consequence of which often was, that the fish was already more than 100 yards down the rapid stream ere I reached the shore, and before I could shorten my line there was every risk, from the length and character of the stream, of its being carried under a rock. After I had become better acquainted with the tactics of these monsters, and had taught my boatmen what to do, I found it in general by far the best plan to follow the fish in the boat, with a short and tight line (the point of the rod being well raised up) until his first energies were baffled, and he was brought into a good roomy place, and then to land. Sometimes, indeed, after running down the stream, he would rush up it again with almost equal rapidity, and perhaps on the opposite side;

when, unless he were soon turned, he was almost sure to escape, as the torrent inevitably carried the line far below the fish, and deprived me of all command over the struggling victim."—*Ibid.*, p. 246.

On the 25th of July he descended to the Gartland Pool, at the head of the "Long Reach," and he there killed six fresh run fish, four of them of good size, the largest, which was above thirty pounds, taking upwards of an hour to conquer. Next day he fell down upon the Fossland water, and at the head of it hooked two very large fish, which consecutively broke his strongest treble gut by running it beneath the rocks with which this portion of the stream abounds. Neither of them seemed under thirty pounds. He afterwards killed six salmon and two sea-trout—one of the former, a very powerful fish, hooked close to a large rock in the centre of the river, at the bottom of the "Eagle's Pool," made wild play in dangerous places, and caused his captor to quake for the result. He proved to be a male fish close on thirty-two pounds. It is in the Fossland portion of the river that the largest individuals are almost always killed.

Returning ere long to Fiskum, our author found the river quite flooded by heavy rain; but he sallied forth in the afternoon, and in spite of the foaming and discoloured aspect of the water, he soon hooked five salmon, not one of which he thought under twenty pounds. The two he killed weighed twenty-eight and twenty-seven pounds, and as it was by this time evident that the heavy fish had now really begun to ascend the Namsen, he anticipated great success on the ensuing day, which was the 1st of August; nor was he mistaken. The water had subsided, clouds were scudding merrily across the welkin, and the air was clear and bracing. None but salmon of the largest size were on the move. He killed five fish, which weighed together one hundred and seventeen pounds, besides rising seven others, of at least equal size. On the day succeeding the above, he killed four salmon, weighing seventy pounds in all, and hooked, played, and all but landed, several others of the first class. On this occasion he fished as close under the fall as he could approach with safety. None but those light boats, guided by brave and skilful men, could live in such contentious waters.

It is easy to conceive the force with which so immense a river tumbles itself over a precipice of about 150 feet in height, and then boiling upwards, as if indignant at its fall, from an abyss of unknown depth, rushes ragingly against a lofty wall of rocks which breast the cataract, from whence it retreats tossing and foaming in a thousand eddies, and finally tears its head-long and outrageous way through a narrow passage into a deep capacious basin, called "Karnen's Pool," from an unfortunate woman who was drowned there long ago. Next follows a shal-



low stream, where spawning fish are speared in autumn with the "Lyster," *more Scotico*, but where few occur at any other season. This short run flows into the "Boat Pool," one of the best and most spacious on the river, especially towards the close of the season. We then come to the "Long Rapid," which is an inclined plane of water of six or eight hundred yards in length, but full of huge stones just beneath the surface, which catch the torrent, and throw it upwards and backwards in many mad tumultuous waves. Great strength, dexterity, and coolness, are required to steer in safety through these jumping breakers, any one of which would swamp the angler's craft.

"It is, however, but a momentary operation: the boat is carefully placed stern foremost at the head of the Rapid; you see a fearful vista of wild waves below you; the frail bark shoots down with lightning speed; in an instant more the glancing waters rise fiercely on either side, as if to overwhelm you; you seem just to elude their grasp; and before you have time to ascertain whether you are frightened or not, you are safely arrived at the lower end. The narrow stream issuing from the Foss Pool, called the "Foss Rapid," though shorter is still more dangerous: but an accident at either spot must necessarily be fatal, and I confess it was not until experience convinced me of the entire dependence I might repose in my boatmen, that I learned to encounter either passage with perfect equanimity."—*Ibid.*, p. 260.

At the foot of the "Long Rapid," the Namsen is divided for a time into two reaches by an island, below which its waters are again conjoined, and flowing past Rossætter, form, near the angle where the river takes a westward turn, the justly celebrated "Jacob's Pool." Take it for all and all, this is perhaps the best salmon pool in the known world. It is never without fish, "and there is ample verge and scope enough to play the hugest and most violent leviathan from morn till dewy eve." The river then, as we have said, trends in a westerly direction for about an English mile, and afterwards resumes its former course, when it comes to "Gartland Pool." The angling in this last is precarious (as it is more or less on all the earth.) Sometimes not a fin will stir: again, more are taken there than in any other portion of the river. Then comes the "Long Reach," consisting of about a mile of comparatively still water, resembling the "Doves" of Tweed. But the angling is indifferent. The Fossland water is the next in order, and for two or three miles presents a "succession of splendid pools, and rapid streams, full of rocks, perilous to the tackle, but not dangerous in any other sense. These pools cannot always be depended on for sport; but they are at most times the favourite resort of the largest fish—a great proportion of the heaviest salmon killed on the Namsen, having been caught here." Ere long we come to the Gorge

before mentioned, above the "Ferry Pool," and passing through the latter, and along the "Grong Reach," we cross the mouth of a tributary river, called the Sundöten, after which another westward stretch takes us to the "Spækkan Pool."

The splendid portion of the Namsen, which we have now briefly sketched, presents to the angler a stretch of water extending from the last-named pool upwards to the rapids under Fiskum Foss, of not less than ten miles, if we include the bendings of the river. We often wish it lay somewhere among the Peebles-shire hills, or at least rather nearer hand than on the wrong side of the North Sea, in N. Lat. 64°, 30', and 40", and E. Long. 12°, 30', or thereby.

On the 3d of August our angler had another excellent day's sport. At the very first start in the Boat Pool, he killed a male fish of twenty-five pounds, the longest in shape, and finest in character, he had yet encountered; and he lost another of equal size, from the hold giving way, just as the gaff was about to be applied. In the Gothland Pool he succeeded in landing one of twenty-eight pounds, and at the bottom of the Eagle's Pool, he killed another splendid fish, upwards of thirty pounds, which gave him great sport, being exceedingly wild and strong. He afterwards killed a sixteen pounder, and a small grilse. But he was now interrupted by the unlooked for, and by no means desired, companionship of a fisher of another kind, who often proves successful without either hook or line. One of the boatmen called out, that he saw a "cobbe," that is, a seal. On trying his favourite Fossland Pools next day, he had scarcely any sport, and on returning upwards towards Fiskum on the day after, was scarcely more successful.

"In the Long Reach, however, I received a full explanation of all my misfortunes; for there I saw in the wake of the boat, the bulldog head of an enormous seal, gazing intently at us. I took an opportunity when he was not more than fifty yards off, to send a charge of duck-shot into his head and breast; and from the violent splashing he made on the top of the water, we at first imagined he was killed. However, he soon reappeared for a single second, a couple of hundred yards below us; and then as momentarily rose and sank, lower and lower down the river, as far as we could see, in such a way as quite satisfied us that he would not rest till he had regained his native ocean. On reaching Jacob's Pool, we observed the salmon diving in a very agitated manner, which made us suspect the presence of another enemy; and it was not long before we perceived a much smaller seal in determined pursuit of the scared creatures, but unfortunately I could not get a shot at him. Finally, in the Boat Pool, just as we were on the point of leaving off, an enormous salmon dashed at my fly, but missed it, and although I afterwards tried him with every variety of flies, I could not persuade him to rise again, and

thus for the first time upon the Namsen, I was compelled to return home without a single fish, either for my boatmen, or my own Sunday's dinner."—*Ibid.*, p. 267.

The 7th of August was oppressively sultry, but by taking a few casts in the early morning, and again towards the close of day, our judicious and persevering persecutor of the cobbe, killed two fine fish, of twenty-two and eighteen pounds. Then came a day of rain in torrents, which so flooded the river that he thought his occupation gone. However, on the 9th, the sky cleared so pleasantly, that although the water was still as a roaring flood, and much discoloured, he was at it again by the afternoon, and to his own astonishment, as well as delight, slew a pair of twenty-five and eighteen pounds, in the very first pool; and just before nightfall—for, alas! the days were now shortening rapidly—he landed another beauty of twenty-two pounds. This great sport in so short a time, made him very sanguine as to the ensuing day, but vain are the hopes of man!—for "cobbe" was in advance again. Having learned, from fatal experience, that one or other (that is either himself or the seal) must quit the river, he seems to have decided in his own favour, as he took his gun rather than his departure, but unfortunately the former hung fire. On this, cobbe, as is the custom of his kind, for we know them well, became shy if not sulky, and would scarcely show the tip of his nose, (probably not even that, but for the sake of his nostrils,) so that it was some time before a long shot could be got at him. It evidently told, however, on his head, and sent him down the river at a great rate. But only a single salmon, of eighteen pounds, could be killed. The following day was even worse: it was again intensely hot, and not a fish was on the move, except immediately beneath the falls, where the quantity of water made a near approach impossible. It was obvious that the seal had completely scared the fish in all other places, and although, on the next ensuing day, our angler, with considerable risk, reached the Foss Pool, he could not induce a single salmon to shew himself upon the surface. So for the fourth time he returned, as the whalers say, *clean*, to his rustic quarters.

The return homewards now became the subject of serious meditation, when another flood came, which determined the traveller to tarry for a time, to see what it might bring. On the 15th, the rain had not abated, but being unwilling to remain within doors all day, he put on (of course he had other garments besides) the largest and gaudiest fly that he could find in all his stock, and descended to the river, flooded and foaming as it was. He rose five salmon, but only struck two, one of which immediately escaped from the breaking of the hook, which had probably come upon a bone. The other he hooked from the land, in a

well-known back water, by the side of Karnen's Pool—a noted spot for large fish, in time of *spates*. \* His very first plunge showed him to be a monster of his kind. He gave severe and heavy play for three-quarters of an hour, and then yielded to his fate. He weighed thirty-four pounds, and measured exactly three feet eleven and a half inches, his length being greatly disproportioned to his girth. This fish, if better proportioned, would have weighed upwards of forty pounds.

On the 19th of August the sportsman descended the Namsen on his homeward way, and while so doing, enjoyed the best day which had yet befallen him. He rose twenty-five fish, and landed six, five of which made the great aggregate of one hundred and eighteen pounds. His tackle (now becoming rather the worse for wear) was this day most unceremoniously broken seven or eight times. His sport next day in the Fossland Pools, was scarcely inferior. He rose nineteen fish, and killed eight, of which one was a thirty-pounder. The weather had become again far too warm and bright, and the 18th was still more sultry, in addition to which disadvantage, he found three additional Englishmen at Gothland, fishing the same water. However, such was the abundance of large salmon now in this part of the river, that he rose fourteen, almost all of first-rate calibre. Of these he killed six, of which the four largest alone made an aggregate of 115 pounds. One of them weighed nearly thirty-four, and another fully thirty-seven pounds. He seems, during these *three* days, to have taken the somewhat curious numerical amount of exactly 333 pounds weight of fish.

"These last few days," he observes, "had given me some idea of what salmon fishing may be on this glorious river. Although the weather was extremely unfavourable, there was not a single day that I did not hook many fish considerably over thirty pounds: and if I had not been either unlucky or inexpert to the highest degree, (I dare not say which,) I might have each day more than doubled the amount that appears on my list. At this distance of time I can scarcely conceive how I tore myself away from a spot where such magnificent angling was to be had."—*Ibid.*, p. 276.

Excluding Sundays and other (*quoad* salmon) blank days, he fished more or less during 27 days, and in these he killed 106 salmon, weighing together 1558 pounds, to say nothing of sea-trout.\* Of that number nine were 30 pounds or upwards, and

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\* The best sea-trout fishing we ever enjoyed was in Loch Scourst, a few miles north-west of Tarbet, in the island of Harris. In conjunction with Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, (whose delightful sketches of the Rivers of Scotland in *Tait's Magazine*, have recently afforded so much pleasure to the lovers of the picturesque and historical,) we killed two-hundred and twenty-three pounds weight in the course

thirty-three, or nearly one-third of the whole, were 20 pounds or upwards. In regard to common trout, there seem to be scarcely

of three days, not exclusively devoted to the art of angling. The heaviest weighed between twelve and thirteen pounds the pair, and there were scores of beautiful fish of two and three pounds each. They ran out like grilse, and on one occasion, during a violent though transitory gale of wind from some of the corries above, when they rose to the agitated surface, the broken spray struck against their silvery sides, and then mounted with them into the air, in jets of several feet high, adding greatly to the sparkling turmoil of distracted waters in the nearer portion of the loch, which was itself very wild and desolate, being encompassed on both sides by barren rocky mountains, unvaried by the leafy shade of either shrub or tree. So woodless, indeed, is that craggy portion of the pastoral world, that we were sorely perplexed by the breaking of one of the rollock-pins of a boat which the lamented Lord Dunmore had the kindness to desire his people to draw over the heather for our use, for a couple of miles from the sea-coast. There is first-rate angling also in the lochs to the north of his Lordship's shooting-lodge of Buonavonsaidh, particularly in Loch Ouladaule. There are salmon in the river which discharges itself into the Bay of Loch Losivagh, and which flows from a chain of neighbouring lochs, but just above where it meets the tide-way, it falls over a broad smooth expanse of sheeted rock, on the face of which its waters spread diffused, until they are in many places not more than a few inches deep, so that it is hard work for the fish to ascend; and even above that shelving sheet they meet with obstructions in the smaller but more restricted rapids which occupy a higher rocky gorge, the dark cavernous sides of which may be seen in certain places to be all bespangled with the scaly covering of these adventurous creatures, worn from their lustrous sides, as they seek (and often seek in vain) to bound upwards to those more tranquil waters where they had their birth. That they do eventually, by hook or crook, (more probably the latter than the former,) make their way into the upland streams, we however ascertained by finding a dozen or two of salmon parr among the smaller fishes for which we angled one morning, with a view to ascertain the point in question. We fished Loch Scourst, and other lochs in Harris, during the third week of the month of August, and the sport seemed to be improving every day. As the streams are necessarily small in that narrow range of country, the autumnal rains are required to bring the sea-trout up into the lochs.

We greatly regret that our already more than exhausted limits, (we have a dim recollection of having used the word "briefly" in the opening paragraph of the present Article,) debar us from making any lengthened extracts either from our own notes, or those of our correspondents, regarding the general angling in the Long Island, as the extended insular range, including Lewis, Harris, &c., from the Butt to Barrow Head, is usually called. Neither Mr. Stoddart nor any other writer, has given us information as to the angling capabilities of these outer Hebrides, of the slightest use to man or boy. The great district of Lewis now rejoices in a good provisional government, under James Matheson, Esq., M.P., the fortunate and accommodating owner, in another quarter, of Loch Craggie, near Lairg, commemorated in our last Number. We can here only make way for one or two very brief memoranda, with which we were favoured in August 1844, by Sir Thomas Dick Lauder. "Loch Roag, on the western side of Lewis, is peculiarly interesting, from there being a very fine Pictish tower, called Dun Callowa, near which a lake is said to abound in trout. But although we tried it, we could expiate none of them. At the upper end of Loch Roag are the finest and most perfectly arranged Druidical remains I have yet met with. The moss or peat-bog, has grown up six feet upon the stones. Here we fished a famous salmon stream and lake, but there are cruives at the mouth, and all I killed was eight pounds of herlings and small fry. But I have more encouraging accounts to give you of our after progress. Coming down the east side of the island, we ran into Loch Clay, to the north of the entrance to Loch Seaforth. There I found a certain Loch Laxdale, (I know you love the name of *Laz*, endeared by Scandinavian recollections,) a short mile inland from opposite our anchorage ground. It is a beautiful small

any of these at all in the Namsen. We find the following entry on the 14th of August:—"I this day also caught two brown trout of two and three pounds respectively; they are almost the only ones of that species (the river-trout) which I have taken in the Namsen, where they are rare, from the scarcity of food contained in rivers that flow over silicious rocks."—Vol. i., p. 272.

The second of the "Two Summers in Norway," was that of 1839. Our author reached his old quarters at Mediaa by the 11th of July, and was cordially welcomed by his former friends. He was pleased to find that the money he had left with them had been well laid out in furnishing their houses with many domestic comforts before wanting. The Namsen was still of a milky hue, and was *rising without rain*,—a fact which proved

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fresh water lake, with a nice little river running from it, and every inch of the lake may be fished (if you so desire) without wetting the sole of your foot. I went up there about four in the afternoon, and was on board the cutter in good time in the evening, with twelve sea-trout, weighing twenty-four pounds, besides three pounds of small fry, making in that short time twenty-seven pounds in all. Next day I fished now and then at intervals, for it was almost a dead calm, and the water as smooth and motionless as a mirror. I killed, however, one sea-trout of four and a half pounds, and a few others of a smaller size. On the following day I went up again by three or four in the afternoon, and at the very first cast, I hooked and killed a sea-trout of five and a half pounds, and soon afterwards, one of four pounds ten ounces, and then a third of three and a half pounds, besides half a dozen smaller ones, weighing together five and a half pounds. So that during these three short and casual trips to Loch Laxdale, I killed fifty-three pounds weight of fish. Don't forget to tell C. N. that my largest was taken with a 'yellow professor.'" "At Rowdil we got a pilot to thread us through the dangers of the Sound of Harris, and there we had occasion to anchor at Buonantrou, where I tried a loch of considerable size, and very peculiar character. It is at all times of the tide as salt and bitter as any part of the sea, only a very small stream running into it from a fresh water lake a little higher up. Its shores all round are covered by sea-weed, and the tide rises and falls within it quite regularly. While a man was killing capital rock cod from one boat with hook and hand-line, I was catching excellent sea-trout with rod, line, and fly, from another, and I took some also from the side. The day was far too bright for angling, but yet we killed in those saline waters, nineteen sea-trout, weighing fifteen and a half pounds, and what you will probably think more surprising, I there caught a fine real lake or fresh water trout, about a pound in weight, and in prime condition."

We shall only add, that on the west side of Barra, (we crossed towards it from Kishmul, or Castle Bay, upon the eastern shore,) there is a fresh water loch called Tangestal, in which we found lake-trout of great beauty, and the finest flavour, closely resembling in either attribute, the kind so common in Loch Leven in Kinross-shire. Like these, they wanted the crimson spots, and were of similar dimensions, not many exceeding a pound in weight, and few falling much below three-quarters. We killed thirteen in the afternoon, (31st July, 1841,) and just before the setting of a blazing sun, we emptied the contents of our fishing pannier, and then spread them out upon a small though very gorgeous purple bed of full-blown clover:—

"Where verily the silent creatures made  
A splendid sight, together thus exposed;  
Dead—but not sullied or deformed by death,  
That seemed to pity what he could not spare."

that the snow was still melting in the uplands whence it draws its source. His expectations of success were increased by his being conscious that he was now far better prepared than during the preceding season. He had brought with him an abundant store of gigantic flies, made by Evatt of Warwick Street, London, and Kelly of Dublin, as well as some of the largest of such as are used in the Tweed for Spring fishing. They also answered well, though most severely tested. In general, the most brilliant colours were the most successful—such as blood-red, bright orange, or brilliant blue, with splendid wings from the golden pheasant, and other gaudy birds. But darker colours answered fully best when the waters were low and clear. At times a fly with a perfectly black body, and jet-black hackle entwined with broad silver twist, the wings light or even white, was found very killing. All this shows that in Norway, as nearer home, there is a charm in variety, and that probably more depends upon the proper working of the fly than on the special aspect of the lure itself. A few of the Tweed flies, with one-half of the body black, and the other bright orange, were occasionally successful, “but I lost so many large fish, either by the Scotch hooks breaking, or the gut snapping close to the head, that I latterly seldom employed them.” The best line was found to be a silk one, well oiled, made by Martin Kelly. It ran out better, was more easily wound up, and was also stronger than the patent mixture of hair and silk. The casting line ought to be of the strongest treble gut, the reel of large size, and single action, the gaff strong and of wide curve. “As for the rod, each angler has his favourite maker; but I confess that after trying many, I have found none equal to those manufactured by George Eaton of Crooked Lane, for perfection of finish, truth, and durability.”

The second day after his arrival, he started with the intention of paying his respects to Priest Sorensen at Værum, which is towards a couple of miles below the Spækkan Pool, at which latter he was fortunately delayed by a storm of rain, and “where the most glorious sport subsequently detained him till the evening.” Fresh fish were continually running up, as was shewn by the “sea lice” still adhering to them. He rose sixteen fish in the above-named pool, of which he killed ten, and of these, five were from eighteen to twenty-two pounds. This day produced a total of 137 pounds. On the following Monday he killed a twenty-eight pounder in the Fossland Reach; but this was nothing to what awaited him when he came to the Elbow Pool:—

“Here a fish rose, evidently of great size, but unfortunately missed the fly; and although I tried two or three other beautiful deceptions, I could not induce it to stir again, until an irresistible red fly of Evatt’s tempted it to its destruction. Yet even then it took not the

fly into its mouth; but by good luck I struck the barbed steel into the muscle of the pectoral fin, which afforded as good a hold, though of course not so much command over the fish as if it had been fixed in the jaw. For the first ten minutes the monster was highly 'indignant of the guile'—shooting up and down and athwart the stream with a speed extremely difficult to follow; and to attempt to curb him at the first was entirely out of the question. At length, however, by what appeared to myself and the boatmen to be dexterous handling, I succeeded in steering him into a deep still pool, where I bore upon him with my whole strength, and after several ineffectual struggles, brought him near enough to be gaffed. In a few seconds more it was weighed, and proved to be over forty pounds—the heaviest fish I had ever killed on this or any other river. When I saw the huge creature stretched upon the shore, with his deep thick flanks, and enormously powerful tail and fins, I could scarcely comprehend how I had in so short a time baffled his utmost strength in his native element."—Vol. ii., p. 13.

This giant took only half an hour to kill—a fact which confirms our own experience, that it is not always the largest salmon that occupy the longest time. Our author found that those of twenty-eight pounds were usually both stronger and more active than the others of greater size.

On his way upwards to Mediaa, he observed, to his infinite annoyance, a seal also making its way in the same direction, evidently in pursuit of the shoal of salmon which had recently arrived; and on the following day, near Værum, another of these unwelcome intruders shewed his bull-dog visage above the surface just as the angler reached a favourite pool, and so he hied away to Fiskum Foss. There, by the side, or rather on the surface, of his old familiar places, where two short summers back he was "monarch of all he surveyed," he was now doomed to disappointment from the spread of knowledge.

"I had immediate and most disagreeable proof that the passion for angling had wonderfully extended since I was last here. On reaching the Boat Pool, I saw it was already pre-occupied by a couple of men from Gothland; and either they or others regularly fished the best places on every favourable evening. By far the most annoying of these interlopers,\* was Jacob of Rossetter, who lived close to the splendid pool I have named after him. The very first day I attempted to fish there, he came down in his boat, and signified to me, in most uncivil terms, that he expected I should give him up all

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\* The annoyance, we doubt not, was great; the "interloping," by a *native*, was another and a different question, and might possibly have admitted at least of the retort courteous. Was the excellent author of "Two Summers in Norway" born and bred in that country?



the fish I might catch, although, even by their own customs, he was only half owner of the water. And upon my telling him he should have his fair share of what I caught, in the same way as he well knew I treated all the neighbouring farmers, he proceeded in a very impertinent way to fish the pool in conjunction with me—a process which he only varied subsequently by doing the same every day before me. One evening, however, he was more than usually obnoxious, for, after having spoiled my sport in the lower pools, directly that he observed me on my return homewards, he pushed on before me to anticipate me in my own [?] Boat Pool, where he knew I always took my latest cast. Seeing his object, I allowed him plenty of time, thinking he would become tired and depart; but I misjudged my man! On my arrival at that immense pool, he instantly left the upper part where he was fishing, and bearing down upon me, in the most insolent manner, swung his boat round actually upon my line. It was well for him that I was not a man of war, or the indignant remonstrances I showered on him in my best Norsk, would have been replaced by more intelligible indications of my feelings.”—*Ibid.*, p. 17.

But notwithstanding these and other ills that life is heir to, he had great sport at times in the upper portions of the river. Thus, one morning, after shooting some capercaillie, he took his boat up the rapids into the Foss Pool, which is the highest of all. There was such a heavy swell of water in the river as to render this both a dangerous and a difficult operation. The thundering torrent which rushed over the great precipice, and into the boiling abyss beneath, threatened every moment to carry them away downwards, but they made good their entrance to the pool, although entirely drenched by the heavy spray. From a rock, that advanced as near to the cataract as they dared to penetrate, he rose an immense fish amid the roaring breakers. He seemed not less than forty pounds, and dwelling in a wild abode, proved about the wildest of his clan, for he plunged at once into the very centre of the cataract, apparently with the intention of sounding its lowest depths. The line was nearly run out, no one knowing exactly where the fish had gone, when he was suddenly seen springing amidst the foaming surge, at a distance of more than a hundred yards. He then made some desperate efforts to escape into the lower pool, whither it would have been in vain to follow, except by shooting a rapid of so perilous a character, that our angler preferred the other risk of holding on by main force, in hope to stay his struggles. Each instant it was expected that some portion of either rod or line would give way, but so good and true were both that they bore the enormous pressure bravely, and the monster was beginning already to come up the stream with manifest symptoms of incipient weakness, when after half an hour's most splendid play—“the hook came out of his mouth, and he escaped.” Without

wasting time in vain regrets, the sportsman returned again to the same rock, and at the first cast hooked another fine salmon, obviously, however, greatly less than that which he had lost. "Yet did he look most magnificent from the elevated spot on which I stood, as he darted forwards through the eddying foam to seize the fly." He pursued at first exactly the same tactics as his predecessor, and persisting still more pertinaciously in rushing down the rapid, it was resolved to follow him at all hazards, rather than run the risk of losing the second of so fine a pair. They were dreadfully knocked about, and very nearly swamped in the attempt: however, they descended safely into Karnen's Pool, still holding by the salmon, and there the glittering spoil was laid upon the shore in peace. It weighed upwards of twenty-eight pounds.

It is of the highest importance, when angling on the Namsen, to make a point of being on some choice pool, whenever, from the condition of the water, fish may be expected to be running up. They rest in certain places only for a time, during which, however, they take the fly cheerfully, and then rapidly passing upwards leave the place deserted. Our author gives a good example of this at Gunhild's Berg, near the pastor's house, at Værum.\* He could distinctly see the salmon springing up the rapid at its lower end, and these seemed to be fresh fish each time. Altogether he rose eighteen in the course of three or four hours, several of them very large and strong. He landed two of twenty-eight pounds each, two of nearly twenty pounds each, and five grilse. But when he tried the same pool again in the evening, not a fish was to be seen. They had probably all passed upwards. On the 27th of July he killed nine salmon, four of which made an aggregate of eighty-five pounds. On the 29th he likewise killed the same number—two of them weighing together fifty-one pounds. On the 6th of August he captured a hundred and eighteen pounds weight, one fish being thirty pounds. But the most successful day of all (and with it we shall conclude this killing catalogue) was achieved while paying a farewell visit to Fiskum Foss. We believe that there is nothing equal to it recorded in all the annals of the piscatorial art.

He had scarcely commenced when, off a rock in the Boat Pool, he hooked, and after lengthened play, killed a beautifully shaped

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\* The inhabitants of this forlorn *manse* for thirteen weeks of winter never see the sun. The luminary makes but a small rise above the horizon, and it so chances that the rocky and precipitous range of the Steen-Feld so overhangs Værum to the eastward as to conceal the source of light. The well-remembered and much hoped for day on which the long lost orb first shows its disk in partial brightness among rocky crags is observed as a fête by all around.

fish of thirty-four pounds : then a fine twenty-four pounder, and a third of only eleven pounds. This was of itself a fair day's wage for a short day's work, but in the Foss Rapid he ere long killed a thirty-three pounder, besides one of eighteen pounds and a grilse. He then with great difficulty worked his frail bark into that wildest of all wild waters, the Foss Pool, already mentioned more than once, and at the risk of being overwhelmed proceeded to fish a small extent of flat surface, by the side of the boiling torrent. Scarcely had he cast his fly into it, than it was seized by an enormous salmon, which, however, proving slightly hooked, escaped. The very next minute a monster of similar size dashed through the rushing waters, "and I instantly felt that he was firmly hooked." The salmon felt so too, and with a *saute qui peut* kind of purpose, threw himself into the midst of the fall. Baffled by the power even of his own accustomed element, he now rushed wildly up and down, with great courage and determination, but with such irregularity of course as made it extremely difficult to retain a correct or commanding hold upon him. "I could not stand in the boat that danced on the bounding breakers ; scarcely could I see or hear, so blinded was I with the spray, so deafened by the cataract's dreadful roar ;" at last the fish made down the stream as if to quit the pool, and the angler, nothing daunted, prepared to follow through the dangerous rapid. But the courage of the former failed him in the hour of need, and he took refuge behind a deep sunk rock, from which it required great labour to dislodge him. At length he yielded to his fate, and on being landed "was found to weigh thirty-seven pounds ; but though therefore not the heaviest, he was by nearly an inch the longest salmon I had ever killed, measuring rather over four feet."

In the same spot, and on the same occasion, our redoubtable angler and author afterwards slew two beautiful fresh-run fish, of twenty-four and eighteen pounds each. He then hooked two others of great size, one of which (certainly not under thirty pounds) he played for a considerable time, but he broke his line during the contest by entangling it around a rock—a misfortune to be less wondered at than regretted, in so outrageous a place. He finally concluded this great achievement by landing a pretty salmon of ten pounds, and a small grilse, making eleven fish in all, with a total weight, for one day's work, of 216 pounds ! We shall only add in the words of Mr. Macaulay :—

"Heaven help him !" quoth Lars Porsena,  
 "And bring him safe to shore ;  
 For such a gallant feat of arms  
 Was never done before."

We dare not now trust ourselves with any detailed description of the peculiar features of the Scandinavian scenery; but assuredly, nowhere does a "Midsummer Night's Dream" appear more beautiful than to him whose feet are on the mountains of Norway—who overlooks, from some lofty peak, the far-gleaming waveless Fiord, stretching its liquid lustre inland for many a mile, its broadening sea-ward way broken up by countless wooded isles—while a flush of golden lustre, midnight though it be, suffuses all the northern sky; or who, emerging from

"The lone pine-forest's immemorial shade,"

looks far upwards into the blue profound, and there beholds the eternal snows of the Sneehatten range—all pure and stainless in their majesty, yet responding visibly by radiant summits to that northern splendour, where the sparkling verge of the scarcely breathing ocean shares with many a deep recession seen through "gorgeous cloudland," in the unweilable lustre of the sun—itself invisible, though full of glory. Or, let the traveller descend into the vale below—(if an angler, he is there already)—just where it becomes restricted by a rocky gorge. Even in that lower region it is scarcely darker than a sombre day, but far more solemn, and serene, and dream-like. The very shrubs and trees are all as still and motionless as death.

"The sleep that is among the lonely hills,"

seems more placid and profound than ever. The "beautiful horrors" of the garish day assume a dim and fixed solemnity—a softened austerity of aspect, when seen through the tranquilizing medium of that nocturnal holy twilight. Nothing conveys a sense of life or motion, save the ceaseless sound of rushing waters, bursting their way through wave-worn precipices, and seeking, as if in boisterous joy, their final bourn in the insatiate sea. Standing alone beside a great cataract during the midnight hours, it is then that the solitary tourist feels, as it were, the overpowering influence of the voice of many waters all combined in one. The earth itself, as if subdued, is silent as the grave. Great battlements of rock, like giant sentinels, keep watch on either side; while gray and ghastly-looking crags appear to rise amid the silvery spray and whirling, endless eddies,—till by degrees we are entranced as those that dream, and soon lose the perception of all other sights and sounds, except the dazzling mass of the descending and rebounding torrent, and the ceaselessly resounding roar of that tumultuous "Hell of waters."

The important subject of salmon legislation (we now return to our own country) would require, as it deserves, a separate article for its discussion. It is one, in truth, of great difficulty, when the various and discordant interests concerned are taken to account; and it may be found much more easy to alter than amend the present laws. In regard to some of the great northern rivers, where one or two landowners of the highest class possess the entire country, and so may exercise judiciously their own controlling powers, there are fewer difficulties in the way, as a wise concern for their own interests, and the increase or preservation of the same, must make them considerate of whatever plans or expedients may be shewn to be most productive of abiding advantage to themselves and successors. But in a far-flowing river like the Tweed, which lifts its early voice,

“ a fitful sound,

Wafted o'er sullen moss and craggy mound,”

and after flowing through innumerable intermediate possessions, lordly and of low degree, finally expands its glittering waters, until

“ hamlets, towers, and towns,

And blue-topp'd hills behold them from afar!”

the circumstances of the case are changed. The great practical difficulty arises from this—that the most valuable portions of all salmon rivers are at or near their mouths, which portions, at the same time, strictly speaking, do not *produce* a single fish—that is, the breeding grounds are in the comparatively shallow streams and tributaries of the upper country, where the grown salmon, besides being fewer in number, have become greatly deteriorated as articles of food. It thus happens that while one set of proprietors act as *nurserymen*, in sparing instead of spearing the parent fishes, and rearing the young for a couple of years continuously, till they become smolts, and so make their way seawards, another set reap almost the entire and exclusive advantage of their after-growth, by intercepting their return upwards, as grilse or salmon, by means of stake-nets, or by hauling in hordes of glittering hundreds, at a single sweep along the slimy shores. This is much as if a flock of young or yearling lambs, after depasturing, during their early innocence, on one man's mountain, were to betake themselves suddenly to some far distant valley, and when they sought to return, after attaining to a more mature condition, were to be greedily seized and intercepted as the entire and exclusive property of the last feeders, without the slightest reference to the owner of the natal pastures. No doubt, as regards fish, the deep marine valleys, where the great increase of growth has taken place, are no man's property, being beneath

the highway of the world, and so cost nothing to any heritor, either high or low, who on that score can claim no compensation; but still, the most magnificent salmon that ever shewed its broad and silvery lustre through the net's black cordage, must have begun by being a parr, (most probably another person's,) and must have been born and bred in some far distant rippling ford, which never felt the swelling of the injurious sea. For every pair of adult salmon which an upland proprietor, whether great or small, preserves till the completion of the spawning process, hundreds of grilse and salmon accrue to the owners or lessees of the lower portions, in the course of two or three years thereafter; so that unless some encouraging compensation is awarded to the owners of the breeding and early feeding grounds, by those who capture ninety-nine out of every hundred of the adult fishes, we can scarcely wonder that so little is done to stop the destructive slaughter of unwholesome breeders throughout the winter season. It is by no means easy to convince any one (least of all a hungry poacher) that a bad salmon is worse than no salmon at all; and as the small proprietors in the upland vales reap no advantage from encouraging the breed, their indifference to the spearing of the parents is in entire accordance with the natural constitution of man.\*

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\* The spearing of salmon during the breeding season is practised not only in the fords and shallows of the upper districts, but systematically, on a great scale, in the deeper and more productive waters lower down.

"All who have witnessed," says Mr. Stoddart, "night leistering on Tweed, during the autumnal or winter months, will acknowledge that even the romantic character which torch light and scenery invest it with, fails as an apology for the ignoble, wasteful, and injurious nature of the occupation. In nine cases out of ten it is pursued either during the spawning season itself, or when the fish are heavy with roe,—when they are red or foul, having lain a considerable time in the river, and, moreover, when they have lost all power of escape, or are cut off from exercising it, both by the lowness of water, and by the circumstance of their being hemmed in at the head and foot of the pool or place of action, by nets and other contrivances stretched from bank to bank.

"It can scarcely be credited,—but I relate a fact known to many on Tweedside—that about four or five years ago upwards of three hundred breeding fish, salmon and grilse, were slaughtered in the course of a single night, from one boat, out of a stretch of water not far from Melrose, two leisters only being employed, and of this number—I allude to the fish—scarcely one was actually fit to be used as food, while by far the greater part of them were female salmon, on the eve of depositing their ova. In the neighbourhood of Kelso upwards of ninety have frequently been butchered with this implement during a single night, from one boat, all of them fish in the same rank and unhealthy condition above described. In September 1846, according to the most moderate calculation, no fewer than 4000 spawning fish, consisting chiefly of full-grown salmon, and comprehending the principal breeding stock of the season, those fish which, from their forward state, promised the earliest and most vigorous supply of fry, were slaughtered in Tweed, with the consent and under the auspices of the upper-holders of fishings in the manner I speak of. Need it be said, that the injury done to the salmon fishings in general, by this mal-practice on the part of two or three lesser proprietors, is incalculable, and when linked with the doings of poachers during close-time, to which it unques-

Some advantages arise even from prolonging the period of rod-fishing beyond that of the purely commercial modes of capture, such as those by stake-nets, and net and cobble. All our salmon fisheries north of the Tweed close on the 14th of September to all modes of capture whatever; but even the net-fishing of the Tweed and her tributaries is open till the 15th October, while rod-fishing is allowed thereafter till the 7th of the following month. Now, this is at least some concession, though by no means an adequate compensation, to the proprietors in the upper parts of the river, whose position is so much less favourable for sport, and like most other acts of fairness, it carries its reward along with it; for during that period the proprietors in question become the willing guardians of the river, and debar the *burning* of the water, and other nocturnal mal-practices, for the sake of a little legitimate angling during daylight. Thus the most secure protection from the poacher of the heavy-spawning fish, during these three weeks, is where the streams are looked after for legitimate purposes, by the honest angler, whose most successful achievements with rod and line can never prove injurious to the general stock.

But under the present law, as applicable to Scotch rivers in general, the few streams that may be partially preserved for angling, are, as a matter of course, usually well swept with the net on the 14th of September, being the last day in which fishing of any kind is permitted by law. The proprietor, in the majority of cases, would most willingly forbear using the net, were he permitted to continue or bestow the privilege of angling for three weeks longer; but this boon being denied him, he has not, as on the Tweed, any inducement to forbear, and so he appropriates to himself parents and progeny by one relentless haul. A single example may be mentioned, among the numerous cases of a like nature which have come within our knowledge. In a small Highland river, a protected pool was drawn on the 14th of September last, when 35 salmon and grilse, and upwards of 200 sea-trout were taken at one sweep—the proprietor declaring to those both above and below him, that he would gladly have forborne the use of the net, had three weeks' additional angling been allowed by law—in which case the majority of these fish would, in all probability, have been left in the river, to people with parr each rippling shallow in the course of the ensuing spring.

Again, the Legislature has very properly prohibited the use

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tionably gives encouragement, and the system pursued on Tweed, of capturing and destroying the kelts and baggits, it must operate most prejudicially against any plan to further the breeding of this highly prized article of food."—*Angler's Companion*.—Note to p. 254.

of the net during the principal period of the spawning season, but without trenching too deeply on the productiveness of the great fisheries near the river's mouth, where no spawning takes place, and where clean fish are always hovering in the tide-way, it could not debar the net for a sufficient length of time; and thus it happens, that while the seaward proprietors are reaping an early harvest from the high price of well-conditioned winter fish, those in the uplands, if they use the net at all when the season opens, (1st day of February,) get nothing but lean and hungry Cassio-looking kelts, intermingled, it may be, with a remanent portion of still unspawned breeders. These fish are all comparatively useless till they reach the sea, and of this the upper heritors are well aware; but they also know and consider that that marine amelioration takes place for other people's benefit, and that it is a thousand to one that they themselves will never see them more, and so the improvident and unproductive slaughter is not stayed. But make, by whatever means, the fishing of the upper proprietor worthy of his care as an angling station, and he will often cease to use the net at all. The practice of leistering will be also put an end to; and landowners, or their wealthy English tenants for the time being, will then protect the salmon in the streams, just as assiduously as they now do the game upon the hill-sides.\* It is certain that the severest laws of a merely prohibitory nature will not suffice to secure the object aimed at. Simple forbearance on the part of a proprietor is not enough, while acts of a positive nature are required. He must not only obey the law himself, but by toilsome and expensive watch and ward, must enforce the obedience of his tenantry, of their families and servants, and of all curious cronies and country cousins carrying long poles toothed with iron, from the other side of the hill, or some "lang toun," where weavers congregate,

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\* A great rise of rent is frequently obtained from a limited portion of a river by devoting it exclusively to *artistical* instead of commercial purposes. We sometime ago read as follows in the *Kelso Chronicle*:—"Increase of the value of the salmon fishings on the Tweed.—The fishings on the Tweed at Edenmouth, belonging to John Waldie, Esq., of Hendersyde Park, and which not many years ago only brought the annual rent of £21, have been let within these few days to Mr. Scruton in the county of Durham for £210,—being an increase of £189 per annum. From this extraordinary rise of rent, some idea may be formed of the anxiety manifested by sporting gentlemen to secure the right of fishing for salmon on the Tweed, and enjoy an amusement which attracts many distinguished individuals to our locality during the season for angling." There is no doubt that the total rental of a great river might be raised by the adoption of some other plan than that which now prevails. We believe that even the lower proprietors would not eventually suffer by a more enlarged and liberal procedure on their part; because, if a greater number of adult fish were allowed to make their unimpeded way to the spawning grounds, the latter would become infinitely more productive, and so, after a few seasons, the advantage would be common to all parties,



—too wise in their generation to work within doors after dark, while good flambeaux can be made of tarry staves, and a slice of fried kipper is an excellent relish, what time well-boiled potatoes burst their cerements, and there is no tax on salt.

Proprietors must therefore not only protect breeding salmon in winter, (as they protect breeding birds in spring,) by abstaining from any act which, though legal, (such as drawing nets in the upper pools on the 1st of February,) may tend to prevent increase, but they must destroy their natural enemies in the one case just as much as in the other. We do not mean to say that the afore-said weavers are actually to be put to death, but they must be disarmed, though not destroyed. It is a well-known fact, that fish intent on breeding disregard the angler's fly; but it is an equally well-known and more affecting fact, that they do not, because they cannot, disregard the leister. The delicately constructed rod—so beautiful as a work of art, with its glittering gut, and cunningly devised though most unnatural-looking lure, affords a much-prized and long-continued sport, with little or no ultimate injury to the general stock, for the reason just assigned, that spawning fish usually avoid the fly, even although it should fondly hover over them like an angel "bright and fair:" but the polish lancers are a cruel inconsiderate crew, destroying by one fell blow a countless progeny yet unborn, with comparatively slight advantage to themselves, as after all these kelts and baggits afford a poor unwholesome food. But as matters now stand, to mutual disadvantage, between the lower and upper heritors, and with the present careless control of the latter, the temptation of an eighteen or twenty-pounder, with its back-fin occasionally breaking the water of a shallow ford, cannot be resisted by ordinary human nature,—

"While that two-handed engine at the door  
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more."

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- ART. IV.—1. *Report from Select Committee on the Observance of the Sabbath-Day; with the Minutes of Evidence and Appendix.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 6th August 1832.
2. *Report from the Select Committee on Sunday Trading, (Metropolis); together with the Minutes of Evidence, Appendix and Index.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 15th July 1847.
3. *Tracts of the Lord's-Day Society.* Nos. 1–31.
4. *"Tracts for the Times" on the Sabbath.* Glasgow. Nos. 1–5.
5. *The Sabbath and the Railway Trains. A Letter addressed to the Most Noble the Marquis of Breadalbane, Chairman of the Scottish Central Railway Company.* By Sir ANDREW AGNEW, Bart. 1848.
6. *The Position of the Churches of Christ in England in relation to the Sabbath Question. A Letter addressed to Sir Andrew Agnew, Bart.* By the Rev. ROBERT NEWSTEAD. London, 1848.
7. *The Protestant or the Popish Sabbath?* By the Rev. J. G. LORIMER. Glasgow, 1847.
8. *Scriptural Views of the Sabbath of God.* By the Rev. JOHN JORDAN, B.A., Vicar of Enstone, Oxon. London, 1848.
9. *Horæ et Vindicæ Sabbaticæ: or, Familiar Disquisitions on the Revealed Sabbath.* By RICHARD WINTER HAMILTON, LL.D., D.D., Leeds. London, 1848.
10. *A Letter to the Parishioners of Strathblane on the Sanctification of the Sabbath.* By WILLIAM HAMILTON, D.D. 1833.
11. *The Sabbath Railway System Practically Discussed.* By JAMES BRIDGES, Esq. Edinburgh, 1848.
12. *Statement of the Proceedings of the Sabbath Alliance.* By R. K. GREVILLE, LL.D.
13. *Esquisse d'une Mère Chrétienne au Milieu de sa Famille.* Par A. ROCHAT. 2 tomes. Paris, 1847.

THE Sabbath is God's gracious present to a working world, and for wearied minds and bodies it is the grand restorative. The Creator has given us a natural restorative—sleep; and a moral restorative—Sabbath-keeping; and it is ruin to dispense with either. Under the pressure of high excitement individuals have passed weeks together with little sleep, or none; but when the process is long continued, the over-driven powers rebel, and fever delirium and death come on. Nor can the natural amount be systematically curtailed without corresponding mischief. The Sabbath does not arrive like sleep. The day of rest does not steal over us like the hour of slumber. It does not entrance us

almost whether we will or not ; but, addressing us as intelligent beings, our Creator assures us that we need it, and bids us notice its return, and court its renovation. And if, going in the face of the Creator's kindness, we force ourselves to work all days alike, it is not long till we pay the forfeit. The mental worker—the man of business or the man of letters—finds his ideas coming turbid and slow ; the equipoise of his faculties is upset ; he grows moody, fitful, and capricious ; and with his mental elasticity broken, should any disaster occur, he subsides into habitual melancholy, or in self-destruction speeds his guilty exit from a gloomy world. And the manual worker—the artisan, the engineer—miling on from day to day, and week to week, the bright intuition of his eye gets blunted, and, forgetful of their cunning, his fingers no longer perform their feats of twinkling agility, nor by a plastic and tuneful touch, mould dead matter, or wield mechanic power ; but, mingling his life's blood in his daily drudgery, his locks are prematurely grey, his genial humour sours, and slaving it till he has become a morose or reckless man, for any extra effort or any blink of balmy feeling he must stand indebted to opium or alcohol. To an industrious population so essential is the periodic rest, that when the attempt was made in France to abolish the weekly Sabbath, it was found necessary to issue a decree suspending labour one day in every ten. Master manufacturers have stated that they could perceive an evident deterioration in the quality of the goods produced, as the week drew near a close, just because the tact alertness and energy of the workers began to experience inevitable exhaustion. When a steamer on the Thames blew up, a few months ago, the firemen and stokers laid the blame on their broken Sabbath : it stupified and embittered them—made them blunder at their work, and heedless what havoc these blunders might create. And we have been informed that when the engines of an extensive steam-packet company, in the south of England, were getting constantly damaged, the mischief was instantly repaired by giving the men, what the bounty of their Creator had given them long before, the rest of each seventh day. And what is so essential to industrial efficiency is no less indispensable to the labourer's health and longevity. It has often been quoted, but as we have encountered nothing which in extensive observation and philosophical acumen excels it, we must quote Dr. Farre's evidence again :—

“ Although the night apparently equalizes the circulation well, yet it does not sufficiently restore its balance for the attainment of a *long* life. Hence one day in seven, by the bounty of Providence, is thrown in as a day of compensation, to perfect by its repose the animal system. You may easily determine this question as a matter of fact by trying it on beasts of burden. Take that fine animal, the horse,

and work him to the full extent of his powers every day of the week, or give him rest one day in seven, and you will soon perceive, by the superior vigour with which he performs his functions on the other six days, that this rest is necessary to his wellbeing.\* Man, possessing a superior nature, is borne along by the very vigour of his mind, so that the injury of *continued* diurnal exertion and excitement on his animal system, is not so immediately apparent as it is in the brute; but in the long-run he breaks down more suddenly: it abridges the length of his life and that vigour of his old age, which (as to mere animal power) ought to be the object of his preservation. \* \* \* This is said simply as a physician, and without reference at all to the theological question; but if you consider farther the proper effect of real Christianity, namely, peace of mind, confiding trust in God, and goodwill to man, you will perceive in this source of renewed vigour to the mind, and through the mind to the body, an additional spring of life imparted from this higher use of the Sabbath as a holy rest."

Could we catch the eye of the industrious reader this is the primary view which we would seek to impress upon him: That the Sabbath is God's special present to the working man, and that one chief object is to prolong his life and preserve efficient his working tone. In the vital system it acts like a compensation-pond: it replenishes the spirits, the elasticity, and vigour, which the last six days have drained away, and supplies the force which is to fill the six days succeeding. And in the economy of existence it answers the same purpose as, in the economy of income, is answered by a Savings' Bank. The frugal man who puts aside a pound to-day, and another pound next month, and who in a quiet way is always putting past his stated pound from time to time, when he grows old and frail gets not only the same pounds back again, but a good many pounds besides. And the conscientious man who husbands one day of existence every week—who, instead of allowing the Sabbath to be trampled and torn in the hurry and scramble of life, treasures it devoutly up—the Lord of the Sabbath keeps it for him, and in length of days and a hale old age gives it back with usury. The Savings' Bank of human existence is the weekly Sabbath-day.

Another purpose for which the Father of Earth's Families has presented the workman with this day, is to enhance his

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\* "Not many years ago a contractor went on to the west with his hired men and teams, to make a turnpike road. At first he paid no regard to the Sabbath; but continued his work as on other days. He soon found, however, that the ordinances of nature, no less than the moral law, were against him. His labourers became sickly, his teams grew poor and feeble, and he was fully convinced that more was lost than gained by working on the Lord's day. So true is it that the Sabbath Day labourer, like the glutton and the drunkard, undermines his health, and prematurely hastens the infirmities of age, and his exit from the world."—Dr. Mumfrey of America, quoted in the *Evangelical Magazine*, March 1848.

domestic comfort and make him happy in his home. If it were not for this beneficent arrangement, many a toiling man would scarcely ever know the gentle glories and sweet endearments of his own fire-side. Idle people are sometimes surfeited with the society of one another, and wealthy people, however busy, can buy an occasional holiday. But though the working man gets from his employer only one or two days of pastime in all the year, his God has given him two and fifty Sabbaths; and it is these Sabbaths which impart the sanctity and sweetness to the poor man's home. If he has finished his marketing and cleared off his secular engagements on Saturday night, it is marvellous what a look of leisure and bright welcome ushers in the morrow, and what a spirit of serene expectancy breathes through the tidy and well-trimmed chamber. The peace of God lights up the pious labourer's dwelling, and reserved from a toil-worn week the radiance of true love pours forth in these gleams of Sabbath sunshine. With graceful tint it touches the deal chairs and homely table, and converts a fathom of gay carpet into "a wonder of the loom." It plays iridescent among the quaint ornaments of the mantel-shelf, streams over the hearth-stone, and perches on the eight-day clock—the St. Elm of rough weather past—the omen of good days to come. It penetrates affectionate bosoms, and revives old memories deep and tender, which, but for such weekly resurrection, might have died for ever; and with early interest and endearment it suffuses that face which on Sabbath morns is always young, and reminds the proud possessor of that wealth of quiet wisdom and thoughtful kindness with which the Lord has blessed his lot. And in the thaw of friendly and thankful feelings, in the flow of emotions cordial and devout, silent praises sparkle in the eye, and the husband's love and the father's joy well up to the very brim.

"Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor man's day:  
 On other days the man of toil is doomed  
 To eat his joyless bread, lonely; the ground  
 Both seat and board, screened from the winter's cold  
 And summer's heat by neighbouring hedge or tree.  
 But on this day, embosomed in his home,  
 He shares the frugal meal with those he loves;  
 With those he loves he shares the heart-felt joy  
 Of giving thanks to God."

But beyond all these, God's gift of the Sabbath should be precious to the working world as its main opportunity for moral and spiritual improvement, and as its best preparative for a happy immortality. Whilst eternity is hastening apace, the exigencies of each successive moment are banishing the thought of it, and many are surprised into the great hereafter before they have

distinctly perceived that themselves are on the road to it. The Sabbath brings a weekly pause, and in its own mild but earnest accents, says to each, Whither art thou going? whilst its benignant hours invite the pilgrim of earth to that better country of which it is at once the angel and the specimen. The Sabbath brings leisure; it gives a day for thinking: and it brings seclusion. From the every-day vortex—from the crowd so rapid, noisy, and profane, it snatches the whirling waif—it pulls him aside into its little sanctuary, and leaves him alone with God. On the table of the busy man, whether rich or poor, it spreads the open Bible, and wakes again the Oracle which has spoken the saving word to thousands. To the intent and adoring eye it unveils that wondrous Cross where redemption was achieved and God was reconciled; and by the vista of one radiant Tomb it guides the musing spirit far beyond the land of graves: whilst perfumed gales and Eolian pulses from its opened window bespeak the nearer Heaven, and stir the soul with immortality. To the man who has got the Sabbatic sentiment—to the man who has received from above the spiritual instinct, what a baptism of strength and joy does the Lord's-day bring! From prayerful slumber he wakes amid its gentle light, and finds it spreading round him like a balm. There are hope and comfort in its greeting, and from prayerful retirement he joins his family circle with peace in his conscience and freshness in all his feelings. The books which he reads, and the truths which he hears, expand his intellect and fill it with thoughts noble, pure, and heavenly. The public worship gives rise, and by giving outlet, gives increase to hallowed emotions and Christian affections. The psalmody awakens gratitude, cheerfulness, and praise; and the comprehensive prayers and confessions remind him of evils which he himself has overlooked, and perils and temptations of which he was not aware. Interceding for others, his soul dilates in sympathy and public spirit. Friends vaguely remembered—friends long parted or on foreign shores, and on bustling days well-nigh forgotten, now join his earnest fellowship, and prayer hallows while it deepens ancient amity. The poor, the sick, the broken-hearted, prisoners, slaves, the whole family of sorrow, flit before the suppliant's eye and leave him with a softer heart. And the realm and its rulers recur at this sacred moment, and every sentiment is merged in loyalty and Christian patriotism. And the heralds of salvation, pastors, teachers, missionaries, with all the evangelistic agency, are recalled to mind, and whilst his interest in Christ's cause becomes more personal his soul expands in Catholicity. And, if in a willing mood, from the Word read and expounded, he carries home enlightenment, invigoration, impulse; and with big emotions, and blessed hopes, the Sabbath sends him

forth on a busy week and a restless world, a tranquil presence and an elevating power.

We do not forget that Sabbath-keeping is the command of God ; but we are very anxious to see it more prominent in Sab-  
batarian arguments, and more engraven on public sentiment, that Sabbath privileges are the gift of God. To our apprehension this would not only be the popular view of the question, but is the actual view in which Scripture presents it. The Bible teaches us that the Sabbath is not an impost but an immunity, not so much a precept as a present. God "gave" the Sabbath. He "made it for man." And while it has all the solemnity of an injunction, and all the sanction of penalties, its best observer is he who through the superadded precept and penalty, recognises and hails the original privilege. "If thou call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable ;" amidst its more august and authoritative circumstantial, discerning its amiable purpose and delectable uses. The Lord of the Sabbath has given this institution an attractive rather than a coercive character ; and it is to be regretted that controversial exigencies should so often have made a gracious aspect seem severe. The loving-kindness of the Lord finds little counterpart in the saturnine and suspicious heart of man ; and even our sweetest mercies we transmute into prescriptions and bitter potions. Heaven's own manifesto, the blessed Gospel, with its invitations so bland and benignant, we are apt to crumple up into homiletic pellets, and scatter in harsh reproofs and hard sayings on the promiscuous throng ; and it is too often to martial music that the angels' anthem is set when repeated here below. And so with the Christian Sabbath. The true idea of it was sung by George Herbert long ago :—

" Christ hath took in this piece of ground,  
And made a garden there for those  
Who want herbs for their wound."

But in reading books and hearing sermons on the subject, we have sometimes borne away a painful impression. Much was said about the things which ought to be forborne, but not so much about the many good and lovely things which we ought to do. We carried with us the image of something stern, and prohibitory, and threatening ; and if we had been asked to project upon canvass the Sabbatic idea surviving in our memory, it would not have been the enraptured seer of Patmos, nor the ecstatic travellers in sight of Emmaus, nor the weeping congregation at Troas, but the man stoned for gathering sticks on the Sabbath-day. Doubtless, the profanations which abound, and the oppositions of gainsayers, account for the tone so polemical and peremptory in which the argument is usually urged ; but would it

not be better for the final triumph of the cause, as well as more accordant with the genius of an institution so truly evangelical, to dwell more on the appropriate occupations of the day, and the delights and present rewards of a Sabbath sanctified? Instead of hewing down the rosy fence with which its owner originally encircled it—instead of baring “to those that are without,” its secondary rampart of spikes and bristling palisades, would it not be better to invite careless passengers to enter and acquaint themselves with the fair exotics and pleasant fruits of this “garden enclosed?” Would it not be more accordant with the mind of our Master, and with the spirit of the existing economy, to shew in how many respects, physical, intellectual, and moral, the Sabbath is “made for man?”

To apprise the industrious community of their great Sabbatic privilege, is the present duty of the Christian philanthropist; and if the truth were only told—were the subject handled simply and skilfully—we do not despair of seeing the Sabbatic movement highly popular. As a public question, its strength lies in its humanity. The Legislature has already conceded the labourer's title to his nightly rest; it is only fair that, listening to the voice of observation and experience, it should recognise his right to the hebdomadal repose. But Parliament will never give it till the population asks it; and we fear that it is vain for the religious minority in the realm to ask it for a community who do not ask it for themselves. We therefore hail with the liveliest satisfaction the efforts now making to instruct on this forgotten privilege the popular mind. The Tracts of the Lord's Day Society have done good service. A still higher service we expect from the abundant dissemination of arguments and appeals, so elaborate and cogent as these new “Tracts for the Times.” And from no measure do we anticipate happier results than from the proposal of prizes to working men for Essays on Sabbath Observance. This latter expedient originated with the same munificence to which the public owes the Series of Sabbath Tracts; and the sagacity of the scheme, and the interest which it has awakened, are sufficiently evinced by the thousand competitors whom its announcement has brought into the field. Many prejudices have yet to be overcome—by far the most formidable being the “little faith” in the land; but even with a community so secular as is our own, were the question rightly understood, we are secure of carrying one large instalment. As a mighty check on over-production and under-payment, and as the grand means of preserving a people's energy and stamina—setting intelligence and principle out of view—the Sabbath is the Wealth of Nations; and as the restorative of his wasted strength and spirits, and the reviver of his domestic joys and noblest feelings, it is the



palladium of the poor man's happiness. Let but its temporal benefits be made sufficiently prominent and palpable, and more vehemently than jaded spinner ever clamoured for a Short-Hours' Act, we expect to find Post-Office clerks, and Railway labourers, boatmen, and engine-drivers, and all our industrious classes wakening up to their ancient birthright, and cheering for a Six-Days' Bill.

Of this tendency we have at the present moment an instructive example in the capital. For some years past there has been a large increase of Sunday trading in some districts of London—*e. g.*, Westminster, Lambeth, Whitechapel, Somers Town. Originating in the rapacity of a few, it has now become in these districts the practice of almost all. In self-defence, rival tradesmen felt constrained to open their shops; and if a conscientious grocer or draper still locked his door on the Lord's-day morning, the loss of his customers soon compelled him to abandon his business, or seek a new locality. It is a fearful oppression. First of all, the labouring men in these districts oppress their fellow-labourers the shopkeepers, and compel them to surrender the Sabbath to their accommodation. And then the shopkeepers oppress one another; for a few recreant traders in a street compel all their fellow-traders in that street to compete with them in their Sunday traffic. It is the poor tyrannizing over the poor; and the consequence now is, that among the butchers, bakers, grocers, clothiers, shoemakers, ironmongers, &c., of these vicinities, upwards of 20,000 working men, in the capacity of shopmen and assistants, are compelled to toil on the day of rest as the servants of their brother-workmen. It is a tremendous slavery; and the traders now begin to groan and cry out under it. As one of themselves expresses it—"they would be extremely thankful to do away with the nuisance;" but all their own attempts at extrication have hitherto been baffled by a few recusants of their own number. They have therefore gone to Parliament; and in a proportion of something like ninety-seven in the hundred, they petition Parliament to lift them out of the ditch into which they have pulled one another. Their cause has been generously taken up by Mr. Hindley, and there is good hope that before the session has closed, the metropolis may be delivered from the more flagrant scandals of Sunday trading.

In the course of the inquiry which Mr. Hindley's Committee conducted, a large mass of interesting information was brought out; but we confess, that of all the evidence, none has been to us so novel and impressive as that of Mr. Isaac, an intelligent Israelite, in part proprietor of a mart in Houndsditch, where people congregate for the sale of jewels, old clothes, &c. We must supply the reader with a specimen;—

" 1145.—What is the kind of obligation which seems to press upon them so much, for I must say, to your credit, that you observe the Sabbath much more conscientiously than the Christians do ;—what kind of obligation is it which seems to have so much more force with you than with Christian men in our own country? I can answer you in one way, and in one way only ; I think that the Jews generally, from infancy, are taught their prayers, and that in a very solemn manner. There are few Jews but who can read the Hebrew and understand it, though he knows not a single letter in the English alphabet ; he is taught, every meal he goes to, to say his prayer, and to say a prayer after he has eaten his meal ; and I do not suppose you will find one out of every twenty Jews—I will say only twenty—one out of every twenty in London, let him be what disposition he will in other ways, that ever forgets a prayer night and morning ; it is part and parcel of his living. I do not say that they are anything better in disposition for it in other ways, but really that is part and parcel of a parent's duty to their children ; and if they do not go in the right way, the parents cannot help it.

" 1146.—You attribute the observance of the Sabbath, on the part of the Jew, to the force of early education? I am satisfied it is so.

" 1147.—You stated, in the early part of your evidence, that you enjoyed a better trade before there was any Sunday trading ; do you mean to inform the Committee by that, that your trade was better during the five days than it is now during the six days that you sell? I do.

" 1148.—And that you actually sold more goods during the five days than you do now in six? Yes ; and my reason for saying so is this—(I have it from the shopkeepers generally, I am not in the trade myself)—that originally, when there was no Sunday trading, they were more particular in their mode of trading, and traded for a connexion. A shopkeeper traded for a connexion ; he gave value for the money he received, expecting to see his customer again ; but that is not the case with the Sunday morning trading. They come down in crowds, in shoals, buyers from all quarters and sellers from every quarter ; they buy in a crowd, and of course they get the best price they possibly can, not caring as to the value of the article, or either as to the article itself ; so that the shopkeeper has no chance to compete with these stall-sellers.

" 1188.—Would you propose not only to close those marts, but to close all shops on Sunday? No question about it.

" 1189.—Throughout the whole day? As to matters of trade of that description.

" 1190.—You would recommend the Christian Sabbath to be kept as strictly as the Jewish Sabbath? Yes.

" 1191.—And that from religious principle, as well as from other motives? No question about it.

" 1193.—If the Christians were as strict in the observance of their Sabbath as you are of yours, there would be no necessity for legislative interference? That is a decided fact. They are only isolated

cases, where the Jews break through their trading practices on Saturday.

" 1213.—With regard to butcher's meat: I believe that you have peculiar butchers, that it is killed in a peculiar manner, and that very great care is taken that no diseased meat, or no meat that can be considered so, shall be sold; are there any retail butchers belonging to the Jewish persuasion? A great number of them.

" 1214.—Do they get meat from those who are licensed by the Rabbi? They must be licensed by the Rabbi before they can sell. The inspectors are paid by the congregation, and the killers too.

" 1215.—With regard to those retail butchers, how do they manage on the Sabbath-day, do they keep their own shops open? No; if you were to pay £20 for an ounce, you could not get it; nor yet is a baker open; no business whatever. It matters not what it is, they do not open. In fact, the bakers and the butchers are under the surveillance of the Rabbi and the elders; for instance, if a butcher did anything wrong, the Rabbi would not allow the congregation, at least he would admonish them, and say, 'You are not allowed to eat or deal with that man; I do not consider that he is,' what is called, 'clean according to the faith.'

" 1219.—Is it within your knowledge that they do not sell on the Saturday? There are certain instances. I daresay many of them do. As I said before, you cannot compel a man not to sell.

" 1220.—You are inclined to believe that the sellers of fruit and vegetables do in some or many instances; perhaps you will say if there are many sell on the Saturday? I do not know one that sells vegetables who sells on Saturday. There is one or two shops in Covent Garden, fruiterers, who sell on Saturday. I do not know one that sells vegetables.

" 1224.—Have you a greater number of poor Jews in England than formerly? Yes.

" 1225.—Do you find great inconvenience from that? I never heard of any: I do not think that the Jews are a criterion to go by. You find very few drunkards among the Jews, and I have reason to know this, by seeing so many hundreds and thousands of them. We really make the strongest push in the world to put the best side forward for the Sabbath.

" 1226.—You will perhaps admit that the absence of drunkenness may be caused by the excellent regulations you have with regard to the Sabbath? It is that.

" 1227.—It may not be any inherent virtue in the nation, but the result of an excellent custom? Yes; but where there is a habit of drunkenness there is generally a habit of forgetfulness; they do not care either for their faith or their home, or anything else. Among us, a Jew knows as well the hour that his Sabbath will commence; he makes his provision; it is perhaps made at home for the Sabbath commencing; but if he was at the west end of the town, he would make a calculation in his mind how long it would take him to walk

home to say his prayers at the commencement of the Sabbath, and he may have business to call him away. Say that the Sabbath commences at half-past three in the winter, he will prepare for home long before that.

"1236.—Do you believe that by the strict observance of their Sabbath they are the worse off? On the contrary.

"1237.—You do not believe that any ill results to them on that account? I am satisfied to the contrary.

"1238.—Are they less fond of a holiday than other people? They are only glad when there is a holiday to enjoy themselves. I am a native of Liverpool, and I am satisfied that the Sunday is observed more strictly (I speak of the Christian Sunday) as a day of rest with the Jews than it is even with the Christians; they hail it, independently of their Saturday, as a day of recreation.

"1256.—You support your own poor, and pay the poor-rates for the support of the Christians? Yes; they sent me a rate for the repair of the church in my parish, but I do not mean to pay that, if I can avoid it.

"1257.—Does the number of your community increase? I really think they do; the Jews, generally, have large families.

"1258.—You being a Jew, looking at the practice of the English nation, do you think that we ought to have a law for the observance of the Sunday, which should be effectual and just to the different tradesmen? I really do."

We agree with Mr. Isaac, and we hope that Parliament will listen to the prayer of the London shopkeepers, and protect the conscientious trader from his less scrupulous rival. And we trust that it may not be long till other departments of industry follow the example set by the Sunday traders of the capital, and pray for a general emancipation. In the meanwhile a prodigious work has to be accomplished before the different classes are rightly instructed in their obligations and privileges as connected with the sacred day. A vast multitude regard it as a mere engine of priest-craft, and many would feel even its negative enforcement as an intolerable stretch of arbitrary power. For such Sabbatism, —the temporary Sabbatism which a religious minority might impose on an irreligious or reluctant multitude, we have little desire, and it is at something much grander and more enduring that the Christian Church should aim. And just in proportion as we despond of the legislation which would coerce an immature community, we would long and labour for that healthy state of public feeling, which would hail a protected Sabbath as a boon. And with a glance at those appliances by which an object so vital to patriotism and philanthropy, and so dear to piety, may in the meanwhile be best promoted, we close this rapid article.

And it seems very obvious, that it is in individual example and fort that the radical strength of the Sabbath movement lies.

In an American newspaper,\* we were lately interested by an account of a Sabbath-keeping steamer. Like some others on the New World waters, it lies too over each Lord's-day, and the men have the opportunity of rest and worship. On one of these occasions, a minister being on board, there was preaching morning and afternoon in the cabin, and the captain sent word to the settlers on shore. Many attended, and among the rest, was a man who had not heard a sermon for years. He had his horse saddled, and was ready to start on a journey, when he was overtaken by the singular invitation to visit their church in the steamer. It instantly struck him, that if the owner of this vessel could afford to stop all hands, and keep the Sabbath, a single traveller surely could afford to stop himself and his horse. He sent the beast back to the stable, and the day which he had destined to business, was spent in the worship of God. And were similar examples of consistency more abundant, it is impossible to calculate the wide impression. The observance of the Lord's-day is something more than a conventional decency; it is obedience to a Divine command; it is the worship of Heaven's Majesty; it is an act of faith; God himself is in a Sabbath thus sanctified; and a fear of God comes over lookers on. And were our domestic Sabbaths sufficiently amiable and august; were they filled up with Christian intelligence and benign occupation, and fenced around with sanctity, "the stranger within our gates" would often carry away a lesson which God would bless, and a feeling which he himself would be loath to lose. And much might be accomplished in our several localities by personal, and especially by pastoral influence. Our early lot was cast in a region where many elements were adverse. The population was partly migratory, and the main industry of the parish was concentrated in public works. The Aborigines were remarkable for the stolid apathy with which they regarded everything religious, and there was nothing in the prevailing ministrations of the neighbourhood to disturb that apathy. We remember sad traditions of Sunday doings, which long lingered in the district; and ourselves can recollect a parish clergyman signing a petition in favour of a Sunday post. It was into one of these parishes with its Sunday taverns, and christening revels, and its Sabbath-breaking smugglers, that before our time a man of God had come: and it might almost be said, that the Sabbath came with him; for in the realizations of his ardent faith, and in the grandeur of his elevated walk, he was every inch and every hour a Sabbatic man. With godly heroism he encountered the more

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\* *The Presbyterian.* January 22, 1848.

flagrant outrages, and by dint of his fervent and awakening preaching he won successive hearers to the more cordial and intelligent keeping of the day, till, at the period we speak of, betwixt the crowded congregations, and the busy Sabbath-schools, the roads on which no idlers lounged, and the cottages from which the Bible had long banished oaths and tipsy brawls, we never saw such a spectacle of wakeful joy and worshipping repose as vanished the first evening of every week in the shadows of that happy vale. And for the encouragement of similar efforts, we may add, that this Sabbatic Oasis was the benefactor of the whole vicinity. Repeated and most resolute attempts were made to transmit a Sunday post to the parishes beyond; but so gallant was the resistance that they could never carry this Thermopylæ. The postman was one of its parishioners, and solemnly refused to do any work on the Sabbath-day—and his neighbours joined in vigorous remonstrance; and so powerful was the opposition, that the few gentlemen who wished their Sunday News were baffled; and it was not till their pastor and champion had fallen, and his flock were assembled to hear his funeral sermon, that these peaceful solitudes were startled by the first Sunday mail. There is now lying before us a letter which, near the close of life, he addressed to his people on the subject so near his heart; and in the hope that it may possibly stir up some mind by way of remembrance, we quote the closing paragraph:

“For three Sabbaths I have been laid aside from my usual delightful public employment. This may be the last address I shall be able to give you. You never again may hear my voice, nor see my face. I entreat you to meditate on the importance of the Sabbath; and to rest assured that without a love for its services you can have no portion in the kingdom of God. I beg you to regard this letter not only as the language of a dying man, but of your dying minister; who loved you and watched over you in life, and now, when all things earthly may be closing over me—long to see you all, in the day of the Lord, on the right hand of the throne of God and of the Lamb.”

Much might also be accomplished by particular companies and communities, as well as by public personages, desirous to honour the Lord of the Sabbath, and promote the better observance of his day. The moral value of such testimonies as the Directors of the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway have given, and more recently the shareholders of the Scottish Central, cannot be rated too high; and we trust that other companies will soon emulate their splendid example.

“This new and wonderful application of the power of steam, which so greatly diminishes the effects of distance, and thereby affords us so much more time for the transaction of our worldly affairs, ought to

be gratefully regarded by us as an additional means afforded to mankind for the better observance of their religious obligations, and especially for the keeping holy the Sabbath-day."\*

Is it too much to hope that this golden sentiment—worthy to be quoted alongside the opinions of Hale and Blackstone and Wilberforce, and which confers on its author new nobility—may yet be adopted by every British Railway, and the suspended traffic of an Empire be the weekly tribute to Him who teaches man wisdom, and who has made the modern six days, equal to the ancestral twelve? Nor can we hail with any other sentiments, save those of the liveliest satisfaction, the important declaration of the Post-Master General, that he is willing to close the Post-Office on the Lord's-day in every place where a decided and influential majority wish for it, and where the minority do not strongly oppose it. We doubt not that many other towns will do as Bath has done; and if light and good feeling spread, it may not be long till every city and village in England conform to the capital, where the knock of the Sunday postman has never yet been heard. Every visitor of Brighton has been struck with the comparative decorum and tranquillity which reign every Sabbath in the princieliest and most populous of watering-places; and it does not abate from the praise due to its devoted and faithful ministers to say that their exertions were powerfully furthered by the pious example of the present Queen Dowager. The discontinuance of Sunday cabinet dinners has greatly contributed, in the higher circles, to foster that better sentiment and practice of which it was partly the consequence; and, amongst the influential classes of this land, it is cheering to observe a marked increase of respectful and reverential feeling towards this Divine institution. As indicating the lower tone of continental Protestantism, it is with surprise and sorrow that we observe a Prince so justly dear to British Christians as the King of Prussia is, and, so far as civil station goes, the most influential member of Luther's Church, always fixing the Lord's-day for the opening of his Parliaments. Have none of his Majesty's clergy represented the national peril and religious inconsistency involved in such proceedings?

Amongst the most legitimate and the likeliest means of advancing this great object, we cannot forget the one which our own province supplies, viz., publication. The pamphlets of Sir Andrew Agnew and Mr. Bridges have already done excellent

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\* The Marquis of Breadalbane's Letter anent the Scottish Central Railway, February 14, 1848.

service, and will yet do more. Of the London and Glasgow tracts we have already spoken; and of many miscellaneous broad-sheets and bulletins—amongst the most effective artillery of all—our limits will not let us speak. But there lie upon our table many volumes, from which we have derived so much instruction and delight, that we are loath to let them go with this passing notice. In authoritativeness and extent of information surpassing all, we have the Report of the Commons Committee presented sixteen years ago. Fondly would we hope that the day is coming when its statements will survive only as the humbling evidence of how guilty our land once was—the painful memorial of evils passed away; but no day can ever come which will abate from its historical interest as the first document where, after an interval of ages, British senators employed the language of an out-spoken piety, and boldly avowed as their rule of legislation, Bible principle. When we find in the Committee the names of Lords Ashley, Morpeth, and Sandon; Sir Fowell Buxton, Sir Geo. Sinclair, Sir Robert Inglis; Mr. J. E. Gordon, Mr. Evans, Mr. Pringle, and Mr. Andrew Johnston, we are the less surprised; but it is with something of national pride that we recognise in the chairman, and in the originator of the movement, our own countryman, Sir Andrew Agnew. It will need another and a better generation to do justice to the zeal and courage and perseverance which this Christian patriot expended on the cause before it assumed its present urgency, and before it rallied many open advocates. In statistical fulness and precision, almost rivalling a Parliamentary Report, but ranging over a wider field, we have the facts and figures of Mr. Lorimer, along with an instructive contrast between Popish and Protestant Churches in their treatment of the hallowed day. At the head of this Article we have set down two little volumes by a Vaudois pastor, just deceased—M. Rochat; and we have put them there because one great cause of Sabbath-breaking is, that many people do not know the art of Sabbath-keeping. To a few details in this beautiful “Sketch” some readers might take exception; but we are sure no Christian mother can read it without getting hints which might shed new fascination over its hours; and in the case of the youngest child, convert it into a season of lively interest and cheerful preparation for heaven. The work of Mr. Jordan is vigorous, fresh, and clear—peculiarly felicitous as to the institution of the day, and its transference from one end of the week to the other; and from its level of conclusive logic, ever and anon ascending in passages of manly eloquence. From their poetic glow, and the high standing of their author, we hope that Dr. Hamilton’s “Disquisitions” may carry a Sabbath into the study of many a lettered man. It glads us to encounter such



to the human race, when the generations of the most insignificant insect existed for unnumbered ages? Yet man is also to vanish in the ever-changing course of events. The earth is to be burnt up, and the elements are to melt with fervent heat—to be again reduced to chaos—possibly to be renovated and adorned for other races of beings. These stupendous changes may be but cycles in those great laws of the universe, where all is variable but the laws themselves and He who has ordained them.”—Pp. 2, 3.

The various substances which compose the earth, exist either in shapeless masses, or in regular strata horizontal, or inclined to the horizon. Our knowledge of these substances extends but to a small depth beneath the surface; but from the thickness and extent of the stratified masses, geologists have obtained a pretty accurate idea of the earth's structure to the depth of about ten miles. The earth's crust consists of plutonic and volcanic rocks of igneous origin, of aqueous or stratified rocks, deposited by water, and of metamorphic rocks also deposited by water, but subsequently crystallized by heat. The *plutonic* rocks, namely the granites and some of the porphyries, on which no fossil remains are found, were formed under high pressure in the earth's deepest caverns, and subsequently upheaved into mountain peaks by the central forces, or injected in a fluid state into the fissures of the overlying strata, or even into the crevices of a more ancient granite. *Volcanic* rocks, such as basalt, greenstone, porphyry, and serpentine, differ widely from the plutonic ones in their nature and position. They contain no fossil remains, and are generally found near the surface of the earth, consisting of the different kinds of strata fused by the internal fire, and exhibiting much variety in their appearance and structure, owing to the melted matter having been cooled under different conditions in contact with the atmosphere.—

“There seems,” says Mrs. Somerville, “scarcely to have been any age of the world in which volcanic eruptions have not taken place in some part of the globe. Lava has pierced through every description of rocks, spread over the surface of those existing at the time, filled their crevices, and flowed between their strata. Ever changing its place of action, it has burst out at the bottom of the sea as well as on dry land. Enormous quantities of scorix and ashes have been ejected from numberless craters, and have formed extensive deposits in the sea, in lakes, and on the land, in which are imbedded the remains of the animals and vegetables of the epoch. Some of these deposits have become hard rock, others remain in a crumbling state; and as they alternate with the aqueous strata of almost every period, they contain the fossils of all the geological epochs, chiefly fresh and salt water testaceæ.”—P. 5.

The metamorphic rocks, according to Mr. Lyell, consisting of

various, abounding in intercession, such as the minister's closet had indited and his heart had already made his own. Homeward, with no loitering pace and frivolous manner, they returned—impressed, happy, thankful, and found no scanty board. They healthily partook, but no surfeit oppressed them. What they had heard supplied their conversation—they discovered something better than to cavil; the heads of the family would have discouraged whatever would have lowered the weight of their teacher in the notion of their offspring and servants; and all could forget an uncouth manner, if such it was, in edifying matter and deep experience. The men on whom they attended were mighty in the Scriptures. None other could have been endured. A second service, early in the afternoon, invited their presence once again in the sanctuary. More awakening appeals to conscience, more general overture to the guilty and perishing sinner, relieved the massiveness of the former discourse, and disturbed any drowsiness of the season. Maternal fondness provided for the little ones, when the door of the dwelling closed for the last time on that day, some little deviation from their common fare—the confection—the participation with parents of their less simple diet; winning childhood to obedience and observance—impressing every thing by cheerfulness and love. They began with the infant mind. They sought early conversion. They pondered that saying, ‘while there is hope.’ They knew that if that ductile, ingenuous temper was left untaught, and unsanctified, little ‘hope’ could be entertained. They improved the seed-time: they bent the sapling in its pliancy. The evening came, the household Sabbath's claims and share. The children, if advancing in youth, now repaired to different apartments, conducted according to sex by their appropriate guides. A father counselled his boys, a mother instructed her daughters. Catechism was heard. Free questions were elicited. There was review of what had been that day preached. The lad leaving his roof was warned and blessed. The girl cowered like the dove beneath the wing stretched over her. There, at the father's side, at the mother's knee, was the true school of character and principle. That made their generations strong. Instead of the fathers were the children. Thus were they trained and formed. They shrunk not from danger: they yielded not to dalliance. They left histories. They established names. But where is now ‘the seed of the righteous?’ Where are the ‘faithful children?’ In the change of all this we are weak. An interval followed, and each one took his book. Janeway's *Token for Children*, or Gouge's *Young Man's Guide* fixed many a youthful eye. The prayer-bell was then rung, and devotions were presented, suited by their brevity to wearied powers, and by their pointedness to youthful minds: not rarely different hymns, charming the childish choir by their variety and succession. The simple hours of that period, and the still simpler hours of that day, gave fitness to the spreading of their table ere they separated for sleep. The all but infant regarded this as honour and indulgence, and it was the scene of chastened joy. Parent, child, knew no happier banquet than this! It was the feast of subdued

familiarity, of confidence, of love! Nor had servants been forgotten. Theirs was the fellowship of privilege. They had been exhausted by no labour, they had been debarred from no means. Often growing old in the family, they seemed a part of it: they felt the sympathy of its griefs. In the passages of domestic joy and festivity they took no niggard interest. They reimbursed the tenderness and goodwill they received. They showed fidelity. 'The believing masters' treated them in all religious matters as 'brethren;' and they 'counted them worthy of all honour, and rather did them service because they were faithful and beloved, partakers of the benefit.' The house now is hushed. Children lie cradled in each other's arms. Servants want but the light slumber for to-morrow's labour, and not to rest from what they have this day done. Parents commit themselves and their endeared charge to their heavenly Father, and angels come down and keep the watch. 'So he giveth his beloved sleep.' We need not inquire what was their week. That home would know no idleness, no contented ignorance, no constrained hospitality, no fretful bickering, no controversial strife. Worship still dressed its altar, prayer and praise still awoke, instruction and discipline still prevailed. The pastor was often seen at its hearth, the welcome casuist, comforter, and guest. Good men resorted thither, and left behind a blessing. That wicket was the gate of heaven. The law of kindness was on every lip. They forbore one another, they preferred one another. Some of us know the likenesses well. We have seen the counterparts. These customs had come down to us. Such were the families to which birth added us. Such were our fathers, and such the mothers who bore us. We declaim no inventions, we draw no pictures, we speak no unknown things. In them was reflected the Puritan race. In them those saints revived and stood up once more. In this resemblance, but little degenerated, we may measure their worth, and as by a personal observation, 'fully know their doctrine, manner of life, purpose, faith, long-suffering, charity, patience.'—Pp. 181-187.

But of all the means employed towards bringing about a better state of things, we regard with greatest hope and interest, the new Sabbath Alliance. Not only is it an organization, but an organization of the healthiest kind. Excluding nothing save elements of weakness, it is framed so as to comprehend nearly all that is strenuous and sound in British Christianity; and from its Scriptural constitution and prayerful spirit, we would predict for it an athletic and triumphant career.

"The basis of the Alliance is the Divine authority, and universal and perpetual obligation of the Sabbath, as declared at large in the Word of God, and more formally and particularly in the Fourth Commandment of the Moral Law.

"Its objects are,—

"1. To diffuse Scriptural views on the subject of the Sabbath, and

the proper observance of it as one whole day in seven, by means of the public press, periodicals, tracts, lectures, public meetings, and such other modes as may suggest themselves.

" 2. To procure and circulate statistical information in reference to the prevalent forms of Sabbath desecration, and their pernicious consequences.

" 3. In particular, to take steps for opposing and preventing the running of railway trains, and all other public conveyances, on the Lord's-day, that being one of the most prevalent forms of desecration, and which threatens, if not opposed, to be rapidly and indefinitely extended.

" 4. To use every exertion to obtain the entire cessation of work in the Post-Office department, over the whole empire, on the Lord's-day, that being one chief excuse for the running of Railway trains, and other modes of conveyance, on that day.

" 5. To make every effort for suppressing all Sabbath traffic, especially in strong drink.

" 6. To endeavour to promote all arrangements which have a tendency to procure the observance of the Lord's-day, and to discourage and obtain the suppression of all such as have a contrary tendency.

" The Members wish it to be understood, that the cultivation of a devotional spirit, in the bonds of Christian brotherhood, should be identified with all their exertions."

An effort like this should gather round it the patriotism and philanthropy, as well as the piety, of the Christian public; and with a basis so secure, and an object so hallowed, it is impossible that perseverance and union should fail. Our own end of the island has already acknowledged its salutary influence; and thanking Mr. Newstead for his word in season, we wait till the accession of our English brethren give imperial grandeur and joyful presage to the movement.

Fairly stated, and in every aspect—theological, political, and humane—we can scarcely imagine a stronger case than that which is presented by the Sabbatarian argument. It is the cause of God, the cause of nations, and pre-eminently the cause of the working man. But in order to insure its triumph, we must adapt the argument to each tribunal; and, for our own part, we confess that we are mainly anxious to urge its claims at the bar of British industry. Before such a tribunal, comprehending at present a mournful amount of infidelity and irreligion, the Scriptural plea would have little force; but, if palpably brought out, there is enough in the physiology and ethics of this wonderful institution to carry the suffrage of every man who values health, intelligence, and character. And could we by a popular movement once achieve the first instalment—were it either enacted or universally agreed that for the purposes of trade and travel, the first day of the week should be the *dies non*,

which it already is in courts of law ; were either Parliament or public opinion to concede this Sabbath of cessation, it would fall to the piety of the land to complete the movement, and by spiritual means convert it into a Sabbath of holy resting. And in this endeavour to Sabbatize the Sunday, we shall find nothing permanently successful which does not evangelize the citizens. Even now, were every beer-shop and railway station closed, and all toil and traffic interrupted, we might be as far as ever from a Scriptural Sabbath. The urchin in Newgate, whose usual avocations are suspended during next calendar month, but who cannot forbear from picking imaginary pockets, and who feels it a sore stretch of honesty to give back to the turnkey not only the porridge-platter but the pewter-spoon, is honest after a very different fashion from his thief-brother, whom the City Missionary or the Ragged-School Teacher has won over to the eighth command. And it is not an Act of Parliament—however remote of hindrances—but it is the law of God hidden in the hearts of the citizens, which will give us a national Sabbath. And that law nothing can deposit there except the Gospel. Everything, therefore, which tends to make that Gospel more effective—disinterestedness, elevation, and sanctity in the pastoral character ; freshness and gainliness in pulpit addresses ; tracts no longer well-meaning truisms, but terse and vigorous appeals to a clever and thinking community ; sermons something better than a languid echo from our earnest sires ; town missions and rural itineracies—the mounted and foot patrol of a campaigning Church ; Sabbath schools and Bible classes—all these by promoting vital piety, diffuse the Sabbatic spirit. And a Lord's-day fully furnished—a sanctuary with pleasant psalmody and attractive preaching ; a home with kindly intercourse and appropriate exercises ; a closet supplied with missionary periodicals and edifying books ; a day, not dreary with negations and non-performances, but made delightful by abundant occupations, would secure its own observance, and be the Christian Sabbath which Isaiah prophesied, and the Pentecostal Church enjoyed.

ART. V.—*Physical Geography*. By MARY SOMERVILLE. Authoress of the “*Connexion of the Physical Sciences*,” &c. With a portrait. 2 vols. foolscap 8vo. London, 1848.

EARTH—OCEAN—AIR—With what events, moral and physical—with what sympathies, social and domestic—with what interests, present and future, are these magic words indissolubly associated! When we view, as from afar, our terrestrial ball, wheeling its course round the central sun, and performing with unerring precision, its daily circuit, we see it but as a single planet of the system—we admire the grandeur of the terraqueous mass, and the mind, in its expanding survey, is soon lost in the abyss of space, and among the infinities, in number and in magnitude, of revolving worlds. But, occupying as we do, a fixed place upon its surface—treading its verdant plains—surveying its purple-lighted hills—gazing upon its interminable expanse of waters, and looking upward to the blue ether which canopies the whole, the imagination quits the contemplation of the universe, and ponders over the mysterious realities around. The chaos, the creation, the deluge, the earthquake, the volcano, and the thunder-bolt, press themselves upon our thoughts, and while they mark the physical history of the past, they foreshadow the dreaded convulsions of the future. Associated with our daily interests and fears, and emblazoning in awful relief, our relation to the Great Being that ordained them, we are summoned to their study by the double motive of a temporal and spiritual interest, and of an inborn and rational curiosity.

When we stand before the magnificent landscape of hill and dale, of glade and forest, of rill and cataract—with its rich foreground at our feet, and its distant horizon on the deep, or on the mountain range tipped with ice, or with fire, the mind reverts to that primæval epoch, when the everlasting hills were upheaved from the ocean, when the crust of the earth was laid down and hardened, when its waters were enchannelled in its riven pavement, when its breast was smoothed and chiselled by the diluvian wave, and when its burning entrails burst from their prison-house, and disclosed the fiery secrets of their birth.

When we turn to the peaceful ocean, expanding its glassy mirror to the sun, embosoming in its dove-like breast the blue vault above, and holding peaceful communion with its verdant, or its rocky shores, the mind is carried back to that early period when darkness was over the face of the deep—when the waters were gathered into the hollow of the land—and when the broken up fountains of the deep, consigned the whole earth with its liv-

ing occupants to a watery grave. But while we thus linger in thought over the ocean picture, thus placid and serene, we are reminded of the mighty influences which it obeys. Dragged over its coral bed by an agency unseen, and stirred to its depths by the raging tempest, the goddess of peace is transformed into a Fury—lashing the very heavens with its breakers—bursting the adamantine barriers which confine it—sweeping away the strongholds of man, and engulfing in its waves the mightiest of his floating bulwarks.

But it is in the pure atmosphere which we breathe, and within the ethereal envelope of our globe, that the most remarkable revolutions must have been effected; and it is in this region also, that nature presents us, in our own day, with the most fearful contrasts—with the most peaceful repose of the elements, and the most terrific exhibition of their power. The primæval transition from the chaos of the atmosphere to a pure and cloudless sky, must have been the result of frequent and convulsive actions. The exhalations from the green and fermenting earth—the gaseous currents from its heated crust, the empoisoned miasmata from its crevices and pores, and the watery vapours from putrid lake and troubled sea, must have formed an insalubrious compound, which it required the electric stroke to purify and decompose. While there was yet no light on the earth, and the sun and moon were veiled with thick darkness, the “waters above the firmament” must have descended in torrents—the hailstorm must have rushed from the upper air, and the tempest, and the lightning, and the thunderbolt, must have combined their tremendous energies before the rebellious elements were insulated and subdued. In now contemplating the aerial granary which so peacefully surrounds and sustains us, we could scarcely anticipate the character and extent of its abnormal phases. The same powers which were needed for its original distillation, seem to be required to maintain it salubrious and pure; and though these powers are in daily operation near us and around us, we know them only as destroying agents, and take little interest in the wonderful arrangements which they subserve.

When on a Sabbath morn the sounds of busy life are hushed, and all nature seems recumbent in sleep, how deathlike is the repose of the elements—yet how brief and ephemeral is its duration! The zephyr whispers its gentle breathings—the aspen leaf tries to twitter on its stalk—the pulse of the distant waterfall beats with its recurring sound—the howl of the distant forest forewarns us of the breeze that moves it—the mighty tempest supervenes, cutting down its battalions of vegetable life, whirling into the air the dwellings and the defences of man, and dashing the proudest of his war-ships against the ocean cliffs,

or sinking them beneath the ocean waves. When thus awakened from her peaceful trance, nature often summons to the conflict her fiercest powers of destruction. The electric agents—those ministers of fire, which rule so peacefully when resting in equilibrium, and which play so gently in the summer lightning-sheet, or so gaily in the auroral beams—frequently break loose from their bonds, to frighten and destroy. When the heat of summer has drawn up into the atmosphere an excess of moisture, and charged the swollen clouds with conflicting electricities, the dis severed elements rush into violent re-union, and compress in their fiery embrace the vaporous mass which they animate. Torrents of rain, and cataracts of hail emerge from the explosion, and even stony and metallic meteors rush in liquid fire from the scene. The forked lightning-bolt flies with death on its wing, rending the oak-trunk with its wedge of fire, and transfixing with its lurid dagger the stalwart frame of man and of beast; and before life is extinct, the thunder-clap rolls in funereal echo from cloud to cloud, and from hill to hill, as if a shout were pealed from the cloud of witnesses, in mockery of the helplessness of man, and in triumph over his fall.

A subject embracing topics like these, connected with the past history and the present condition of our globe, must necessarily possess an exciting interest; and it is strange that in our language no separate work has appeared, in which the grand truths of physical geography are illustrated and explained. From our youth we have been accustomed to look at the Earth, or its delineations, as mapped into regions, from which the great boundaries of nature are effaced. Empires purchased by blood, and held by force, are, in the political geography with which we are familiar, bounded by chains of custom-houses and barriers of forts. Ambition has replaced the sea-line, and the river, and the mountain range, with frowning battlements, cordons of troops and rapacious agents—parcelling out the earth into unnatural divisions—forcing its population into jarring communities—severing the ties of language and religion—breaking up into hostile principalities the fatherlands of united hearts—extirpating even the native possessors of the soil, and thus treating intellectual and immortal man as if he were but the property and the tool of the tyrant. Thus founded on the severance of nature's bonds, thus sustained by the suspended sword, thus outlined in blood still crying for vengeance, the geography of conquest, like the quicksands of the ocean, is ever shifting its frontier, ever subject to the inroads of avarice and ambition. Taught us in our youth, taught anew in our manhood, and requiring to be taught again in our old age, it is ever associated with gigantic crime—nationally, with bloody revolutions and deso-



lating wars—individually, with broken hearts and bleeding affections. Did truths like these require confirmation, we have but to look around us at subverted and tottering thrones, at armies routed by popular union, at statesmen precipitated from the helm, and princes driven into exile.

How different is the natural geography of our globe—how permanent in its character—how stable in its boundaries! Gathered into islands, or expanding in continents—sloping to the sea in valleys, or rising in table-lands—washed by the ocean, or bounded by the mountain range, the surface of the earth presents one great phase of durability and permanence, looming to the eye a mighty whole, fresh as when it came from its Maker's hand, and became the abode of his intellectual creation. The destroyer of animal life, the destroyer even of his species, the hand of man has not been able to alter even the expression of one of the features of the globe, and still less to break one of the smallest bones of its carpentry of adamant. He may have turned a few of its streams from their bed—he may have perforated its hills of rock or of clay, or scratched its yielding surface with his lines of intercommunication; but he has in vain attempted to enchain its ocean, or precipitate even the slenderest of its peaks of granite. There the great globe stands—unchanged by man—such as it was seen by the first of his race, and such as it will be seen by the last—washed, indeed, by the waters of a mighty deluge, but washed only from the impurities of its guilty occupants. In scanning, therefore, the terraqueous wonder, the philosopher takes cognizance only of the handiwork of its Maker. Neither the cloud-capt tower, nor the gorgeous palace, meet the intellectual eye. The din of war and the tumult of contending factions are by him alike unheard. He treads without interruption the grassy savannah, the heath-covered mountain, and the barren desert. He encounters no spot where the human worm claims the perennial right of pursuing its slimy course. He discovers no land under the canopy of heaven where man may not carve a niche for his idol, or rear a temple to his God.

How interesting, then, must it be to study such a structure—the earth, the ocean, and the air combined—to escape altogether from the works and ways of man—to go back to primæval times to learn how its Maker moulded the earth—how he wore down the primitive mass into the strata of its present surface—how he deposited in its bowels the precious materials of civilization—how he filled it with races of living animals, and again buried them in its depths, to chronicle the steps of creative power—how he covered its surface with its fruit-bearing soil, and spread out the waters of the deep as the great highway of nations, to unite into one brotherhood the different races of his

creatures, and to bless them by the interchange of their produce and their affections.

Such are some of the lessons which Mrs. Somerville has undertaken to teach us in the very interesting work which we propose to analyze. From the loftier theme of physical astronomy in which she achieved her maiden reputation, and from the wide and rich field of the physical sciences, whose "connexion" she traced with a master's hand, Mrs. Somerville has descended to the humbler though not less important subject of natural or physical geography, and we have no doubt, from the popular character of the science, as well as from its relation to our sympathies and interests, that she will command a wider circle of readers, and enjoy the "gratification" so much desired by herself, "of making the laws by which the material world is governed more familiar to her countrywomen."

Mrs. Somerville's Work commences with a preliminary chapter on geology,\* which is introduced by the following brief and striking notice of the present condition and past history of the earth:—

"The increase of temperature with the depth below the surface of the earth, and the tremendous desolation hurled over wide regions by numerous fire-breathing mountains, show that man is removed but a few miles from immense lakes or seas of liquid fire. The very shell on which he stands is unstable under his feet, not only from those temporary convulsions that seem to shake the globe to its centre, but from a slow, almost imperceptible elevation in some places, and an equally gentle subsidence in others, as if the internal molten matter were subject to secular tides, now heaving and now ebbing, or that the subjacent rocks were in one place expanded and in another contracted by changes of temperature.

"The earthquake and the torrent—the august and terrible ministers of Almighty power—have torn the solid earth, and opened the seals of the most ancient records of creation, written in indelible characters on 'the perpetual hills, and the everlasting mountains.' There we read of the changes that have brought the rude mass to its present fair state, and of the myriads of beings that have appeared on this mortal stage, have fulfilled their destinies, and have been swept from existence to make way for new races which, in their turn, have vanished from the scene till the creation of man completed the glorious work. Who shall define the periods of those mornings and evenings when God saw that his work was good? and who shall declare the time allotted

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\* In order to preserve the continuity of this Article, we have followed Mrs. Somerville, in giving a brief and popular notice of the different formations which compose the crust of the earth; but the reader will find a more detailed account of them, particularly as they exist in the north of Europe and Asia, in this *Journal*, vol. v. pp. 185-195.

to the human race, when the generations of the most insignificant insect existed for unnumbered ages? Yet man is also to vanish in the ever-changing course of events. The earth is to be burnt up, and the elements are to melt with fervent heat—to be again reduced to chaos—possibly to be renovated and adorned for other races of beings. These stupendous changes may be but cycles in those great laws of the universe, where all is variable but the laws themselves and He who has ordained them.”—Pp. 2, 3.

The various substances which compose the earth, exist either in shapeless masses, or in regular strata horizontal, or inclined to the horizon. Our knowledge of these substances extends but to a small depth beneath the surface; but from the thickness and extent of the stratified masses, geologists have obtained a pretty accurate idea of the earth's structure to the depth of about ten miles. The earth's crust consists of plutonic and volcanic rocks of igneous origin, of aqueous or stratified rocks, deposited by water, and of metamorphic rocks also deposited by water, but subsequently crystallized by heat. The *plutonic* rocks, namely the granites and some of the porphyries, on which no fossil remains are found, were formed under high pressure in the earth's deepest caverns, and subsequently upheaved into mountain peaks by the central forces, or injected in a fluid state into the fissures of the overlying strata, or even into the crevices of a more ancient granite. *Volcanic* rocks, such as basalt, greenstone, porphyry, and serpentine, differ widely from the plutonic ones in their nature and position. They contain no fossil remains, and are generally found near the surface of the earth, consisting of the different kinds of strata fused by the internal fire, and exhibiting much variety in their appearance and structure, owing to the melted matter having been cooled under different conditions in contact with the atmosphere.—

“There seems,” says Mrs. Somerville, “scarcely to have been any age of the world in which volcanic eruptions have not taken place in some part of the globe. Lava has pierced through every description of rocks, spread over the surface of those existing at the time, filled their crevices, and flowed between their strata. Ever changing its place of action, it has burst out at the bottom of the sea as well as on dry land. Enormous quantities of scorix and ashes have been ejected from numberless craters, and have formed extensive deposits in the sea, in lakes, and on the land, in which are imbedded the remains of the animals and vegetables of the epoch. Some of these deposits have become hard rock, others remain in a crumbling state; and as they alternate with the aqueous strata of almost every period, they contain the fossils of all the geological epochs, chiefly fresh and salt water testaceæ.”—P. 5.

The metamorphic rocks, according to Mr. Lyell, consisting of

gneiss, mica slate, clay slate, and statuary marble, &c., have been deposited in regular sedimentary beds, near the plutonic rocks, by the heat of which they have been greatly altered, and subsequently crystallized in cooling, without losing their character of stratified deposits. Those rocks which contain no organic remains sometimes lie in horizontal beds, but are generally inclined at all angles, and form some of our highest mountains and table-lands.

The aqueous or stratified rocks have been all formed at the bottom of seas and lakes, by the debris of the land, carried into them by streams and rivers. They consist chiefly of sandstone or clayey rocks, and of calcareous rocks, composed of sand, clay, and carbonate of lime. Indurated by internal heat, and subsequently elevated by internal forces, the aqueous rocks form three great classes, which, commencing from below, have been named, the *primary* and *secondary fossiliferous* formation, and the *tertiary* formation.

The *Primary* formation, consisting of limestones, sandstones, and shales, still distinctly marked by the ripples of the wave, have been deposited at the bottom of a very deep ocean, and contain only the remains of marine animals. They have been subdivided into the Cambrian, and the lower and upper Silurian systems. There are no organic remains in the Cambrian rocks, which are sometimes many thousand yards thick, but they abound in the Silurian system, increasing as we ascend in the series. Shell-fish, and crinoidea or stone lilies, trilobites, and sometimes true fishes, are found in the lower series; and in the upper, sea-shells of every order, with crinoidea, corals, sea-weeds, a few land plants, and sauroid fishes, the principal vertebrated animals that occur in these early formations. While the Silurian rocks were being deposited, the northern hemisphere of our globe was under water. Lands and islands had begun to emerge from it, and earthquakes and volcanoes, insular and submarine, marked the close of the period.

During the great geological period which succeeded, the *Secondary fossiliferous* strata, forming the present High Land of Europe, were deposited at the bottom of a sea, by the streams and rivers which entered it. This interesting series consists, reckoning upwards, of the *devonian*, or *old red sandstone rocks*, the *carboniferous* or *coal strata*, the *permian* or *magnesian* limestone rocks, the *triassic* or *new red sandstone* rocks, the *jurassic* or *oolite* rocks, and the *cretaceous* strata.

The *Devonian* rocks, sometimes 10,000 feet thick, consist of dark red and other sandstone, marls, coralline limestones, conglomerates, &c., contain sauroid fishes of gigantic size, and others, some with osseous shields, and some with wing-like appendages.

During a long period of great tranquillity, which followed the deposition of the Devonian rocks, tropical forests, and jungles of exuberant growth, covered the lands and islands which had sprung from the deep. Submerged by inroads of the sea, or carried down by land-floods, the plants of that period were deposited in estuaries, with the sand and mud which accompanied them, and formed the *carboniferous strata* which lie above the Devonian rocks.

The *Carboniferous system* is composed of countless layers of various substances, filled with an enormous quantity of fossil land plants, intermixed with beds of coal. Upwards of 300 fossil plants have been collected, with their seeds and fruits, among which ferns, some of which have been 40 or 50 feet high, predominate. Huge forest trees—the pine and the fir—equisetaceous plants of gigantic magnitude, and tropical club mosses, occur in the shale. In the mountain limestone of this group, which is sometimes 900 feet thick, crinoidea, marine testacea, and corals, are found in abundance. The strata of coal had been greatly disturbed by the earthquakes which prevailed during this period.

The *Permian* rocks or *Magnesian* limestone, which overlie the coal measures, consist of conglomerates, gypsum, sandstone, marl, &c.; but its leading feature is a yellow limestone rock, called *Dolomite* when granular, and containing carbonate of magnesia. The earlier Flora and Fauna begin to disappear, and peculiar ones take their place. Two species of saurian reptiles mark a new creation of animal life.

The *Triassic*, or new red sandstone system, consists of red marls, rock-salt, and sandstones, produced by the disintegration of metamorphic slate and porphyritic trap. This formation is in England singularly rich in *rock-salt*, which, with beds of gypsum and marl, is sometimes 600 feet thick. The *Musselkalk*, a member of this series, and full of organic remains, is wanting in England, but exists in Germany. Gigantic *frogs* have left their foot-prints on the rocks, and no fewer than 47 genera of fossils, shells, cartilaginous fish, encrinites, &c., have been found in the German trias.

The *Jurassic* or *Oolite* rocks—sands, sandstones, marls, clays, and limestones, were deposited in a sea of variable depth, during a long period of tranquillity. The European ocean deposited beds consisting almost wholly of marine shells and corals:—*Belemnites* and *ammonites*, from an inch in size to that of a cart-wheel, were entombed in myriads—forests of crinoidea flourished on the surface of the oolite, and encrinites in millions were embedded in the enchoreal shell marble, which forms such extensive tracks throughout Europe. Not one of the fossil fish,

which are numerous, exist at the present day. Ferns, cycadeæ, and the pandanæ or screw-pine, occur in this formation.

"The new lands," says Mrs. Somerville, "that were scattered in the ocean of the oolitic period were drained by rivers, and inhabited by huge crocodiles and saurian reptiles of gigantic size, mostly of extinct genera. The crocodiles came nearest to modern reptiles, but the others, though bearing a remote similitude in general structure to living forms, were quite anomalous, combining in one the structure of various distinct creatures, and so monstrous that they must have been more like the visions of a troubled dream than things of real existence; yet in organization a few of them came nearer to the type of living mammalia than any existing reptiles do. Some of these saurians had lived in the water, others were amphibious, and the various species of one genus even had wings like a bat, and fed on insects. There were both herbivorous and predaceous saurians, and from their size and strength they must have been formidable enemies. Besides, the numbers deposited are so great that they must have swarmed for ages in the estuaries and shallow seas of the period, especially in the lias, a marine stratum of clay the lowest of the oolite series. They gradually declined towards the end of the secondary fossiliferous epoch, but as a class they lived in all subsequent eras, and still exist in tropical countries, although the species are very different from their ancient congeners. Tortoises of various kinds were contemporary with the saurians, also a family that still exists. In the Stonefield slate, a stratum of the lower oolitic group, there are the remains of insects; and the bones of two small quadrupeds have been found there belonging to the marsupial tribe, such as the opossum; a very remarkable circumstance, because that family of animals at the present time is confined to New Holland, South America, and as far north as Pennsylvania at least. The great changes in animal life during this period were indications of the successive alterations that had taken place on the earth's surface."—Pp. 15, 16.

The *Cretaceous* formation, consisting of clay, green and iron sands, blue limestone, and *chalk*, derives its name from the pre-dominance of the last substance in England and other countries, though it is actually wanting in some localities where the other strata occur. The Wealden clay, the lowest member of this formation, is of fresh water origin, and contains the Portland fossil forest, with ferns and Auracarian pines, and plants allied to the tropical zamias and cycadeæ. Tortoises and saurians swarmed in its lakes and estuaries, and fish and wading birds also occur in the Wealden clay. The chalk above it abounds in marine fossils, turtles, corals, and marine shells. The colossal saurians are few in number, but a gigantic animal between the living Monitor and Iguana, lived at this time.

Old things were now passing away, and all things becoming new. We approach things as they are. Old life is extinct

as if by a magic stroke, and new life springs up around us. The great features of the earth are blocked out. The master-hand is now at work, to lay on the drapery, and to bring out the permanent expression of his handiwork. The *tertiary* strata were deposited in the basins and hollows of the previously existing crust of the globe, and though frequently of enormous thickness and extent, they occur in irregular tracts. The Eocene, Miocene, and the Pleiocene\* groups of this formation, containing shells differing less or more from those which now exist, generally lie horizontally in the localities where they were deposited, though they are frequently found heaved up on the flanks of mountain chains, as on the Alps and Apennines. The gigantic reptiles found in preceding formations had nearly disappeared, and terrestrial mammalia now occupied the land. The remains of marine mammalia have also been found at great elevations in the tertiary formation, and likewise those of extinct species of birds allied to the owl, the buzzard, the quail, and the curlew.† During the tertiary period, the climate passed from a tropical to an arctic one, owing to the additional elevation of the land, and a great part of the continent of Europe was covered by an ocean full of floating ice. Towards the close, however, of the Pleiocene period, the bed of the glacial ocean was upheaved, and the continent of Europe assumed nearly the same form and climate which it now possesses.

“The thickness of the fossiliferous strata,” says our author, “up to the end of the tertiary formation, has been estimated at about seven or eight miles; so that the time requisite for their deposition must have been immense. Every river carries down mud, sand, or gravel to the sea; the Ganges brings more than 700,000 cubic feet of mud every hour, the Yellow River in China 2,000,000, and the Mississippi still more; yet, notwithstanding these great deposits, the Italian hydrographer, Manfredi, has estimated that, if the sediment of all the rivers on the globe were spread equally over the bottom of the ocean, it would require 1000 years to raise its bed one foot; so at that rate it would require 3,960,000 years to raise the bed of the ocean alone to a height nearly equal to the thickness of the fossiliferous strata, or seven miles and a half, not taking account of the waste of the coasts by the sea itself; but if the whole globe be considered, instead of the bottom of the sea only, the time would be nearly four times as great, even supposing as much alluvium to be deposited uniformly both with regard to time and place, which it never is. Besides, in various places the strata have been more than once carried to the bottom of the ocean, and again raised above its surface by subterranean fires after many ages, so that the whole period from the beginning of these primary fossiliferous strata to

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\* See this Journal, vol. v. pp. 193, 194.

† Other animals of this and preceding periods have been described in this *Journal*, vol. i. p. 28, and vol. iii. pp. 510-513.

the present day must be great beyond calculation, and only bears comparison with the astronomical cycles, as might naturally be expected, the earth being without doubt of the same antiquity with the other bodies of the solar system. What then shall we say if the time be included which the granitic, metamorphic, and recent series occupied in forming? These great periods of time correspond wonderfully with the gradual increase of animal life and the successive creation and extinction of numberless orders of being, and with the incredible quantity of organic remains buried in the crust of the earth in every country on the face of the globe.

"Every great geological change in the nature of the strata was accompanied by the introduction of a new race of beings, and the gradual extinction of those that had previously existed, their structure and habits being no longer fitted for the new circumstances in which these changes had placed them. The change, however, never was abrupt, except at the beginning of the tertiary strata; and it may be observed that, although the mammalia came last, there is no proof of progressive development, for animals and plants of high organization appeared among the earliest of their kind."—Pp. 27, 28.

"Such," says Mrs. Somerville, in concluding her Geological chapter, "is the marvellous history laid open to us on the earth's surface. Surely it is not the heavens only that declare the glory of God—the earth also proclaims his handiwork."\*

Having described the formations which compose the superficial envelope of the earth, Mrs. Somerville proceeds to treat of the form of the High Lands of the Great Continent, which embraces Europe, Asia, and Africa—a whole hemisphere nearly of the globe. The dry land in both hemispheres has an area of nearly thirty-eight millions of square miles. No fewer than twenty-four millions are contained in the great continent of the Old World, eleven millions in America, and scarcely three millions in Australia and its islands. Africa is three times, and Asia more than twelve times larger than Europe. Owing to the number of inland seas, the maritime coast of Europe is greater compared with its size than that of any other quarter of the world. It stretches about seventeen thousand miles from the Straits of Waygatz in the Polar Sea to the Strait of Caffa, at the entrance of the sea of Azoff. The coast of Asia extends to the length of thirty-three thousand miles, and that of Africa to sixteen thousand. The whole continent of America has a sea-line of thirty-one thousand miles. The ratio of the number of linear miles in the coast to that of square miles in the area is, for Europe 164, America 359, Asia 376, and Africa 530.

Referring our readers for an account of the High Lands of the

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\* See Berghaus and Johnston's *Physical Atlas, Geology*, Plates I. VII. VIII, and X.



Great Continent to our review of Humboldt's *Researches in Central Asia*,\* and to our notice of Elie de Beaumont's "Systems of Mountain Chains according to their age,"† we must limit ourselves to a very cursory notice of this part of Mrs. Somerville's work. The Great Continent has taken its general form from a belt of mountains and extensive table-lands, lying between the 38th and 65th parallels of latitude, and stretching from the coasts of Barbary and Portugal to Behring's Straits at the extremity of Asia. An immense plain, nearly on a dead level, lies to the north of this belt, interrupted only by the mountain systems of Scandinavia and Britain, and the low chain of the Urals. The lands to the south of the belt, including the fertile plains between the Indus and the Chinese Sea, and the barren wastes between the Persian Gulf and the foot of the Atlas mountains, are marked with but a few mountain systems of any considerable elevation and extent. The immense mountain zone of the Great Continent commences in the west about the Atlas and Spanish mountains, which must have been once united, raising their granite peaks in Africa to the height of 15,000, and in Spain to 7300 feet. It crosses France at the height of 6000 feet in Auvergne and among the Cevennes, carrying its principal crest to an altitude of 14,000 feet in the Alps, and throwing out, as outlying members, the Apennines, the Calabrian chain, and the mountains of Sicily, Greece, and Southern Turkey. The Alpine range divides itself at the Great Glockner into the two branches of the Noric and the Carnic Alps. The last of these, or the principal branch, separates the Tyrol and Upper Carinthia from the Venetian States, and taking the name of the Julian Alps at Mount Terglou, 10,000 feet high, it joins the eastern Alps at Balkan, the central ridge of which rises at once into a wall 4000 feet high, and "everywhere rent by terrific fissures across the chains and table-lands, so deep and narrow that daylight is almost excluded." In speaking of the Alpine valleys, Mrs. Somerville gives the following notice of the glaciers which they contain:—

"It is scarcely possible to estimate the quantity of ice in the Alps; it is said, however, that, independent of the glaciers in the Grisons, there are 1500 square miles of ice in the Alpine range, from eighty to six hundred feet thick. Some glaciers have been permanent and stationary in the Alps time immemorial, while others now occupy ground formerly bearing corn or covered with trees, which the irresistible force of the ice has swept away. These ice rivers, formed on the snow-clad summits of the mountains, fill the hollows and high

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\* See this Journal, vol. v. p. 454.

† *Ib.*, vol. vi. p. 250.—See also Berghaus and Johnston's *Physical Atlas*, Plates II. III. V. and VI.

valleys, hang on the declivities, or descend by their weight through the transverse valleys to the plains, where they are cut short by the increased temperature, and deposit those accumulations of rocks and rubbish, called moraines, which had fallen upon them from the heights above. In the Alps the glaciers move at the rate of from twelve to twenty-five feet annually, and, as in rivers, the motion is most rapid in the centre. They advance or retreat according to the mildness or severity of the season, but they have been subject to cycles of unknown duration. From the moraines, as well as the striae engraven on the rocks over which they have passed, M. Agassiz has ascertained that the valley of Chamouni was at one time occupied by a glacier that had moved towards the Col di Balme. A moraine 2000 feet above the Rhone at St. Maurice shows that at a remote period glaciers had covered Switzerland to the height of 2155 feet above the Lake of Geneva.

“ Their increase is now limited by various circumstances—as the mean temperature of the earth, which is always above the freezing-point in those latitudes; excessive evaporation; and blasts of hot air, which occur at all heights, in the night as well as in the day, from some unknown cause. They are not peculiar to the Alps, but have been observed also on the glaciers of the Andes. Besides, the greater quantity of snow in the higher Alps the lower is the glacier forced into the plains.”—Pp. 51, 52.\*

Passing over the lofty range of the Caucasus, extending 700 miles between the Black Sea and the Caspian, and rising to the height of nearly 17,796 feet in the Elbrouz;—the Russian mountains, whose highest point is 14,600 feet;—the great oriental table-land of Thibet and its mountains—as sufficiently described in our article on Central Asia, already referred to, we come to the *fifth* chapter of the work before us, in which Mrs. Somerville treats of the secondary mountain systems of the Great Continent, commencing with the Scandinavian system, which “ has been compared to a great wave which, after rising gradually from the east and forming a crest, (8412 feet high,) falls perpendicularly into the sea in the west.” This range is 1000 miles long, beginning at Cape Lindesnaes and ending at Cape Nord Kyn in the Polar Sea. The southern portion of it is 150 miles broad; and at the distance of 360 miles from Cape Lindesnaes, “ the mountain forms a single elevated mass, terminated by a table-land, which maintains an altitude of 4500 feet for 100 miles.” A surface of 600 square leagues of this range is occupied by the Snae Braen, *the greatest mass of perpetual snow and glaciers on the continent of Europe.*

As the mountains of Great Britain, Ireland, Faroe, and the north-eastern parts of Iceland, have the same general character

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\* See Berghaus and Johnston's *Physical Atlas, Geology*, Plate IV.

and direction as the Scandinavian range, they are supposed to have been elevated at the same time and by the same forces acting in parallel lines, and have therefore been placed in the same system. The Faroe Islands, to the west of Norway, rise immediately into a lofty table-land 2000 feet above the sea, and are bounded by precipitous cliffs. In a zone lying between  $55$  and  $62\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  of latitude, including the south of Sweden, the Faroe isles, and the west coast of Greenland, the crust of the earth is *gradually sinking beneath its former level*, while the coast of Norway, from Sölvitsberg northward to Lapland, where the elevation is greatest, *is rising at the rate of four feet in an hundred years!* Mrs. Somerville has given the following interesting notice of the mountains of our own country, as part of the Scandinavian system, but which, we trust, are neither sinking nor rising like some of its other portions.

“The rocky islands of Zetland and those of Orkney form part of the mountain system of Scotland: the Orkney islands have evidently been separated from the mainland by the Pentland Firth, where the currents run with prodigious violence. The north-western part of Scotland is a table-land from 1000 to 2000 feet high, which ends abruptly in the sea, covered with heath, peat-mosses, and pasture. The general direction of the Scottish mountains, like those of Scandinavia, is from north-east to south-west, divided by a long line of lakes in the same direction, extending from the Moray Firth completely across the island to south of the island of Mull. Lakes of the most picturesque beauty abound among the Scottish mountains. The Grampian hills, with their offsets and some low ranges, fill the greater part of Scotland north of the Clyde and Forth. Ben Nevis, only 4374 feet above the sea, is the highest hill in the British islands.

“The east coast of Scotland is generally bleak, though in many parts it is extremely fertile, and may be cited as a model of good cultivation; and the midland and southern counties are not inferior either in the quality of the soil or the excellence of the husbandry. To the west the country is wildly picturesque; the coast of the Atlantic, penetrated by the sea, which is covered with islands, bears a strong resemblance to that of Norway.

“There cannot be a doubt that the Hebrides formed part of the mainland at some remote geological period, since they follow the direction of the mountain system in two parallel lines of rugged and imposing aspect, never exceeding the height of 3200 feet. The undulating country on the borders of Scotland becomes higher in the west of England and North Wales, where the hills are wild, but the valleys are cultivated like a garden, and the English lake scenery is of the most gentle beauty.

“Evergreen Ireland is mostly a mountainous country, and opposes to the Atlantic storms an iron-bound coast of the wildest aspect; but it is rich in arable land and pasture, and it possesses the most picturesque lake-scenery; indeed, fresh water lakes in the mountain

valleys, so peculiarly characteristic of the European system, are the great ornaments of the High Lands of Britain.

"Various parts of the British islands were dry land while most of the continent of Europe was yet below the ancient ocean. The high land of Lammermuir, the Grampian hills in Scotland, and those of Cumberland in England, were raised before the Alps had begun to appear above the waves. In general all the highest parts of the British mountains are of granite and stratified crystalline rocks. The primary fossiliferous strata are of immense thickness in Cumberland and in the north of Wales, and the old red sandstone, many hundred feet thick, stretches from sea to sea along the flanks of the Grampians. The coal-strata are developed on a great scale in the south of Scotland and the north of England, and examples of every formation, with one exception, are to be found in these islands. Volcanic fires had been very active in early times, and nowhere is the columnar structure more beautifully exhibited than in Fingal's Cave and the Storr of Skye in the Hebrides; and in the north of Ireland a base of 800 square miles of mica slate is covered with volcanic rocks, which end on the coast in the magnificent columns of the Giant's Causeway."—Pp. 85-87.

Passing over the Uralian chain and the Great Northern Plain, as sufficiently described in this work,\* we come to the *sixth* chapter, in which Mrs. Somerville treats of the southern Low Lands of the Great Continent, with their secondary table-lands and mountains. She describes the empire of China—the Indo-Chinese peninsula—the plains and peninsula of Hindostan—the Island of Ceylon—the great Indian desert, about 400 miles broad—the peninsula of Arabia, and the plains and valleys of Syria. On the northern side of the granite ranges of Arabia Felix, where the table-land rises to an altitude of 8000 feet, Mrs. Somerville mentions a track of sand, so extremely loose and fine in its grain, *that a plummet was sunk in it by Baron Wrede to the depth of 360 feet without reaching the bottom!*

"Jebel Housa, Mount Sinai, on which Moses received the Ten Commandments, is 9000 feet high, surrounded by higher mountains, which are covered by snow in winter. The group of Sinai is full of springs and verdant. At its northern extremity lies the desert of el-Teh, seventy miles long and thirty broad, in which the Israelites wandered forty years. It is covered with long ranges of high rock, of most repulsive aspect, rent into deep clefts only a few feet wide, hemmed in by walls of rock, sometimes 1000 feet high, like the deserted streets of a Cyclopean town. The whole of Arabia Petrea—Edom of the sacred writers—presents a scene of appalling desolation completely fulfilling the denunciation of prophecy."—Pp. 105-106.

The mountains of Lebanon begin at Mount Cavius, which rises in a single peak from the sea, at the mouth of the Orontes,

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\* See this *Journal*, vol. v. pp. 196, 473, and 480.

to the height of 7000 feet. Running south and twenty miles inland, in a chain of peaks which reaches a height of 4300 feet, to the sources of the Jordan, it divides into two parallel branches bounding the fertile plains of Cælo-Syria, near Beka, which contains the ruins of Balbec, and terminates a few miles north of Ancient Tyre. The Anti-Libanus, beginning at Mount Hermon, 9000 feet high, runs through Palestine till it disappears in the rocky ridges of the Sinai desert. The following description of a region associated with our highest interests will be gratifying to the Christian reader :—

“ The valleys and plains of Syria are full of rich vegetable mould, particularly the plain of Damascus, which is brilliantly verdant, though surrounded by deserts, the barren uniformity of which is relieved on the east by the broken columns and ruined temples of Palmyra and Tadmor. The Assyrian wilderness, however, is not everywhere absolutely barren. In the spring-time it is covered with a thin but vivid verdure, mixed with fragrant aromatic herbs, of very short duration. When these are burnt up, the unbounded plains resume their wonted dreariness. The country, high and low, becomes more barren towards the Holy Land, yet even here some of the mountains—as Carmel, Bashan, and Tabor—are luxuriantly wooded, and many valleys are fertile, especially the valley of the Jordan, which has the appearance of pleasure-grounds, with groves of wood and aromatic plants, but almost in a state of nature. One side of the Lake of Galilee is savage; on the other there are gentle hills and wild romantic vales, adorned with palm-trees, olives, and sycamores—a scene of calm solitude and pastoral beauty. Jerusalem stands on a declivity encompassed by severe stony mountains, wild and desolate. The greater part of Syria is a desert compared with its ancient state. Mussulman rule has blighted this fair region, once flowing with milk and honey—the land of promise.

“ Farther south desolation increases; the valleys become narrower, the hills more denuded and rugged, till south of the Dead Sea their dreary aspect announces the approach to the desert.

“ The valley of the Jordan affords the most remarkable instance known of the depression of the land below the general surface of the globe. This hollow, which extends from the Gulf of Accabah on the Red Sea to the bifurcation of Lebanon, is 625 feet below the level of the Mediterranean at the Sea of Galilee, and the acrid waters of the Dead Sea have a depression of 1230 feet. The lowness of the valley had been observed by the Romans, who gave it the descriptive name of Cælo-Syria, ‘Hollow Syria.’ It is absolutely walled in by mountains between the Dead Sea and Lebanon, where it is from ten to fifteen miles wide.

“ A shrinking of the strata must have taken place along this coast of the Mediterranean from a sudden change of temperature, or perhaps in consequence of some of the internal props giving way, for the valley of the Jordan is not the only instance of a dip of the soil below

the sea-level ; the small bitter lakes on the Isthmus of Suez are cavities of the same kind, as well as the Natron lakes on the Libyan desert west from the delta of the Nile.”—Pp. 107-109.

The Continent of Africa, 5000 miles long, forms the subject of Mrs. Somerville's *seventh* chapter, and completes her description of the Great Continent. With the exception of the elevated region of the Atlas Mountains, Africa is divided by the Mountains of the Moon into two parts only, a high country and a low. A table-land, extensive though not elevated, occupies all Southern Africa, reaching the sixth or seventh degree of north latitude. To the north of the Cape the land rises 6000 feet above the sea. The Komri, or Mountains of the Moon, which form the northern boundary of the great plateau, have never yet been seen by any European. It is probable that they are very high, as they supply the perennial sources of the Nile, the Senegambia, and the Niger. They extend south of Abyssinia at one end, and at the other they join the High Land of Senegambia, and pass into the Kong range, which, running for 1200 miles behind Dahomey, terminates in the promontory of Sierra Leone. The Mountains of Abyssinia, and those at the Cape of Good Hope, have granite for their base, which is generally surmounted by vast horizontal beds of sandstone, with limestone, schist, and conglomerate. In Abyssinia the enormous flat masses of sandstone on the mountain tops are accessible only by ladders, or by steps cut in the rock, and are used as state prisons. North of the Mountains of the Moon lies the great desert of Sahara, stretching 800 miles in width from its southern margin, and 1000 miles long between the Atlantic and the Red Sea. It is a hideous barren waste, prolonged eastward into the Atlantic for miles, in the form of sand-banks, and interrupted to the west only by a few oases and the valley of the Nile.

“This desert,” says Mrs. Somerville, “is alternately scorched by heat and pinched by cold. The wind blows from the east nine months in the year, and at the equinoxes it rushes in a hurricane, driving the sand in clouds before it, producing the darkness of night at midday, and overwhelming caravans of men and animals in common destruction. Then the sand is heaped up in waves ever varying with the blast, even the atmosphere is of sand. The desolation of this dreary waste, boundless to the eye as the ocean, is terrific and sublime—the dry heated air is like a red vapour, the setting sun seems to be a volcanic fire, and at times the burning wind of the desert is the blast of death. There are many salt lakes to the north, and even the springs are of brine ; thick incrustations of dazzling salt cover the ground, and the particles carried aloft by whirlwinds, flash in the sun like diamonds. \* \* \* Sand is not the only character of the desert, tracks of gravel and low bare rocks occur at times not less

barren and dreary. \* \* \* On these interminable sands and rocks, no animal, no insect breaks the dread silence, not a tree nor a shrub is to be seen in this land without a shadow. In the glare of noon the air quivers with the heat reflected from the red sand, and in the night it is chilled in a clear sky sparkling under a host of stars. Strangely but beautifully contrasted with these scorched solitudes is the narrow valley of the Nile, threading the desert for 1000 miles in emerald green, with its blue waters foaming in rapids among wild rocks, or quietly spreading in a calm stream amidst fields of corn, and the august monuments of past ages."—Pp. 118-120.

The American Continent, next in extent to that of the Old World, forms the subject of the next *five* chapters of Mrs. Somerville's work. It is 9000 miles in length and consists of two great peninsulas, united by a narrow isthmus, and has been divided into South, Central, and North America, all connected by the lofty chain of the Andes, rivalling almost the Himalayas in altitude, and stretching along the coast of the Pacific, from within the arctic to nearly the antarctic circle. South America is about 4550 miles long, and 2446 miles wide in its maximum breadth, between Cape Roque on the Atlantic, and Cape Blanco on the Pacific Ocean. "It consists of three mountain systems, separated by the basin of three of the greatest rivers in the world." The Andes, commencing with the "majestic dark mass of Cape Horn, runs northward along the western coast to the Isthmus of Panama as a single narrow chain, descending on the east to vast plains extending for hundreds of miles in a level as dead and as uninterrupted as that of the ocean. A detached mountain system rises in Brazil between the Rio de la Plata and the Amazons; and between the latter river and the Orinoco, lies the mountain system of Parima and Guiana. The mighty chain of the Andes commences in Terra del Fuego, a snow-clad mountain 6000 feet high, descending in glaciers to the narrow bays and inlets of the sea. For 1000 miles northward to the fortieth parallel of south latitude, the Pacific washes the very base of the Patagonian Andes." "The coast itself for sixty miles is begirt by walls of rock, which sink into an unfathomable depth, torn by long crevices or fiords similar to those in the Norwegian shore, ending in tremendous glaciers, whose masses falling with a crash like thunder, drive the sea in sweeping breakers through these chasms." Opposite the Chiloe Archipelago four magnificent volcanoes blaze on the Andes, which, on entering Southern Chili, retire from the coast, leaving plains crossed by parallel mountain ranges 2000 or 3000 feet high. The Great Cordillera itself runs in a chain twenty miles broad, with a mean altitude of 12,000 feet. The mountain tops lie nearly horizontally, surmounted at distant intervals by groups of points, or a solitary

volcanic cone finely relieved by the clear blue sky. One of these, Descabezado, or "the *Beheaded*," is 12,102 feet high; and behind Valparaiso, in the centre of a knot of mountains, the magnificent volcano of Aconcagua attains an elevation of 23,000 feet! In central Chili *no rain falls for nine months in the year*. In Southern Chili *rain falls only once in two or three years*. The Peruvian Andes commence about  $24^{\circ}$  of south latitude. They are separated for 1250 miles from the Pacific by a sandy desert about sixty miles broad, *on which a drop of rain never falls*. At the Nevada of Chorolque, in  $21\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  of south latitude, the Andes "become a very elevated narrow table-land, or longitudinal Alpine valley, in the direction of the coast, bounded on each side by a parallel row of high mountains rising much above the table-land. These parallel Cordilleras are united at various points by enormous transverse groups or mountain knots, or by single ranges crossing between them like dykes, a structure that prevails to Pasto, in  $1^{\circ} 13'$  north latitude." There are no transverse valleys in the Andes, excepting a few opposite Patagonia and Chili, "there is not an opening through these mountains in the remainder of their course to the Isthmus of Panama."

The following account of the table-lands of the Andes is extremely interesting:—

"Unlike the table-lands of Asia," says Mrs. Somerville, "of the same elevation, these lofty regions of the Andes yield exuberant crops of every European grain, and have many populous cities enjoying the luxuries of life, with universities, libraries, civil and religious establishments, at altitudes equal to that of the Peak of Teneriffe, which is 12,358 feet above the sea level. Villages are placed and mines are wrought at heights little less than the top of Mont Blanc. \* \* \*

"The table-land of Desaguadero, one of the most remarkable of these, has an absolute altitude of 13,000 feet, and a breadth varying from 30 to 60 miles: it stretches 500 miles along the top of the Andes, between the transverse mountain-group of Las Lipez, in  $20^{\circ}$  S. lat., and the enormous mountain-knot of Vilcafiata and Cusco, which, extending from east to west, shuts in the valley on the north, occupying an area three times as large as Switzerland, and rising 8300 feet above the surface of the table-land, from which some idea may be formed of the gigantic scale of the Andes. This table-land or valley is bounded on each side by the two grand chains of the Bolivian Andes: that on the west is the Cordillera of the coast; the range on the east side is the Cordillera Reale. These two rows of mountains lie so near the edge that the whole breadth of the table-land, including both, is only 300 miles. All the snowy peaks of the Cordilleras of the coast, varying from 18,000 to 22,000 feet in absolute height, are either active volcanoes or of volcanic origin, and with the exception of the volcano of Uvinas, they are all situate upon the maritime declivity of the table-land, and not more than 60 miles



from the Pacific; consequently the descent is very abrupt. The eastern Cordillera, which begins at the metalliferous mountains of Pasco and Potosi, is not more than 17,000 feet high to the south, and below the level of perpetual snow, but its northern portion contains the three peaked mountains of Sorata, 25,000 feet above the sea, and is one of the most magnificent chains in the Andes. The snowy part begins with the gigantic mass of Illimani, whose serrated ridges, elongated in the direction of the axis of the Andes, rise 24,000 feet above the ocean. The lowest glacier on its southern slope does not come below 16,500 feet, and the valley of Totoral, a mere gulf 18,000 feet deep, in which Vesuvius might stand, comes between Illimani and the Nevada of Tres Cruces, from whence the Cordillera Reale runs northward in a continuous line of snow-clad peaks to the group of Vilcañata and Cusco, which unites it with the Cordilleras of the coast.

"The valley or table-land Desaguadero, occupying 150,000 square miles, has a considerable variety of surface; in the south, throughout the mining district, it is poor and cold. There Potosi, the highest city in the world, stands at an absolute elevation of 13,350 feet, on the declivity of a mountain celebrated for its silver mines, at the height of 16,060 feet. Chiquisaca, the capital of Bolivia, containing 13,000 inhabitants, lies to the south-east of Potosi, in the midst of cultivated fields. The northern part of the valley is populous, and productive in wheat, maize, and other grain; and there is the Lake of Titicaca, twenty times as large as the Lake of Geneva. The islands and shores of this lake still exhibit ruins of gigantic magnitude, monuments of a people more ancient than the Incas. The modern city of La Paz d'Ayachuco, with 40,000 inhabitants, on its southern border, stands in the most sublime situation that can be imagined, having the vast Nevada of Illimani to the north, and the no less magnificent Sorata to the south. The two ranges of the Bolivian Andes in such close approximation, with their smoking cones and serrated ridges, form one of the most august scenes in nature."—Pp. 128-131.

One of the largest and most interesting table-lands in the Andes is that of Quito, 200 miles long, and 30 wide, 10,000 feet above the sea, and flanked by the most magnificent volcanoes and mountains in America. The snow-clad cone of Cayambe is traversed by the equator; and on the summit of Pinchincha, 15,924 feet high, stands the signal cross erected by Bouguer and Condamine, when they were measuring a degree of the meridian, nearly a hundred years ago. The city of Quito, with a population of 70,000, stands on the side of Pinchincha, at the height of 9000 feet above the sea.

Among the numerous passes over the Chilian Andes, that of Portilla, 14,365 feet high, is the most elevated. The pass from Sorata to the auriferous valley of Tipuani in Bolivia, is reckoned the highest, and about 16,000 feet. The most difficult, though only 11,500 feet high, is that of Quincha in Colombia.

"Nothing," says Mrs. Somerville, "can surpass the desolation of these elevated regions, where nature has been shaken by terrific convulsions. The dazzling snow fatigues the eye; the huge masses of bald rock, the mural precipices, and the chasms yawning into dark unknown depths, strike the imagination; while the crash of the avalanche, or the rolling thunder of the volcano, startles the ear. In the dead of night, when the sky is clear and the wind hushed, the hollow moaning of the volcanic fire fills the Indian with superstitious dread in the deathlike stillness of these solitudes.

"In the very elevated plains in the transverse groups, such as that of Bombon, however pure the sky, the landscape is lurid and colourless; the dark-blue shadows are sharply defined, and from the thinness of the air it is hardly possible to make a just estimate of distance. Changes of weather are sudden and violent; clouds of black vapour arise, and are carried by fierce winds over the barren plains; snow and hail are driven with irresistible impetuosity; and thunder-storms come on, loud and awful, without warning. Notwithstanding the thinness of the air, the crash of the peals is quite appalling, while the lightning runs along the scorched grass, and sometimes, issuing from the ground, destroys a team of mules or a flock of sheep at one flash.

"Currents of warm air are occasionally met with on the crest of the Andes—an extraordinary phenomenon in such gelid heights, which is not yet accounted for: they generally occur two hours after sunset, are local and narrow, not exceeding a few fathoms in width; similar to the equally partial blasts of hot air in the Alps. A singular instance, probably of earth-light, occurs in crossing the Andes from Chili to Mendoza: on this rocky scene a peculiar brightness occasionally rests, a kind of indescribable reddish light, which vanishes during the winter rains, and is not perceptible on sunny days. Dr. Pœppig ascribes the phenomenon to the dryness of the air; he was confirmed in his opinion from afterwards observing a similar brightness on the coast of Peru, and it has also been seen in Egypt."—Pp. 137, 138.

We regret that the numerous subjects yet before us will not permit us to follow our authoress any farther through these lofty regions of fire and of snow, stumbling over their peaks of granite, threading their hideous gorges, blinded by the smoke of their still smouldering fires, suffocated by the sulphurous vapours from their still burning lungs, or panting under the thin air of their azure summits. Nor can we descend under her intelligent guidance to the no less sublime scenery of its lower regions—to visit the vast Patagonian desert of shingle, extending over 800 miles—to examine the Pampas of Buenos Ayres, 1000 feet above the sea, and the insalubrious swamps of 1000 square miles at their base, where two millions of cattle were starved between 1830 and 1831, and where millions of animals are destroyed by the conflagration of the dry grass which covers them—to gaze upon the grassy Llanos of Orinoco and Venezuela, covering 153,000

square miles, and so perfectly smooth and level, "that there is not an eminence a foot high in 270 square miles—or to wander among the silvas or forests which cover the basin of the Amazons, extending 1500 miles along the river, with a breadth of from 350 to 800 miles, limiting even its mountain chains, and *covering an area six times the size of France*. We cannot, however, part with Mrs. Somerville, in this interesting chapter, till we admire her poetical description of this woodland desert:—

"A deathlike stillness prevails from sunrise to sunset; then the thousands of animals that inhabit these forests join in one loud discordant roar, not continuous, but in bursts. The beasts seem to be periodically and unanimously roused, by some unknown impulse, till the forest rings in universal uproar. Profound silence prevails at midnight, which is broken at the dawn of morning by another general roar of the wild chorus. Nightingales, too, have their fits of silence and song: after a pause, they

' — all burst forth in choral minstrelsy,  
As if some sudden gale had swept at once  
A hundred airy harps.\*

The whole forest often resounds, when the animals, startled from their sleep, scream in terror at the noise made by bands of its inhabitants flying from some night-prowling foe. Their anxiety and terror before a thunder-storm is excessive, and all nature seems to partake in the dread. The tops of the lofty trees rustle ominously, though not a breath of air agitates them; a hollow whistling in the high regions of the atmosphere comes as a warning from the black floating vapour; midnight darkness envelopes the ancient forests, which soon after groan and creak with the blast of the hurricane. The gloom is rendered still more hideous by the vivid lightning and the stunning crash of thunder. Even fishes are affected with the general consternation; for in a few minutes the Amazons rages in waves like a stormy sea." —P. 148.

The geology of South America possesses a peculiar interest. There are no fewer than three groups of active volcanoes in this region; the most southern forming a line of volcanic action 800 miles in length, from Patagonia to Central Chili; the second occupying 600 miles of latitude, between Araquipo and Patas; and the third stretching 300 miles between Riobamba and Popayan—the whole line of volcanic action being 1700 miles long. The chain of the Andes has experienced many upheavings and subsidences, especially at its south extremity. "Stems of large trees, which Mr. Darwin found in a fossil state in the Upsallata range—a collateral branch of the Chilian Andes, near 700 miles

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\* Wordsworth.

distant from the Atlantic—exhibit a remarkable example of such vicissitudes. These trees, with the volcanic soil on which they had grown, had sunk from the beach to the bottom of a deep ocean, from which, after five alternations of sedimentary deposits and deluges of submarine lava of prodigious thickness, the whole mass was raised up, and now forms the Upsallata chain. Subsequently, by the wearing of streams, the imbedded trunks have been brought into view in a silicified state, projecting from the soil on which they grew—now solid rock.”

In the *tenth* chapter our authoress treats of Central America, (including the West India Islands,) a “tortuous strip of land” between 7° and 20° of N. Lat., stretching about 1000 miles from S.E. to S.W., and with a variable breadth of from 30 to 300 or 400 miles. The plains of Panama, a little above the sea level, follow the direction of the Isthmus for 280 miles; and from the Bay of Parita, where they terminate, table-lands 3000 feet high, and covered with forests and complicated mountains, extend to the lake of Nicaragua. The plain of Nicaragua, which, with its lake, only 128 feet above the Pacific, and separated from the sea by a line of active volcanoes, occupies 30,000 square miles. The table-land of Guatemala, 5000 feet high, consists of verdant plains of great extent, fragrant with flowers. The city of New Guatemala stands beside the three volcanoes of Pacayo, Del Fuego, and D’Agua, from 7000 to 10,000 feet high, which exhibit “scenes of wonderful boldness and beauty.” The volcano of D’Agua, with Old Guatemala at its feet, which it has twice destroyed, is a perfect cone, verdant to its summit, and occasionally ejecting torrents of boiling water and stones. “In a line along the western side of the table-land and the mountains, there is a continued succession of volcanoes, at various distances from the shore, and at various heights on the declivity of the table-land. It seems as if a great crack or fissure had been produced in the earth’s surface along the junction of the mountains and the shore, through which the internal fire had found a vent.” Between 10° and 20° of N. lat., there are upwards of twenty active volcanoes, some of them higher than the central ridge, and subject to violent eruptions.

The West India Islands, which have been called the Colombian Archipelago, are the wreck of a great convulsion, in which a part of South and Central America, now the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico, subsided; while the table-land of Mexico was at the same time upheaved. The period of this subsidence must have been after the destruction of the great quadrupeds, and therefore geologically recent. The line of volcanic islands, beginning with St. Vincent and ending with Guadalupe, have conical mountains bristled with rugged rocks.

Mrs. Somerville concludes the Physical Geography of America in her *eleventh* and *twelfth* chapters, treating in succession of the table-lands and mountains of Mexico—the Rocky Mountains—the maritime chains and mountains of Russian America—the great central plain or valley of the Mississippi—the Alleghany mountains—the Atlantic Slope, and the Atlantic Plains. The table-land of Mexico is 1600 miles long, equal to the distance between the north extremity of Scotland and Gibraltar! About 7000 feet high on the east, it rises to 9000 at the city of Mexico, and declines to 4000 towards the Pacific.

“One of the singular crevices through which the internal fire finds a vent, stretches from the Gulf of Mexico to the Pacific, directly across the table-land, in a line about sixteen miles south of the city of Mexico. A very remarkable row of active volcanoes occurs along this parallel. Turtla, the most eastern of them, is in the 95th degree of west longitude, near the Mexican Gulf, in a low range of wooded hills. More to the west the snow-shrouded cone of Orizabo is 17,000 feet high; and its ever-fiery crater, seen like a star in the darkness of the night, has obtained its name of Citlaltepētl, the ‘Mountain of the Star.’ Popocatepetl, the loftiest mountain in Mexico, 17,884 feet above the sea, lies still farther west, and is in a state of constant eruption. A chain of smaller volcanoes unites the three. On the western slope of the table-land, thirty-six leagues from the Pacific, stands the volcanic cone of Jorullo,\* on a plain 2890 feet above the sea. It suddenly appeared and rose 1683 feet above the plain on the night of the 29th of September, 1759. The great cone of Colima, the last of this volcanic series, stands insulated in the plain of that name, between the western declivity of the table-land and the Pacific. \* \* \* \*

“Some points of the Sierra Madre are said to be 10,000 feet high, and 4000 above their base; and between the parallels of thirty-six and forty-two degrees, where the chain is the watershed between the Rio Colorado and the Rio Bravo del Norte, they are still higher, and perpetually covered with snow. \* \* \* \*

“Deep cavities, called Barancas, are a characteristic feature of the table-lands of Mexico. They are long narrow rents, two or three miles in breadth, and many more in length, often descending 1000 feet below the surface of the plain, with a brook or the tributary of some river flowing through them. Their sides are precipitous and rugged, with overhanging rocks covered with large trees. The intense heat adds to the contrast between these hollows and the bare plains, where the air is more than cool.”—Pp. 169-171.

The Rocky Mountains stretch in two parallel chains, occasionally united by a transverse ridge from the Sierra Verde to the mouth of Mackenzie River. The eastern line rises even to the snow-level, and in mountains Hooper and Brown, to 15,590 and

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\* See this *Journal*, vol. iv. p. 218.

16,000 feet above the sea. The chains along the shores of Russian America are still more Alpine in their character, rising in the case of Mount Elias to 17,000. There are many active volcanoes in the branch running to Bristol Bay; and in the Prince of Wales' Archipelago, there are no fewer than seven active volcanoes.

The great central plain of North America, between the Rocky and Alleghany Mountains, has an area of 3,240,000 miles. It is 5000 miles long, rarely more than 700 feet high, and nowhere more than 1500 feet. In part of its northern portion it contains the most fertile territory in the United States—in its middle are interminable grassy savannahs, or prairies, or enormous forests; in the south are sandy deserts 400 or 500 miles wide; and in the far north are deserts rivalling those of Siberia in dreariness.

When America was discovered, an uninterrupted forest spread over the country, from the Canadian lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the Atlantic into the valley of the Mississippi, "forming an ocean of vegetation of more than 1,000,000 square miles, of which the greater part still remain." For hundreds of miles the mighty Ohio flows through magnificent forests with an undergrowth of rhododendrons, azaleas, and other beautiful shrubs. "There the American forests appear in all their glory; the gigantic deciduous cypress, and the tall tulip-tree overtopping the forest by half its height; a variety of noble oaks, &c., &c., and the liriodendron, the most splendid of the magnolia tribe, the pride of the forest." In describing the immense forests of Canada, consisting of spruce and pine trees, which grow to a great height, like bare spars with a tufted crown, Mrs. Somerville describes, after Mr. Taylor, the effects produced upon a forest by a heavy fall of snow.

"After a heavy fall of snow, succeeded by rain and a partial thaw, a strong frost coats the trees and all their branches with transparent ice often an inch thick: the noblest trees bend under the frost, and icicles hang from every bough which come down in showers with the least breath of wind. The hemlock spruce, especially, with its long drooping branches, is then like a solid mass. If the wind freshens, the smaller trees become like corn beaten down by the tempest, while the large ones swing heavily in the breeze. The forest at last gives way under its load; tree comes down after tree with sudden and terrific violence, crushing all before them, till the whole is one wide uproar, heard from afar, like successive discharges of artillery. Nothing, however, can be imagined more brilliant and beautiful than the effect of sunshine in a calm day on the frozen boughs, where every particle of the icy crystal sparkles, and nature seems decked in diamonds."—Pp. 178, 179.

In her *nineteenth* chapter, Mrs. Somerville includes the arctic and antarctic regions of Greenland, Spitzbergen, Iceland, Jan Mayen's land, and the Antarctic lands recently discovered by Sir James Ross. The coasts of Greenland, with which we are acquainted, are indented by fiords stretching into the interior often for 100 miles. These inlets, hemmed in by walls of rock, often 2000 feet high, terminate in glaciers, which are sometimes pressed down by the superincumbent ice, so as often to fill the fiord, and project like bold headlands into the sea. Undermined by the action of the waves, huge masses, like little mountains, fall into the sea, with a crash like thunder, and form the icebergs, which are either stranded by currents on the arctic coast, or driven into lower latitudes till they are thawed under a tropical sun. In  $68^{\circ}$  of N. latitude a great fiord is supposed to stretch across the table-land and divide the country into S. and N. Greenland, "which last extends indefinitely to the very pole" of the earth.

Iceland, 200 miles E. of Greenland, though a fifth part larger than Ireland, is, generally speaking, a country of volcanoes and ice, only about 4000 square miles of it being habitable.\* "The peculiar feature of Iceland lies in a trachytic region, which seems to rest on an ocean of fire." It consists of two parallel ranges of Jokul or Ice Mountains, rising from table-lands, passing through the very centre of the island, from N.E. to S.W., and separated by a longitudinal valley. The most extensive of these ranges is the eastern one, which contains Oræfa Jokul, the highest mountain in Iceland. Many thousand square miles are covered with glaciers which descend far into the low lands.

"The longitudinal space between the mountainous table-lands is a low valley 100 miles wide, extending from sea to sea, where a substratum of trachyte is covered with lava, sand, and ashes, studded with low volcanic cones. It is a tremendous desert, never approached without dread even by the natives; a scene of perpetual conflict between the antagonist powers of fire and frost, without a drop of water or a blade of grass: no living creature is to be seen, not a bird nor even an insect. The surface is a confused mass of streams of lava rent by crevices; and rocks piled on rocks, with occasional glaciers, complete the

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\* In treating of Iceland, Mrs. Somerville quotes by mistake, "Trevelyan's Travels in Iceland." Sir Walter Trevelyan never was in Iceland, and never wrote any book of travels, or any work upon Iceland. The work to which Mrs. S. has, by an oversight referred, is a Memoir *On the Vegetation and Temperature of the Faroe Islands*, published in the Ed. New Phil. Journal, Jan. 1837, and re-printed, with corrections, at Florence, in 1837. Sir Walter visited Faroe in 1821; and in a letter, dated July 24, 1822, addressed to the writer of this article, and published in the *Edinburgh Transactions*, vol. ix., p. 461, he has given a very interesting notice of the "Mineralogy of the Faroe Islands."

scene of desolation. \* \* \* The extremities of the valley are more especially the theatres of perpetual volcanic activity. At the southern end, which opens to the sea in a wide plain, there are many volcanoes, of which Hekla is most known, from its insulated position, its vicinity to the coast, and its tremendous eruptions. The cone is divided into three peaks by crevices which are filled with snow: one of these fissures cleaves the mountain from the summit to the base; it is supposed to have been produced by the great eruption of 1300. Between the years 1004 and 1766, twenty-three violent eruptions have taken place, one of which continued six years, spreading devastation over a country once the abode of a thriving colony, now covered with lava, scorææ, and ashes; and in the year 1846 it was in full activity. The eruption of Skaptar, which broke out on the 8th of May, 1783, and continued till August, is one of the most dreadful recorded. The sun was hid many days by dense clouds of vapour, which extended to England and Holland, and the quantity of matter thrown out in this eruption was computed at fifty or sixty thousand millions of cubic yards. Some rivers were heated to ebullition, others dried up: the condensed vapour fell in snow and torrents of rain; the country was laid waste, famine and disease ensued, and in the course of the two succeeding years 1300 people and 150,000 sheep and horses perished. The scene of horror was closed by a dreadful earthquake. Previous to the explosion an ominous mildness of temperature indicated the approach of the volcanic fire towards the surface of the earth: similar warnings had been observed before in the eruptions of Hekla."—Pp. 193, 194.

The Boiling Springs or aqueous eruptions of Iceland, called Geysers, which were long ago well described by Sir John Stanley, Sir W. Hooker, and Sir George Mackenzie, are among the most interesting phenomena in physical geography, and have been ranked even among "the greatest wonders of the world." As Mrs. Somerville has devoted to them only a brief paragraph, and has scarcely described the Great Geyser itself, we must endeavour to supply this defect, trusting that in another edition she will enlarge this portion of her work. These volcanic fountains are situated about 16 miles north of Skalholt, to the east of a small ridge, separated by a swamp from a group of high mountains. The principal fountains are the Great and Little Geysers and the Tunguhver. The *Great Geyser* rises from a cylindrical pipe or pit, 8 or 10 feet in diameter, and 75 feet in perpendicular depth, opening into the centre of a basin from 46 to 56 feet in diameter, and four feet deep. Hot water, having silic in solution, rises gradually through the pit till it runs over, depositing silicious sinter at the bottom, and round the cavity. When the basin is full, subterranean explosions, like the firing of distant cannon, are heard at intervals of some hours, accompanied with a tremulous motion of the ground. The water then rushes up



from the pit, and sinking again, agitates the water in the basin, and causes it to overflow. A stronger rush of water now takes place, clouds of vapour follow, and loud explosions are heard. Steam escapes in large quantities, and the water is thrown up to the height of 100 or 150 feet.\* The cold air condenses the steam into vapour, which is tossed about in dense clouds, tumbling one over another with singular rapidity, and forming a sight of great interest and magnificence. When the basin and its pipe are thus emptied the explosions cease, and are renewed after they have been again filled from below. Mr. Henderson found the temperature of the water in the basin  $203^{\circ}$  before an explosion, and  $183^{\circ}$  after it. The *New Geyser*, or *Strockr*, 140 yards from the Geyser, is an irregularly shaped pit, nine feet in diameter and 44 deep. The water is seen in a state of great agitation about 20 feet below the orifice, which is not encircled like the cavity of the other Geyser, by silicious sinter. At variable intervals a prodigious rush of steam issues with a roaring noise; and so great is the force of propulsion, that the mass of vapour rises perpendicularly to the height of 100 and sometimes 200 feet, even when there is a good deal of wind. When large stones are thrown into the pit they are shivered to pieces, and thrown upwards to a height often greatly exceeding that of the columns of vapour and water.† In the valley of Reikholt is situated, among a great number of boiling springs, the celebrated spring of *Tunguhver*: it consists of two cavities, distant only 3 feet, from which the water is ejected in alternate jets. While the water is thrown up from the one cavity, in a narrow jet, 10 feet high, the water in the other cavity is in a state of violent ebullition. The narrow jet, after playing for about four minutes, subsides, and the water in the other cavity instantly rises in a greater column, to the height of three or four feet. After playing three minutes this greater jet subsides, and the other rises to repeat its singular alternations.

The general phenomena of the Geysers are obviously caused

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\* Mr. Henderson discovered, that by throwing stones into the spring, he could make it play whenever he chose, and throw its waters to nearly double their usual height. In describing the three hot springs, next to the Geysers in magnitude, called Nordur-hver, Oxu-hver, and Sydster-hver, Mr. Henderson mentions the extraordinary statement made by Horrebow in his *Natural History of Iceland*, that "when the water of the Nordur-hver is put into a bottle, it continues to jet twice or thrice with the fountain; and if the bottle be corked immediately, it bursts in pieces on the commencement of the following eruption of the spring!!!"—*Journal*, vol. i. p. 55, *note*; and p. 146.

† In the time of Olafsen and Povelsen the height of the jet was 360 feet. In 1772, when visited by Von Troil, it rose to 92 feet. In 1789, Sir John Stanley found it 96 feet. In 1804, Lieut. Ohlsen found it by a quadrant to be 212 feet. In 1809, Sir W. Hooker mentions 100 feet; and in 1810, Sir George Mackenzie makes the height 90 feet. In 1814, Mr. Henderson made the height of the jet equal to 75 feet, but in August 1815, he saw it reach an elevation of 150 feet.—*Journal of a Residence in Iceland*, vol. i. p. 55, *Note*.

by the generation of steam in cavities containing water, and of such a strength that when the steam occupies a certain space it overcomes the pressure of the water, which is thrown out and followed by the steam. It is not easy, however, and has not been satisfactorily done, to explain the irregular alternations of the Tunguhver springs. Although the principal Geysers have been playing for 600 years, yet they are subject to great changes, arising from changes in the internal fires by which they are produced. One of the springs which Sir John Stanley describes as incessant, and which Sir George Mackenzie mentions as very active when he visited the island in 1809, was found by Mr. Barrow to be extinct in 1834, and the surface of the neighbourhood so changed, that the appearances described by the older travellers could not be recognised. In the same valley there is a small rock, from the top of which hot springs issue; and at Reikholt, the celebrated hot bath, excavated 600 years ago, by Snorro Sturleson, is still to be seen. It is 14 feet in diameter and six feet deep, and is supplied with hot water from a spring 100 yards distant, by means of a covered channel, which has been injured by an earthquake, and by cold water from another neighbouring fountain.

In the district of Guldbringé, in the Sulphur Mountains, there are natural cauldrons of a black boiling mud, and also numerous jets of steam. One of the most remarkable of these springs is the mud volcano of Reykiahlid near Myvat. It issues from the crater of Mount Krabla, in the N.E. extremity of the island, and has been well described by Mr. Henderson, who visited Iceland in 1814 and 1815. At the bottom of a deep gully there is a pool 300 feet in circumference, containing black liquor and mud. From the orifice in the centre of the pool there is emitted, with a loud thundering noise, a huge column of mud, equal in diameter to that of the great Geyser, rising at first to a height of 12 feet, but soon ascending by starts to its greatest elevation, which is often above 30 feet. The column rapidly subsides, and when it has completely fallen, the orifice can be recognised only by a gentle bubbling up of the surface. These eruptions lasting only about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  minutes, are repeated every five minutes. "The above," says Mr. Henderson, "is an outline of this wonderful pool, *but its horrors are absolutely indescribable*. To be conceived they must be seen; and I am convinced that the awful impression they left on my mind no length of time will ever be able to erase."\* M. Mengé of Hanau, who visited Iceland in 1819, informs us that the silicious water of the hot springs contains sulphur, gypsum, alum, bole, &c., that these substances disappear as soon as the water cools, and that the residuum is

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\* *Journal, &c.*, vol. i. pp. 171-175.

*trap-porphyry* in the Geysers, *lava* in those of Reiknæss, *basalt* in those of Kryswick, and even *amygdaloid* in others ! M. Mengé satisfied himself that the Westmanna Islands, 18 miles from Iceland, were once continuous with it ; and he was informed that the volcano of Heimo-Ey, in these islands, was "formed probably by a subterranean communicating canal, during an eruption of Eyafialla Jokul."

We would willingly linger over this land of wonders did our limits permit us. We would describe its *Odada Hraun*, or district of "Horrible Lavas ;"—its moving ice-mountains 20 miles long, 15 broad, and 400 feet high, approaching to and receding from the coast ;—its *Ale Wells*, which intoxicate those who drink a considerable quantity on the spot ;—its magnificent *Elldborg*,\* or "*Fortress of Fire*," with its lava battlements 200 feet high and 1800 in circuit ;—the *Lon-drangur*, or two "curious looking natural obelisks, the highest of which is 240 feet from its base ;—the sulphur mountains of Krisuvick ;—the wonderful mountain of Oræfa Jokul, which burst with a dreadful explosion in 1367, and again in 1727, pouring out deluges of hot water, in which 600 sheep and 160 horses perished ;—and, finally, the volcanic *Jokul Kotlugia*, which poured forth such floods of ice and water that the church of Hofdubrecka was observed to swim among the masses of ice to a considerable distance in the sea, before it fell to pieces !†

Mrs. Somerville has mentioned only in a few lines the islands of Jan Mayen and Spitzbergen, which are peculiarly interesting to Englishmen, as they are within the reach of our more adventurous whale ships. Captain, now Dr. Scoresby, visited both of these islands, and has published a very valuable description of them, from which we shall glean a few interesting facts. The principal object in Jan Mayen is the volcanic mountain of Beerenberg, or the

\* A Plate representing this extraordinary volcanic hill is given by Dr. Henderson, in vol. ii., p. 28.

† These extraordinary scenes, no doubt, from want of space, are not described by Mrs. Somerville. Regarding Iceland as one of the most extraordinary spots on the surface of the earth, the very focus of subterranean fires still raging beneath it, and producing phenomena of the most gigantic and interesting character, we would strongly recommend to the notice of our readers the valuable and able work of Dr. Henderson, entitled, *Iceland, or the Journal of a Residence in that Island during the years 1814 and 1815*. 2 vols. Edinburgh, 1818. The object of the author "was exclusively to investigate the wants of its inhabitants with respect to the Holy Scriptures," and to adopt measures for supplying them : The personal narrative is exceedingly interesting, and the description of the physical wonders of the island correct and scientific ; while a tone of elevated and unobtrusive piety runs, in a gentle under-current, through the whole book. We are surprised that such a work is not better known ; and while we recommend the republication of it in a cheap form, we would bespeak for it the especial patronage of the Christian reader. It is impossible to follow the author in his adventurous journey without feeling at every step that the great Architect of our globe is at that moment working with a tremendous agency, before us, above us, and beneath us.

**Mountain of Bears**, situated at the north extremity of the island. It rises from a mountainous base, and rears its ice-clad summit to the height of 6870 feet. Captain Scoresby ascended another volcanic mountain, between 1000 and 1500 feet high, with an elliptical crater, 400 by 240 feet wide, on the side of which was a subterranean cavern, from which issued a spring of water, that afterwards disappeared in the sea. Between the north-east and south-east Capes there are three remarkable icebergs, which occupy three hollows in the almost perpendicular cliff, which stretches from the base of Beerenberg to the water's edge. Their perpendicular height was about 1284 feet. These icebergs, unlike any he had seen, resembled cataracts suddenly frozen.

A little to the north of Prince Charles's Island, on the east coast of Spitzbergen, there are extraordinary accumulations of ice, known by the name of the *Seven Icebergs*. Each of them is about a mile long, and nearly 200 feet high at the sea edge; and each occupies a deep valley opening towards the sea, and flanked by hills 2000 feet high, and terminated in the interior by a chain of mountains, about 3500 feet in height. The largest iceberg which Captain Scoresby saw was a little to the north of Horn Sound, extending eleven miles in length along the coast: the highest part of its sea-front was 2102 feet, and its breadth towards the interior about 1600 feet. Captain Scoresby had the good fortune to witness the fall of a mass of ice into the sea, about 50 feet square, and 150 feet high. It descended with an awful crash, like that of thunder, and broke into a thousand pieces. "The water into which it plunged was converted into an appearance of vapour or smoke like that from a furious cannonading."

Mrs. Somerville concludes her description of the polar regions with an interesting abstract of the discoveries of Sir James Ross in the Antarctic Zone; but we must refer our readers to the more ample details, which we have already given in our analysis of Sir James's important work.\*

In the *fourteenth* chapter of the work before us, and the last which relates to the physical description of the EARTH, Mrs. Somerville treats of the continent of Australia, Van Diemen's Island, New Zealand, New Guinea, and Borneo—a region full of interest both to the philosopher and the statesman. The continent of New Holland, 2400 miles long, and 1700 broad, is marked on its eastern coast by a chain of mountains 1500 miles long, which has generally a meridional direction, and never deviates much from the coast. Their average height is only from 2400 to 4700 feet; and the loftiest of them, Mount Kosciusko, does not exceed

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\* See this *Journal*, vol. viii. pp. 177-216.

6500 feet. The character of these mountains is peculiarly rugged and savage, in some cases round at top, and crowned with forests; but generally, though wooded on their flanks, terminating in bare aiguilles, tooth-shaped peaks, and flat crests of granite or porphyry, mingled with patches of snow. The triangle of Van Diemen's Island contains 27,200 square miles. The mountainous chain from New Holland starts from Cape Portland, passes through the Island in the shape of the letter Z, with an average altitude of 3750 feet, and an average distance of forty miles from the coast.\*

New Zealand is divided by dangerous and rocky channels into three islands—the Northern, or New Ulster, the Middle, or New Munster, and the Southern Island, or New Leinster, which is an exceedingly small one. Chains of lofty mountains pass through the islands, rising in New Ulster 14,000 feet “above the stormy ocean around, buried two-thirds of their height in permanent snow and glaciers, and exhibiting, on the grandest scale, all the Alpine characters, with the addition of active volcanoes on the eastern and western coasts.” In New Munster or the middle island, where, according to Major Bunbury, the bleak and savage appearance of its chain of mountains, covered with eternal snow, was forcibly contrasted with the real amenity of its climate, and the fertility of its soil near the coast, is situated the interesting Free Church settlement of Otago, now establishing under the patronage of the New Zealand Company. The river Clutho, which forms the southern boundary of the settlement, is a magnificent river, a quarter of a mile broad at its mouth, and winding, with a navigable channel, six fathoms deep, through extended plains of great beauty and extraordinary fertility. Coal in thick beds, iron, and copper—the material elements of civilisation, are found in this district; and we trust that its better and nobler ingredients of churches and schools, will soon consecrate the sites of Dunedin and Port Chalmers, and rear a Christian population who will do honour to their Scottish ancestors by their piety and virtues, and diffuse the blessings of knowledge and religion over the benighted regions around.

After describing very briefly the principal islands of the Indian Archipelago—the largest of them Papua or New Guinea, 1400 miles long, by 200 in breadth, and with mountains 16,000 feet high, embracing two active volcanoes; and Borneo, the next in size, with its diamonds, and gold, and spices, and its noble British Rajah—Mrs. Somerville proceeds to give a very interesting account of the coral formations in the Pacific and Indian Oceans,

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\* An account of the fossil forest of the Derwent will be found in this *Journal*, vol. viii. p. 202.

presenting a valuable abstract of the admirable generalizations of Mr. Darwin. But as we have already had occasion to direct the attention of our readers to this curious branch of Physical Geography, we must refer our readers to a former Article,\* and follow Mrs. Somerville to the volcanic islands in the Pacific. Although these islands are very numerous, yet there is not one of them within the immense areas of subsidence marked out by the coral islands and reefs of the Pacific; and "there is not an active volcano within several hundred miles of an archipelago, or even group of the Atolls or Lagoon Islands. The volcanic islands are, generally speaking, arranged in zones, one of the most active of which is the Banda group, including Timor, Sumbawa, Bali, Java, and Sumatra, forming a curved line 2000 miles long." The little island of Gounong-api, belonging to the Banda group, contains a volcano of great activity; and such is the elevating pressure of submarine fire on that part of the ocean, that a mass of black basalt rose up, of such magnitude, as to fill a bay sixty fathoms deep, and so quietly, "that the inhabitants were not aware of what was going on till it was nearly done." The second zone of volcanic islands, containing many open vents, begins to the north of New Guinea, and passes through New Britain, New Ireland, Solomon's Island, and the New Hebrides. The third, and greatest of all the volcanic zones, commences at the north extremity of Celebes, including Gilolo, "bristled with volcanic cones," the Philippine isles of Formosa, Loo-Choo, and the Kurile isles of Kamtchatka, which contain several active volcanoes of great height. Volcanic eruptions in the Japan Archipelago occur in six islands east of Jephoon; and in the Kurile islands the internal fire has shewn itself in eighteen volcanoes. In the beginning of this century there *appeared two new islands, one five miles round, and the other 3000 feet high*, in a part of the ocean so deep, that a line of 1200 feet did not reach the bottom. "On the other side of the Pacific the whole chain of the Andes, and the adjacent islands of Juan Fernandez and the Galapagos, form a vast volcanic area, which is actually now rising." In the table-land of Western Asia, where the internal fire had once been intensely active, we have now only the spent volcano of Demavend, from whose snowy cone smoke occasionally issues. In the table-land of Eastern Asia there is only one volcano in the chain of Thian-Chan.†

In those parts of the earth where the internal fire has not

\* See this *Journal*, vol. vi. pp. 243-249.

† See this *Journal*, vol. v. pp. 477-480. An interesting map, shewing "the phenomena of volcanic action, the regions visited by earthquakes, and the distribution of volcanoes over the globe," will be found in Berghaus and Johnston's *Physical Atlas*, part iv., Geology, Plate VII,

found an easy exit, earthquakes of various degrees of intensity frequently occur. When the boiling lava within forces itself up beneath the ocean, it gives birth to two waves—one along the bed of the ocean, which is the real shock of the earthquake, and the other on the aqueous surface, which, travelling with a slower motion, reaches the shore with its desolating surge, long after the real shock has spent its violence on the land. The earth wave varies from an inch in height to two or three feet, and when it comes to shallow soundings “it carries with it to the land a long flat aqueous wave.” On arriving at the beach, the water drops in arrear from the superior velocity of the shock, so that at that moment the sea seems to recede before the great ocean wave arrives.

“Three other series of undulations are formed simultaneously with the preceding, by which the sound of the explosion is conveyed through the earth, the ocean, and the air, with different velocities. That through the earth travels at the rate of from 7000 to 10,000 feet in a second in hard rock, and somewhat less in looser materials, and arrives at the coast a short time before, or at the same moment with the shock, and produces the hollow sounds that are the harbingers of ruin; then follows a continuous succession of sounds, like the rolling of distant thunder, formed, first, by the wave that is propagated through the water of the sea, which travels at the rate of 4700 feet in a second; and, lastly, by that passing through the air, which only takes place when the origin of the earthquake is a submarine explosion, and travels with a velocity of 1123 feet in a second. The rolling sounds precede the arrival of the great wave on the coasts, and are continued after the terrific catastrophe when the eruption is extensive.”—P. 229.

The earthquake which destroyed Lisbon had its centre of action immediately below the city, and shook “an arc of 700,000 square miles, equal to a twelfth part of the circumference of the globe.”\*

Mrs. Somerville now proceeds, in her *fifteenth* chapter, to treat of the OCEAN—its size—colour—pressure and saltness;—its tides, waves, and currents—its temperature—its Arctic and Antarctic ice, and its inland seas. The bed of the ocean is diversified like the land with mountains and plains—with table-lands and valleys, here barren, there covered with sea-plants, but everywhere teeming with life. The detritus of the land is continually filling up its bed, but this is counteracted by the elevation of the land, which keeps its shores invariable. The

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\* See this *Journal*, vol. iv. p. 240, &c.

*Great Pacific Ocean* has a larger area than all the dry land on the globe. It covers 50,000,000 of square miles, and 70,000,000 including the Indian Ocean. From Peru to Africa it is 16,000 miles wide. It is generally unfathomable between the tropics, where its depth is so great, that a line five miles long has in many places not reached the bottom. The *Atlantic Ocean*, apparently stretching from Pole to Pole, is 5000 miles wide, and covers 25,000,000 square miles. The following are its depths in different places:—

	Feet.
In 27° 26' 3" Lat., and Long. 17° 27', .....	14,550
West of the Cape of Good Hope 450 miles...	16,062 higher than Mont Blanc.
In 15° 3' 5" Lat., and W. Long. 23° 14', .....	27,600* as high as the Himalaya.

The German Ocean, now rapidly filling up by the detritus from the land, has in a great part of its bed a depth of only 93 feet! and even near the precipitous coast of Norway the depth is only 5460 feet. At the depth of a mile and a quarter the pressure of the sea is equal to 2809 lbs. on every inch of surface. In the Arctic Ocean shells are seen at the depth of 1180 feet, and among the West Indian islands at 180 feet, so that the light which fell upon these shells would have been visible to an eye at least 960 feet deep in the one case, and 360 feet in the other. The colour of all water when pure is a fine *bright blue*, becoming *green* when mixed with certain vegetable matters, and *brownish yellow* when derived from mosses. The saltness of the sea is greatest at the parallel of 22° N. Lat. and 17° S. Lat., diminishing towards the Equator and the Poles where it is least, owing to the melting of the ice. At the Straits of Gibraltar the water is four times as salt at a depth of 670 fathoms as it is at the surface.

The central area of the Pacific and the Atlantic is occupied with the great oceanic tide-wave, which is raised by the joint action of the sun and moon. From this continually oscillating wave, partial waves diverge in all directions, finding their way into seas and estuaries, with various velocities, depending on the form of the coast and the depth of the channel, and the nature of its bed. In some parts of the coast of Britain the tides rise 50 or 60 feet. In the Bristol Channel and the Gulf of St. Malo they rise 47 feet, according to Captain Beechey, and at the Bay of Fundy 60 feet, while at St. Helena they never exceed three

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\* The line did not reach the bottom.



feet, and are scarcely visible among many of the tropical islands in the Pacific. At Courtown, according to Captain Beechey, there is little or no rise of the water, and at Swanage the spring-tides are scarcely five feet.

The tide at the equator follows the moon at the rate of 1000 miles an hour. In the Turury channel at Cayenne the sea rises 40 feet in five minutes, and as suddenly ebbs. The highest waves which occur at the Cape of Good Hope do not exceed 40 feet from their lowest to their highest point. Under the heaviest gales the sea is probably tranquil at the depth of 200 or 300 feet.

The tranquillity of the ocean is disturbed by *currents* varying in their extent and velocity, owing to causes both permanent and variable. The great currents which flow from the two poles to the equator, are deflected by the diurnal motion of the earth, acquiring a rotatory motion as they advance, till they combine into one great current flowing from east to west with the velocity of nine or ten miles a-day. The Gulf stream, and other currents, which we have elsewhere described, originate from this great "oceanic river."\*

As the mean temperature of the earth at the poles is about 10° of Fahrenheit, and about 2° or 3° below zero at the two poles of maximum cold, 12° distant from the poles of revolution, and situated in the meridians of Canada and Siberia, the Arctic and Antarctic Oceans are completely frozen during eight months of the year, a continuous body of ice, extending round the poles of maximum cold, and occupying a sort of elliptical area above 4000 miles in its mean diameter. The icebergs which are detached in pieces from the glaciers, that lie on the margin of this gelid region, are sometimes drifted southward 200 miles from their origin. The largest and the farthest travelled icebergs come from the South Pole. Capt. D'Urville observed one *thirteen miles* long, with perpendicular sides 100 feet high. The icebergs of the Arctic Zone have been already described; and, in our review of Sir James Ross's voyage, the reader will find interesting details respecting the ice-masses of the Antarctic Ocean, and the dangers of navigating an icy sea.†

After describing the inland‡ seas which diverge from the two great oceans, and which, in the case of the Atlantic, have a coast of 48,000 miles, and of the Pacific only 44,000, Mrs. Somer-

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\* See this *Journal*, vol. iv. p. 248, and Berghaus and Johnston's *Physical Atlas*, Hydrology, Plates I. II. III. shewing the currents, &c., of the Pacific, Atlantic, and Indian Oceans.

† See this *Journal*, vol. viii. p. 205, &c. See also vol. i. pp. 31, 32.; vol. iv. p. 248.; and Berghaus and Johnston's *Physical Atlas*, part i., p. 6. § vii.

‡ The Baltic, Black Sea, Mediterranean, Baffin's Bay, Hudson's Bay, Gulf of Mexico, the Red Sea, and the Persian Gulf.

ville proceeds in her *sixteenth* chapter to the subject of springs, hot and cold, and to the origin and cause of floods in rivers, devoting the other two chapters of the first volume, and the two first chapters of the second, to the description of the river systems and lakes of the great continents of the earth.

Although hot and boiling springs are most common in volcanic regions, yet they are often found at the distance of many hundred miles from volcanic districts. In the Austrian dominions there are no fewer than 1500 medicinal springs, containing sulphuric and carbonic acids, iron, magnesia, sulphur, iodine, and other ingredients. The boiling springs of Iceland, Italy, and the azores, deposit silex; and all over the world there are springs that deposit carbonate and sulphate of lime in enormous quantities. The brine-springs of Cheshire have flowed unchanged for 1000 years. "Springs of naphtha and petroleum are abundant round the Caspian sea," the petroleum forming even lakes in that singular region.

In the physical geography of rivers many interesting phenomena are presented to the student. While it is the general character of a river to advance with an increasing quantity of water to the sea, there are cases where rivers and streams are absorbed by the soil, and are actually lost before they reach the ocean. At the Perte du Rhone the river disappears and re-appears, and there are streams in Derbyshire which are lost for a time and again rise to view. When the Arve which runs into the Rhone below Geneva is swollen by a freshet, it sometimes drives back the Rhone into the Lake of Geneva, and on one occasion the retrograde current actually made the mill-wheels revolve in the opposite direction.

"Instances have occurred of rivers suddenly stopping in their course for some hours, and leaving their channels dry. On the 26th of November, 1838, the water failed so completely in the Clyde, Nith, and Teviot, that the mills were stopped eight hours in the lower part of their streams. The cause was the coincidence of a gale of wind and a strong frost, which congealed the water near their sources. Exactly the contrary happens in the Siberian rivers, which flow from south to north over so many hundreds of miles; the upper parts are thawed, while the lower are still frozen, and the water, not finding an outlet, inundates the country."—P. 270.

The tides of the ocean often flow up rivers to a great distance from their mouths, and frequently to a height far above the level of the sea. In the Amazons, the tide is perceptible 576 miles from its mouth, and in the Orinoco it ascends 255 miles.

It would require much greater space than our limits allow, to give even the briefest abstract of Mrs. Somerville's four chapters

on the River or Hydraulic systems, and on the Lakes in the Old and New World. It is impossible, indeed, to peruse these chapters with the interest which they possess, unless we have before us excellent charts of the River systems themselves, free of all the other details which are given in ordinary maps. Maps of this kind, of great beauty and accuracy, have been published by Messrs. Johnston and Berghaus; and we would recommend to our readers to study this part of Mrs. Somerville's work with these beautiful hydrological plates in their hands.\*

In treating of River systems, hydrologists divide the subject into eight different parts—the *Basins*—the *Watershed* and *Portage*—the *Bifurcations*—the *Size* and *Length* of Rivers—the *River Courses*—the *Deltas*—the *Velocity of Rivers*, and their *Development*. The *basin* of a river is the whole sources, brooks, and rivulets, whose waters contribute to its formation—or the surface of the country which it drains. The *watershed* is the place where waters begin to descend in opposite directions. When the watershed is flat, so that barges can be easily conveyed over it from one river to another, the places where this can be done are called *portages*. When opposite river basins are separated by a country so depressed on its surface as to permit the water of one river, when diverted from its channel, to join another river with which it has no connexion, the phenomenon is called the *bifurcation* of a river. There are many such bifurcations in America, and in the deltas of rivers generally; but the most remarkable is that in which the *Casiquiare*, (which our countryman, Sir R. Schomburgk,† lately found to be 120 miles long in direct distance, and 176 in its windings,) flowing through the plains of Esmeralda, unites the Orinoco with the Marañon. It is 300 feet wide where it leaves the Orinoco, and 1650 where it joins the Guainia, a tributary of the Marañon. The *size* and *length* of rivers, including their windings, is an indication of their importance both in navigation and commerce. In the progress of a river, it is divided into the *upper*, the *middle*, and the *lower* course. The upper course is generally through rapids, the middle course through plains, and the lower where it tends to divide and ramify forms *Deltas*, (so called from their resemblance to the Greek letter Delta Δ,) which are divided into *fluvatile*, *lacustrine*, and *maritime*—fluvatile, when the river falls into another—lacustrine, when it falls into a lake—and maritime, when it falls into the sea. The *velocities* of rivers indicate the form and inclination of their channels, and the volume of water they con-

\* These charts, two in number, form Plates V. and VI. of the department of Hydrology in the *Physical Atlas*, and represent the Oceanic Rivers, the Continental Rivers, and the River Basins.

† Journal of the Geographical Society, vol. x., p. 248.

tain. The *development* of a river is its length from its source to its mouth, including all its windings and turnings. Following Johnston and Berghaus in their definitions, we shall now present, on their authority, the following abridged view of the different River systems in the Old and New Worlds:—

ATLANTIC SYSTEM.

	River Basins in square miles.	Direct length in geog. miles.	Windings in geog. miles.	Ratio of windings to direct length.
Rhine, . .	16,324	360	600	0.6
Vistula, . .	14,160	280	520	0.8
Elbe, . .	10,464	344	684	1.0

MEDITERRANEAN SYSTEM.

Nile, . .	130,200	1,820	2,240	0.7
Po, . .	7,488	232	352	0.5
Rhone, . .	7,040	208	560	1.6

EUXINE SYSTEM.

Danube, . .	58,520	880	1,496	0.7
Dnieper, . .	42,420	548	1,080	1.0
Don, . .	42,104	408	960	1.3

ARCTIC SYSTEM.

Obi, . .	231,200	1,276	2,320	0.8
Yenisei, . .	196,132	1,228	2,800	1.2
Lena, . .	148,600	1,398	2,400	0.7

CONTINENTAL SYSTEM.

Volga, Caspian, .	99,360	600	2,040	2.4
Sir, } Aral, .	59,480	760	1,208	0.6
Amoo, }	48,400	816	1,400	0.7

EAST PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Amour, . .	145,720	1,220	2,380	0.9
Yang-tse-Kiang, .	136,800	1,568	2,880	0.8
Hoang-ho, . .	134,400	1,120	2,280	1.0

SYSTEM OF INDIAN OCEAN.

Ganges and Bramapoutra, }	108,120	824	1,680	1.0
Indus, . .	78,000	1,096	1,960	0.8

ATLANTIC SYSTEM,

Great Lakes & St. Lawrence, }	297,600	860	1,800	2.1
Orinoco, . .	52,000	368 ?	1,352 ?	2.6
Maranon, . .	1,512,000	1,548	3,080	1.0
La Plata, . .	886,400	1,028	1,920	0.9

## SYSTEM OF THE MEXICAN GULF, &amp;c.

	River Basins in square miles.	Direct length in geog. miles.	Windings in geog. miles.	Ration of windings to direct length.
Mississippi and } Missouri,	982,400	1,412	3,560	1.5
Rio del Norte,	180,000	1,220 ?	1,840	0.5

## ARCTIC SYSTEM.

Mackenzie River,	441,600	964	2,120	1.2
Saskatchewan,	360,000	924	1,664	0.8

## WEST PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Columbia,	196,400	576	1,360	1.4
Colorado,	169,200	512	800 ?	0.6

If we reckon the whole running waters of Europe to be unity, or 1.00, the quantities discharged into the different seas will be

Black Sea,	0.27 parts.	Baltic,	0.13
Caspian,	0.16 „	German Ocean,	0.11
Mediterranean,	0.14 „	Arctic Sea,	0.06
Atlantic,	0.13 „		

Hence the Black Sea swallows up the *third part* of all the running waters in Europe !

The quantity of water discharged by each of the European rivers will be as follows, assuming all the rivers to give 1.00 parts.

The Volga discharges	0.14 parts.	Don,	0.05
Danube,	0.12 „	Rhine,	0.03
Dnieper,	0.06 „	Dwina,	0.02

With the following table, shewing the characters of the great American lakes, we must conclude our observations on the Hydrology of the earth.\*

	Mean length in miles.	Mean breadth in miles.	Mean depth.	Height above sea.	Area in square miles.
Lake Superior,	400	80	900	596	32,000
Lake Michigan,	320	70	1000	578	22,400
Lake Huron,	240	80	1000	578	20,400
Lake Erie,	240	40	84	565	9,600
Lake Ontario,	180	35	500	232	6,300

\* The reader will find more ample details in the letter-press descriptions of Berg-haus and Johnston's Hydrological Maps, Plates V. and VI.

From the physical geography of the waters of the globe, Mrs. Somerville proceeds in the *twentieth* chapter to the consideration of the *Air*, or the Atmosphere—its density—its currents—its temperature—its moisture—its electricity—its diamagnetism, and its constituents.\* These important subjects are treated in the narrow space of *ten* pages, and of course without any of those interesting details of which they are susceptible. Mrs. Somerville will, no doubt, supply the defects of this chapter in a second edition, and dwell at greater length upon these and other topics which are little more than mentioned. There is, in our opinion, no department of Physical Geography so interesting as that of the atmosphere, and none certainly with which we are so intimately connected, and in which we are so deeply interested. Mrs. Somerville does not even mention the Isothermal lines of Humboldt and his fellow-labourers; nor the optical phenomena of the atmosphere, such as its polarization, its colours, its phenomena of unequal refraction; nor its optical and electrical meteorology; nor the distribution of magnetism either in the atmosphere or on the earth.†

The remaining chapters of Mrs. Somerville's work, *eleven* in number, are devoted to the interesting subject of the distribution of organic life over the globe. *Five* of these are devoted to the nourishment and growth of plants, and to the vegetation and Flora of the four quarters of the globe, and beneath the surface of the ocean. She then treats in separate chapters of the distribution of insects—of fishes—of reptiles—of birds—of the mammalia—and, finally, of the "distribution, condition, and future prospects of the human race." We could have wished to follow Mrs. Somerville in her instructive journey through the world of organic life, standing in mute admiration before its gigantic denizens, recognising in everything that lives and breathes the wisdom and benevolence of its Maker—enjoying with grateful heart the luxurious repasts, physical and intellectual, which organic nature provides—and looking forward with faith and hope to the final development of those mysterious arrangements in which we have to perform so prominent a part:—Our exhausted space, however, will not allow us, and we regret this the less, as the importance of the subject may induce us to return to it, when we can command ample room for its interesting details.

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\* M. Doyer has very recently shewn that the composition of the atmosphere is constantly changing, the quantity of oxygen varying from 20.5 to 21.3. *Comptes Rendus*, &c., 14 Feb., 1848, p. 194, and 21 Feb. p. 234, Note.

† Some of these topics have been treated in this *Journal*, vol. iv. p. 20, and vol. v. p. 491; and in the *Physical Atlas*, so often referred to, the reader will find the temperature, pressure, currents, and polarization of the atmosphere graphically represented in Plates I. II. and V. of Meteorology, while the distribution of moisture, and the amount of rain over the globe, is represented in Plates III. and IV.

In the last chapter of her work, occupying a considerable space, Mrs. Somerville treats of the *distribution, condition, and future prospects of the human race*. The human family consists of 860 millions of souls, speaking more than 2000 languages. It has been divided into *five* classes—the Circassian race, the Mongol-Tartar race, the Malayan race, the Ethiopian and the American races. The *Circassian* race, with their small, finely modelled head, fine hair, and symmetrical form, inhabit all Europe, except Lapland, Finland, and Hungary. The *Mongol-Tartars* occupy all Asia north of the Persian table-land, and the Himalaya range—the whole of Eastern Asia from the Bramapoutra to Behring's Straits—together with the Arctic regions of North America, north of Labrador, and Hungary. They have "broad skulls, high cheek-bones, small black eyes, obliquely set, long black hair, and a yellow or sallow complexion." The *Malayan* race, with their "dark complexion, lank coarse black hair, flat face, and obliquely set eyes," occupy the Indian Archipelago, New Zealand, Chatham Island, the Society group, and several others of the Polynesian Islands, together with the Philippines and Formosa. The *Ethiopian* race, with their "black complexion, black, woolly, or frizzled hair, thick lips, projecting jaw, high cheek-bones, large prominent eyes," occupy all Africa south of the Sahara, half of Madagascar, the continent of Australia, Mindanao, Gilolo, the High Lands of Borneo, Scandinavia, Timor, and New Ireland. The *American* race occupy all America from 62° of North Latitude to the Straits of Magellan. They are of a reddish brown, or copper colour with long black hair, deep set black eyes, and aquiline nose. Inhabiting different climates, from the frozen soil of the Arctic Zone, to the burning sands of the Equatorial regions; fed upon different food—suited to the climate; occupied in different pursuits, both physical and mental—these different races, though sprung from the same stock, have gradually acquired those features, both corporeal and mental, by which they are at present distinguished.

Is it possible that the human family thus composed, severed by language, separated by oceans, and placed at such unequal distances from the goal of civilisation—can ever be combined into one harmonious community, striving in one common cause, and aiming at one common end? When we look at the white race—the self-constituted aristocracy of the species—reared under civil and religious institutions, and claiming the superiority due to piety and learning, we can scarcely conceive them to belong to the same family as the other races upon whom the light of science and revelation has not yet been permitted to shine. The difficulty, however, gradually disappears when we contemplate civilized man in his principles and conduct as an individual

agent. The Christian citizen with his household, or his cargo of slaves—the gold-thirsty colonist with his ferocious bloodhounds—the crafty statesman with his minions of corruption, and the conqueror with his battalions equipped for bloodshed, are not less striking anomalies among a civilized and Christian people, than the African bartering his kindred for gold—or the Indian burning the widow and drowning the child—or the cannibal drinking the blood and eating the flesh of his species. Civilisation has, doubtless, improved the condition and softened the manners of the white man, and law, with its brawny arm, keeps him within the pale of social order and duty; but with all his knowledge and cultivation, and all his lofty pretensions, he is a savage at his heart. Entrenched in power he withholds from his brother the natural and inalienable rights of his species; armed with authority he denies to ignorance and crime the very means of instruction and reformation; fortified with his tenure of parchment, he has even refused to the outcast—to the heart-broken penitent—to the feeble and aged saint, a spot of barren earth on which he may pour out his soul in the agony of contrition; or breathe a dying prayer to the God of grace and consolation. This is civilized man in his individual phase. This is the legislator decked in his little brief authority. This is the heartless miscreant wearing the Christian badge, and “doing what he wills with his own.” It is not then by the arts of civilized life, or by the extension of industry or of commerce, that we can hope to reclaim and refine the savage. The process is too slow in its steps, and too superficial in its agency. It is by the more summary process of the schoolmaster and the missionary that the red and the black man must rise to the rank, and high above it, of his white oppressor. It is by statutes which no Solon has devised—by laws which no tyrant has yielded to fear—by influences “not of man,” that the outcasts of social life, now steeped in ignorance and crime, will be brought back into the fold of civilisation, to rival in secular virtues its more favoured occupants, if not to outstrip them in those loftier acquirements which civilisation neither teaches nor appreciates.

We have thus followed Mrs. Somerville through her intellectual journey over the globe, delighted and improved by her instructions, and anxious that others should derive from them the same pleasure and advantage. From the extracts which we have made our readers will see that the work is written in a style always simple and perspicuous, often vigorous and elegant, and occasionally rising to a strain of eloquence commensurate with the lofty ideas which it clothes. In Mrs. Somerville's pages no sentiments are



recorded which the Christian or the philosopher disowns. In associating life with nature—in taking cognizance of man as tenant of the Earth-home which she describes, her sympathies are ever with the slave, her aspirations ever after truth secular and divine; and everywhere throughout her work we meet with just and noble sentiments, the indication and the offspring of a highly cultivated and well-balanced mind.

Anxious to promote the circulation of a work so interesting and useful, we venture to express our regret that Mrs. Somerville has not illustrated the various topics of which she treats with lithographic sketches of the general features of the earth, and of the more remarkable phenomena which she describes. The eye is a most powerful auxiliary to the mind in enabling it correctly to apprehend the phenomena of the natural world, and readers not very ardent in the pursuit of knowledge are often led to the study of what has first become interesting to them through the organs of sense. Having had the advantage of perusing Mrs. Somerville's work, with the Physical Atlas of Berghaus and Johnston before us, we cannot doubt that the value and popularity of future editions would be greatly enhanced even by illustrations on a small scale.

In several of the departments of physical geography we have noticed omissions, besides those already mentioned, which we have no doubt Mrs. Somerville will think it right to supply. The following are a few of the subjects of a popular nature which we think require a place in a treatise on Physical Geography. The mountain avalanches of the Rigi—and of the White Mountains in New Hampshire; the descent of the glacier of Getroz into the Dranse; the great caverns and caves in America,\* India,† Tunkin, Carniola, Hungary, and France; the natural ice-houses near Salisbury in America; the ice-caverns of France, Switzerland, and Russia; the transportation of erratic blocks by ice and by water; the parallel roads of Glenroy, and the raised sea-beaches of Scandinavia; the masses of meteoric iron in Brazil, Louisiana, Siberia, and Peru; the singular burning mountain of Wengen in Australia; the conflagrations in the quicksilver mines of Idria; the floating islands of Ancient and Modern History; the remarkable Lake of Cirknitz in Carniola, supplied by subterranean springs; the Lake of Ybera, described by Azara as formed by infiltration from the River Parana; the springs of inflammable gas by which some of the American villages are lighted; the

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\* The Mammoth Cave, in Kentucky.

† The Cave of Booban in the Cossyah Mountains—the Phoanga Caves in Junk Ceylon and on the Martaban River.

subterranean sounds of Nakous, and the sounds of driven sand as described by Mr. Hugh Miller; the sounds which issue from granite rocks, the inscriptions on living trees, as described by Professor Aghard of Lund; the destruction of forests by flights of wild pigeons that darken the air by their number; the rapid changes in the quicksands of the lesser Syrtes as described by Captain Smith;—the phenomena of tornadoes and waterspouts as expounded by Mr. Redfield, General Reid, and Mr. Espy; and the Isogeothermal lines of Professor Kupffer. We are aware that Mrs. Somerville was necessarily limited both in the range of her subjects and the space which could be devoted to them; but we are sure that all who have perused her work would be delighted to hear that she finds another volume necessary for the complete discussion of so popular and important a department of knowledge.

In bringing to a close our survey of the Earth, brief and general as it has been, the mind cannot quit in silence the extraordinary scenes which have been presented to it. While the nations to whom such a possession has been given are yet sunk in ignorance, idolatry, and superstition, and are yielding only by imperceptible concessions to the laws which reason, and conscience, and revelation have enjoined; and while the empire of Truth and Reason—of Peace and Love, is seen only in the far distance as something to which we are making an inappreciable advance—the material world exhibits to us the same phase of transition, the same slow and measured approach to some new condition at which it is destined to arrive. The flood of life, which is now rushing from the crowded haunts of civilisation in search of food or freedom, will in time spread itself over lands now preparing for its reception, and there will be no spot of earth from which the voice of gratitude and praise does not rise. The great features of the earth are doubtless permanently modelled. Its everlasting hills—its boundless continents—its swelling seas—and its mighty rivers, may be fixed and immutable; but its barren steppes—its interminable deserts—its wildernesses of wood and of sand, must yet smile with vegetation, and swarm with life. The diluvian wave may yet spread over arid plains the rich sediment which it bears. The volcano may yet cover with its erupted mud the very regions which it has scorched; and its lava stream may turn the irrigating current which it stems over the barren plains that have been scathed by its fires. The mighty forests on the Orinoco and the Amazons, which now wave unseen, will yet become the coalfield of generations unborn; and the mass of vegetation which annually dies among its trunks—the verdant carpe which every returning sun withers

on the savannias and Llanos of the west—and the very flowers which there blush unseen, will add their tribute to the great store-house of combustion. The Condor of the rock, which no eye but One has descried within its cleft of basalt, or upon its peak of granite; and the tiny Humming-bird, whose brilliant drapery no eye has admired, will be consigned to the same mausoleum of stone, and re-appear in some future age to chronicle the era of their birth.

Let not the Christian Philosopher view these anticipations as at variance with the truths which he cherishes and believes. If the inspired Historian of Creation has withheld from us the eventful chronicles of the earth previous to its occupation by man, Inspiration has been equally silent respecting the revolutions it has yet to undergo. Science has carried us back to primæval times through long cycles of the past, to disclose to us views of creation at once terrible and sublime. It is our only guide to the events of the future, and whatever may be the catastrophes which it predicts, or the secrets which it may disclose, it can teach us no other lesson than that which we have already learned—"that the earth and the works that are therein shall be burnt up," and that there shall be "a new heaven and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness."

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ART. VI.—*The Life and Adventures of Oliver Goldsmith. A Biography.* In Four Books. By JOHN FORSTER. London, 1848.

THIS book accomplishes a retribution which the world has waited for through seventy and odd years. Welcome at any rate by its purpose, it is trebly welcome by its execution, to all hearts that linger indulgently over the frailties of a national favourite once wickedly exaggerated—to all hearts that brood indignantly over the powers of that favourite once maliciously undervalued.

A man of original genius, shewn to us as revolving through the leisurely stages of a biographical memoir, lays open, to readers prepared for sympathy, two separate theatres of interest: one in his personal career; the other in his works and his intellectual development. Both unfold together; and each borrows a secondary interest from the other: the life from the recollection of the works—the works from the joy and sorrow of the life. There have, indeed, been authors whose great creations, severely preconceived in a region of thought transcendent to all impulses of earth, would have been pretty nearly what they are under any possible changes in the dramatic arrangement of their lives. Happy or not happy—gay or sad—these authors would equally have fulfilled a mission too solemn and too stern in its obligations to suffer any warping from chance, or to bend before the accidents of life, whether dressed in sunshine or in wintry gloom. But generally this is otherwise. Children of Paradise, like the Miltons of our planet, have the privilege of stars—to “dwell apart.” But the children of flesh, whose pulses beat too sympathetically with the agitations of mother-earth, cannot sequester themselves in that way. They walk in no such altitudes, but at elevations easily reached by ground-winds of humble calamity. And from that cup of sorrow, which upon all lips is pressed in some proportion, they must submit, by the very tenure on which they hold their gifts, to drink, if not more profoundly than others, yet always with more peril to the accomplishment of their earthly mission.

Amongst this household of children too tremulously associated to the fluctuations of earth, stands forward conspicuously Oliver Goldsmith. And there is a belief current—that he was conspicuous, not only in the sense of being constitutionally flexible to the impressions of sorrow and adversity, in case they had happened to occur, but also that he really *had* more than his share of those afflictions. We are disposed to think that this was not so. Our trust is, that Goldsmith lived upon the whole a life which, though troubled, was one of average enjoyment. Unquestionably, when reading at midnight, and in the middle

watch of a century which *he* never reached, this record of one so amiable, so guileless, so upright, or seeming to be otherwise for a moment only in the eyes of those who did not know his difficulties, nor could have understood them; when recurring also to his admirable genius, to the sweet natural gaiety of his oftentimes pathetic humour, and to the varied accomplishments from talent or erudition, by which he gave effect to endowments so fascinating—one cannot but sorrow over the strife which he sustained, and over the wrong by which he suffered. A few natural tears one sheds at the rehearsal of so much contumely from fools, which he stood under unresistingly as one bareheaded under a hail-storm;\* and worse to bear than the scorn of fools, was the imperfect sympathy and jealous self-distrusting esteem which he received to the last from friends. Doubtless he suffered much wrong; but so, in one way or other, do most men: he suffered also this special wrong, that in his life-time he never was fully appreciated by any one friend—something of a counter-movement ever mingled with praise for *him*—he never saw himself enthroned in the heart of any young and fervent admirer, and he was always overshadowed by men less deeply genial, though more showy than himself:—but these things happen, and *have* happened to myriads amongst the benefactors of earth. Their names ascend in songs of thankful commemoration, but not until the ears are deaf that would have thrilled to the music. And these were the heaviest of Goldsmith's afflictions: what are likely to be thought such, viz., the battles which he fought for his daily bread, we do not number amongst them. To struggle is not to suffer. Heaven grants to few of us a life of untroubled prosperity, and grants it least of all to its favourites. Charles I. carried, as it was thought by a keen Italian judge of physiognomy, a predestination to misery written in his features. And it is probable that if any Cornelius Agrippa had then been living, to show him in early life the strife, the bloodshed, the triumphs of enemies, the treacheries of friends, the separation for ever from the familiar faces of his hearth, which darkened the years from 1642 to 1649, he would have said—"Prophet of wo! if I bear to live through this vista of seven years, it is because at the further end of it thou showest me the consolation of a scaffold." And yet our persuasion is, that in the midst of its deadly agitations and its torments of suspense, probably

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\* We do not allude chiefly to his experience in childhood, when he is reported to have been a general butt of mockery for his ugliness and his supposed stupidity; since, as regarded the latter reproach, he could not have suffered very long, having already at a childish age vindicated his intellectual place by the verses which opened to him an academic destination. We allude to his mature life, and the supercilious condescension with which even his reputed friends doled out their praises to him.

enough by the energies of hope, or even of anxiety which exalted it, that period of bitter conflict was found by the king a more ennobling life than he *would* have found in the torpor of a prosperity too profound. To be cloyed perpetually is a worse fate than sometimes to stand within the vestibule of starvation; and we need go no farther than the confidential letters of the court ladies of this and other countries to satisfy ourselves how much worse in its effects upon happiness than any condition of alarm and peril, is the lethargic repose of luxury too monotonous, and of security too absolute. If, therefore, Goldsmith's life *had* been one of continual struggle, it would not follow that it had therefore sunk below the standard of ordinary happiness. But the life-struggle of Goldsmith, though severe enough (after all allowances) to challenge a feeling of tender compassion, was not in such a degree severe as has been represented.\* He enjoyed two great immunities from suffering that have been much overlooked; and *such* immunities that, in our opinion, four in five of all the people ever connected with Goldsmith's works, as publishers, printers, compositors, (that is, men taken at random,) have very probably suffered more, upon the whole, than he. The immunities were these:—1st, From any *bodily* taint of low spirits. He had a constitutional gaiety of heart; an elastic hilarity; and, as he himself expresses it, “a knack of hoping”—which knack could not be bought with Ormus and with Ind, nor hired for a day with the peacock-throne of Delhi. How easy was it to bear the brutal affront of being to his face described as “*Doctor minor*,” when one hour or less would dismiss the *Doctor major*, so invidiously contradistinguished from himself, to a struggle with scrofulous melancholy; whilst *he*, if returning to solitude and a garret, was returning also to habitual cheerfulness. *There* lay one immunity, beyond all price, from a mode of strife to which others, by a large majority, are doomed—strife with bodily wretchedness. Another immunity he had of almost equal value; and yet almost equally forgotten by his biographers, viz. from the responsibilities of a family. Wife and children he had not. They it is that, being a man's chief blessings, create also for him the deadliest of his anxieties, that stuff his pillow with thorns, that surround his daily path with snares. Suppose the case of a man who has helpless dependants of this class upon himself summoned to face some sudden failure of his resources: how shattering to the power of exertion, and,

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\* We point this remark not at Mr. Forster, who, upon the whole, shares our opinion as to the tolerable comfort of Goldsmith's life; he speaks indeed elsewhere of Goldsmith's depressions; but the question still remains—were they of frequent recurrence, and had they any constitutional settlement? We are inclined to say *no* in both cases.

above all, of exertion by an organ so delicate as the creative intellect, dealing with subjects so coy as those of imaginative sensibility, to know that instant ruin attends his failure. Success in such paths of literature might at the best be doubtful; but success is impossible, with any powers whatever, unless in a genial state of those powers; and this geniality is to be sustained in the case supposed, whilst the eyes are fixed upon the most frightful of abysses yawning beneath his feet. He is to win his inspiration for poetry or romance from the prelusive cries of infants clamouring for daily bread. Now, on the other hand, in the case of an extremity equally sudden alighting on the head of a man in Goldsmith's position, having no burthen to support but the trivial one of his own personal needs, the resources are endless for gaining time enough to look around. Suppose him ejected from his lodgings: let him walk into the country, with a pencil and a sheet of paper; there sitting under a hay-stack for one morning, he may produce what will pay his expenses for a week; a day's labour will carry the sustenance of ten days. Poor may be the trade of authorship, but it is as good as that of a slave in Brazil, whose one hour's work will defray the twenty-four hours' living. As a reader, or corrector of proofs, a good Latin and French scholar (like Goldsmith) would always have enjoyed a preference, we presume, at any eminent printing-office. This again would have given him time for looking round; or, he might perhaps have obtained the same advantage for deliberation from some confidential friend's hospitality. In short, Goldsmith enjoyed the two privileges, one subjective—the other objective—which, when uniting in the same man, would prove more than a match for all difficulties that *could* arise in a literary career to him who was at once a man of genius so popular, of talents so versatile, of reading so various, and of opportunities so large for still more extended reading. The subjective privilege lay in his buoyancy of animal spirits; the objective in his freedom from responsibilities. Goldsmith wanted very little more than Diogenes: now Diogenes *could* only have been robbed of his tub:\* which perhaps was about as big as most of poor Goldsmith's sitting-

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\* Which tub the reader may fancy to have been only an old tar-barrel: if so, he is wrong. Isaac Casaubon, after severe researches into the nature of that tub, ascertained to the general satisfaction of Christendom that it was not of wood, or within the restorative powers of a cooper, but of earthen ware, and once shattered by a horse's kick, quite past repair. In fact, it was a large oil-jar, such as the remnant of the forty thieves lurked in, when waiting for their captain's signal from Ali Baba's house; and in Attica it must have cost fifteen shillings, supposing that the philosopher did not steal it. Consequently a week's loss of house-room and credit to Oliver Goldsmith, at the rate of living then prevalent in Grub Street, was pretty much the same thing in money value as the loss to Diogenes of his crockery house by burglary, or in any nocturnal lark of young Attic wine-bibbers. The underwriters would have done an insurance upon either man at pretty much the same premium.

rooms, and far better ventilated. So that the liability of these two men, cynic and non-cynic, to the kicks of fortune, was pretty much on a par; whilst Goldsmith had the advantage of a better temper for bearing them, though certainly Diogenes had the better climate for soothing his temper.

But it may be imagined, that if Goldsmith were thus fortunately equipped for authorship, on the other hand the position of literature, as a money-making resource, was in Goldsmith's days less advantageous than in ours. We are not of that opinion; and the representation by which Mr. Forster endeavours to sustain it seems to us a showy but untenable refinement. The outline of his argument is, that the aristocratic patron had, in Goldsmith's day, by the progress of society, disappeared; he belonged to the past—that the mercenary publisher had taken his place—he represented the ugly present—but that the great reading public (that true and equitable patron, as some fancy) had not yet matured its means of effectual action upon literature: this reading public virtually, perhaps, belonged to the future. All this we steadfastly resist. No doubt the old full-blown patron, *en grand costume*, with his heraldic bearings emblazoned at the head of the Dedication, was dying out, like the golden pippin. But he still lingered in sheltered situations. And part of the machinery by which patronage had ever moved, viz., using influence for obtaining subscriptions, was still in capital working order—a fact which we know from Goldsmith himself, (see the *Enquiry*;) for he tells us that a popular mode of publication amongst bad authors, and certainly it needed no publisher's countersign, was by means of subscription papers: upon which, as we believe, a considerable instalment was usually paid down when as yet the book existed only by way of title-page, supposing that the whole sum were not even paid *up*. Then as to the publisher, (a nuisance, we dare say, in all stages of his *Natural History*,) *he* could not have been a weed first springing up in Goldsmith's time, but must always have been an indispensable broker or middleman between the author and the world. In the days even of Horace and Martial the book-seller (*bibliopola*) clearly acted as book-publisher. Amongst other passages proving this, and showing undeniably that Martial at least had sold the copyright of his work to *his* publisher, is one arguing pretty certainly that the price of a gay drawing-room copy must have been hard upon £1, 11s. 6d. Did ever any man hear the like? A New York newspaper would have been too happy to pirate the whole of Martial had he been three times as big, and would have engaged to drive the bankrupt publisher into a mad-house for twopence. Now, it cannot be supposed that Martial, a gay light-hearted fellow, willing to let the public have his book for a shilling, or perhaps for love, had been the person to put



that ridiculous price upon it. We may conclude that it was the publisher. As to the public, *that* respectable character must always have presided over the true and final court of appeal, silently defying alike the *prestige* of patronage and the intriguing mysteries of publishing. Lordly patronage might fill the sails of one edition, and masterly publishing of three. But the books that ran contagiously through the educated circles, or that lingered amongst them for a generation, must have owed their success to the unbiassed feelings of the reader—not overawed by authority, not mystified by artifice. Varying, however, in whatever proportion as to power, the three possible parties to an act of publication will always be seen intermittingly at work—the voluptuous self-indulging public, and the insidious publisher, of course; but even the brow-beating patron still exists in a new *avatar*. Formerly he made his descent upon earth in the shape of Dedicatee; and it is true that this august being, to whom dedications burned incense upon an altar, withdrew into sunset and twilight during Goldsmith's period; but he still revisits the glimpses of the moon in the shape of author. When the *auctoritas* of a peer could no longer sell a book by standing at the head of a dedication, it lost none of its power when standing on a title-page as the author. Vast catalogues might be composed of books and pamphlets that have owed a transient success to no other cause on earth than the sonorous title, or the distinguished position of those who wrote them. Ceasing to patronise other people's books, the grandee has still power to patronise his own. All *celebrities* have this form of patronage. And, for instance, had the boy Jones\* (otherwise called Inigo Jones) possessed enough of book-making skill to forge a plausible curtain-lecture, as overheard by himself when concealed in Her Majesty's bed-room, ten steam-presses working day and night would not have supplied the public demand; and even Her Majesty must herself have sent for a large-paper copy, were it only to keep herself *au courant* of English literature. In short, first, the extrinsic patronage of books; secondly, the self-patronage of books in right of their merits; and thirdly, the artificial machineries for diffusing the knowledge of their existence, are three forces in current literature that ever *have* existed and must exist, in some imperfect degree. Horace recognises them in his

“Non Di, non homines, non concessere columnæ.”

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\* It may be necessary to explain, for the sake of the many persons who have come amongst the reading public since the period of the incident referred to, that this was a boy called Jones, who was continually entering Buckingham Palace clandestinely, was as regularly ejected by the police, but with respectable pertinacity constantly returned, and on one occasion effected a lodgment in the royal bed-chamber. Some happy wit, in just admiration of such perseverance and impudence, christened him, *In-I-go Jones*.

The *Di* are the paramount public, arbitrating finally on the fates of books, and generally on some just ground of judgment, though it may be fearfully exaggerated on the scale of importance. The *homines* are the publishers; and a sad *homo* the publisher sometimes is, particularly when he commits insolvency. But the *columnæ* are those pillars of state, the grandees of our own age, or any other patrons, that support the golden canopy of our transitory pomps, and thus shed an alien glory of coloured light from above upon the books falling within that privileged area.

We are not therefore of Mr. Forster's opinion, that Goldsmith fell upon an age less favourable to the expansion of literary powers, or to the attainment of literary distinction, than any other. The patron might be a tradition—but the public was not therefore a prophecy. My lord's trumpets had ceased to sound, but the *vox populi* was not therefore muffled. The means indeed of diffusive advertisement and of rapid circulation, the combinations of readers into reading societies, and of roads into iron net-works, were as yet imperfectly developed. These gave a potent stimulus to periodic literature. And a still more operative difference between ourselves and them is—that a new class of people has since then entered our reading public, viz.—the class of artisans and of all below the gentry, which (taken generally) was in Goldsmith's day a cipher as regarded any real encouragement to literature. In our days, if *The Vicar of Wakefield* had been published as a Christmas tale, it would have produced a fortune to the writer. In Goldsmith's time, few below the gentry were readers on any large scale. So far there really was a disadvantage. But it was a disadvantage which applied chiefly to novels. The new influx of readers in our times, the collateral affluents into the main stream from the mechanic and provincial sections of our population, which have centupled the volume of the original current, cannot be held as telling favourably upon literature, or telling at all, except in the departments of popularized science, of religion, of fictitious tales, and of journalism. To be a reader, is no longer as once it was, to be of a meditative turn. To be a *very* popular author is no longer that honorary distinction which once it might have been amongst a more elevated because more select body of readers. We do not say this invidiously, or with any special reference. But it is evident that writers and readers must often act and react for reciprocal degradation. A writer of this day, either in France or England, to be *very* popular, must be a story-teller; which is a function of literature neither very noble in itself, nor, secondly, tending to permanence. All novels whatever, the best equally with the worst, have faded almost with the generation that produced them. This is a curse written as a

superscription above the whole class. The modes of combining characters, the particular objects selected for sympathy, the diction, and often the manners,\* hold up an imperfect mirror to any generation that is not their own. And the reader of novels belonging to an obsolete era, whilst acknowledging the skill of the groupings, or the beauty of the situations, misses the echo to that particular revelation of human nature which has met him in the social aspects of his own day; or too often he is perplexed by an expression which, having dropped into a lower use, disturbs the unity of the impression, or is revolted by a coarse sentiment, which increasing refinement has made unsuitable to the sex or to the rank of the character. How bestial and degrading at this day seem many of the scenes in Smollett! How coarse are the ideals of Fielding!—his odious Squoire Western, his odious Tom Jones. What a gallery of histrionic masqueraders is thrown open in the novels of Richardson, powerful as they were once found by the two leading nations of the earth. A popular writer, therefore, who, *in order* to be popular, must speak through novels, speaks to what is least permanent in human sensibilities. That is already to be self-degraded. *Secondly*, because the novel-reading class is by far the most comprehensive one, and being such, must count as a large majority amongst its members those who are poor in capacities of thinking, and are passively resigned to the instinct of immediate pleasure—to these the writer must chiefly humble himself: he must study *their* sympathies, must assume them, must give them back. In our days, he must give them back even their own street slang; so servile is the modern novelist's dependence on his *canaille* of an audience. In France, amongst the Sues, &c., it has been found necessary to give back even the closest portraits of obscene atrocities that shun the light, and burrow only in the charnel-houses of vast manufacturing towns. Finally, the very principle of commanding attention only by the interest of a tale, which means the interest of a momentary curiosity that is to

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\* Often, but not so uniformly (the reader will think) as the diction, because the manners are sometimes not those of the writer's own age, being ingenious adaptations to meet the modern writer's conjectural ideas of ancient manners. These, however, (even in Sir Walter Scott,) are precisely the most mouldering parts in the entire architecture, being always (as, for instance, in *Ivanhoe*) fantastic, caricatured, and betraying the true modern ground gleaming through the artificial tarnish of antiquity. All novels, in every language, are hurrying to decay; and hurrying by *internal* changes—were those all; but, in the meantime, the everlasting life and fertility of the human mind is for ever accelerating this hurry by *superseding* them, *i. e.*, by an external change. Old forms, fading from the interest, or even from the apprehension, have no chance at all as against new forms embodying the same passions. It is only in the grander passions of poetry, allying themselves with forms more abstract and permanent, that such a conflict of the old with the new is possible.

vanish for ever in a sense of satiation, and of a momentary suspense that, having once collapsed, can never be rekindled, is in itself a confession of reliance upon the meaner offices of the mind. The result from all which is—that to be popular in the most extensive walk of popularity, that is, as a novelist, a writer must generally be in a very considerable degree self-degraded by sycophancy to the lowest order of minds, and cannot (except for mercenary purposes) think himself advantageously placed.

To have missed, therefore, this enormous expansion of the reading public, however unfortunate for Goldsmith's purse, was a great escape for his intellectual purity. Every man has two-edged tendencies lurking within himself, pointing in one direction to what will expand the elevating principles of his nature, pointing in another to what will tempt him to its degradation. A mob is a dreadful audience for chafing and irritating the latent vulgarisms of the human heart. Exaggeration and caricature, before such a tribunal, become inevitable, and sometimes almost a duty. The genial but not very delicate humour of Goldsmith would in such circumstances have slipped, by the most natural of transitions, into buffoonery; the unaffected pathos of Goldsmith would, by a monster audience, have been debauched into theatrical sentimentality. All the motions of Goldsmith's nature moved in the direction of the true, the natural, the sweet, the gentle. In the quiet times, politically speaking, through which his course of life travelled, he found a musical echo to the tenor of his own original sensibilities—in the architecture of European history, as it unfolded its proportions along the line of his own particular experience, there was a symmetry with the proportions of his own unpretending mind. Our revolutionary age would have unsettled his brain. The colossal movements of nations, from within and from without; the sorrow of the times, which searches so deeply; the grandeur of the times, which aspires so loftily; these forces, acting for the last fifty years by secret sympathy upon our fountains of thinking and impassioned speculation, have raised them from depths never visited by our fathers, into altitudes too dizzy for *their* contemplating. This generation and the last, with their dreadful records, would have untuned Goldsmith for writing in the key that suited him; and *us* they would have untuned for understanding his music, had we not learned to understand it in childhood, before the muttering hurricanes in the upper air had begun to reach our young ears, and forced them away to the thundering overhead, from the carolling of birds amongst earthly bowers.

Goldsmith, therefore, as regards the political aspects of his own times, was fortunately placed; a thrush or a nightingale is hushed by the thunderings which are awakening to Jove's eagle. But

an author stands in relation to other influences than political; and some of these are described by Mr. Forster as peculiarly unfavourable to comfort and respectability at the era of Goldsmith's novitiate in literature. Will Mr. Forster excuse us for quarrelling with his whole doctrine upon this subject—a subject and a doctrine continually forced upon our attention in these days, by the extending lines of our own literary order, and continually refreshed in warmth of colouring by the contrast as regards *social* consideration, between our literary body and the corresponding order in France. The questions arising have really a general interest, as well as a special one, in connexion with Goldsmith; and therefore we shall stir them a little, not with any view of exhausting the philosophy that is applicable to the case, but simply of amusing some readers, (since Pliny's remark on history is much more true of literature or literary gossip, viz., that "*quoquo modo scripta delectat*;" ) and with the more ambitious purpose of recalling some other readers from precipitate conclusions upon a subject where nearly all that is most plausible happens to be most untrue.

Mr. Forster, in his views upon the *social* rights of literature, is rowing pretty nearly in the same boat as Mr. Carlyle in *his* views upon the rights of labour. Each denounces, or by implication denounces, as an oppression and a nuisance, what *we* believe to be a necessity inalienable from the economy and structure of our society. Some years ago Mr. Carlyle offended us all (or all of us that were interested in social philosophy) by enlarging on a social affliction, which few indeed needed to see exposed, but most men would have rejoiced to see remedied, if it were but on paper, and by way of tentative suggestion. Precisely at that point, however, where his aid was invoked, Mr. Carlyle halted. So does Mr. Forster with regard to *his* grievance; he states it, and we partly understand him—as ancient Pistol says—"we hear him with ears;" and when we wait for him to go on, saying—"well, here's a sort of evil in life, how would you redress it? you've shewn, or you've made another hole in the tin-kettle of society; how do you propose to tinker it?"—behold! he is suddenly almost silent. But this cannot be allowed. The right to insist upon a well known grievance cannot be granted to that man (Mr. Carlyle, for instance, or Mr. Forster) who uses it as matter of blame and denunciation, unless at the same time he points out the methods by which it could have been prevented. He that simply bemoans an evil has a right to his moan, though he should make no pretensions to a remedy; but he that criminalises—that imputes the evil as a fault—that charges the evil upon selfishness or neglect lurking in some alterable arrangements of society, has no right to do so, unless he can instantly

sketch the remedy; for the very first step by which he could have learned that the evil involved a blame, the first step that could have entitled him to denounce it as a wrong, must have been that step which brought him within the knowledge (wanting to everybody else) that it admitted of a cure. A wrong it could not have been even in *his* eyes, so long as it was a necessity, nor a ground of complaint until the cure appeared to him a possibility. And the over-riding motto for these parallel speculations of Messrs. Carlyle and Forster, in relation to the frailties of our social system, ought to have been—" *Sanabilibus ægrotamus malis.*" Unless with this watchword they had no right to commence their crusading march. *Curable* evils justify clamorous complaints; the incurable justify only prayers.

Why it was that Mr. Carlyle, in particular, halted so steadily at the point where his work of love was first beginning, it is not difficult to guess. As the "Statutes at large" have not one word against the liberty of unlicensed hypothesis, it is conceivable that Mr. C. might have indulged a little in that agreeable pastime: but this, he was well aware, would have brought him in one moment under the fire of Political Economy, from the whole vast line of its modern batteries. These gentlemen, the economists, would have torn to ribbons, within fifteen minutes, any *positive* speculation for amending the evil. It was better, therefore, to keep within the trenches of the blank negative, pointing to everything as *wrong*—horribly wrong, but never hinting at the mysterious *right*: which, to this day, we grieve to say, remains as mysterious as ever.\*

Passing to Mr. Forster, who (being capable of a splendour so original) disappoints us most when he reminds us of Mr. Carlyle, by the most disagreeable of that gentleman's phraseological

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\* It ought, by this time, to be known equally amongst governments and philosophers—that for the State to promise with sincerity the absorption of surplus labour, as fast as it accumulates, cannot be postulated as a duty, until it can first be demonstrated as a possibility. This was forgotten, however, by Mr. C., whose vehement complaints, that the arable field, without a ploughman, should be in one county, whilst in another county was the stout ploughman without a field; and sometimes, (which was worse still,) that the surplus ploughmen should far outnumber the surplus fields, certainly proceeded on the secret assumption that all this was within the remedial powers of the State. The same doctrine was more openly avowed by various sections of our radicals, who (in their occasionally insolent petitions to Parliament) many times asserted that one main use and function of a government was—to find work for everybody. At length, [February and March 1848,] we see this doctrine solemnly adopted by a French body of rulers, self-appointed, indeed, or perhaps appointed by their wives, and so far sure, in a few weeks, to be answerable for nothing; but, on the other hand, adopting it as a practical *undertaking*, in the lawyer's sense, and by no means as a mere gaiety of rhetoric. Meantime, they themselves will be "broken," before they will have had time for being reproached with broken promises; though neither fracture is likely to require much above the length of a quarantine.

forms; and, in this instance, by a speculation twin-sister to the economic one just noticed—we beg to premise, that in anything here said, it is far from our wish to express disaffection to the cause of our literary brothers. We grudge them nothing that they are ever likely to get. We wish even that the House of Commons would see cause for creating *majorats* in behalf of us all; only whispering in the ear of that honourable House to appoint a Benjamin's portion to ourselves—as the parties who suggested the idea. But what is the use of benevolently bequeathing larks for dinner to all literary men, in all time coming, if the sky must fall before they can bag our bequest? We shall discuss Mr. Forster's views, not perhaps according to any arrangement of his, but according to the order in which they come back to our own remembrance.

Goldsmith's period, Mr. F. thinks, was bad—not merely by the transitional misfortune (before noticed) of coming too late for the patron, and too soon for the public, (which is the compound ill-luck of being a day after one fair, and a month too soon for the next)—but also by some coöperation in this evil destiny through misconduct on the part of authors themselves, (p. 70.) Not “the circumstances” only of authors were damaged, but the “literary character” itself. We are sorry to hear *that*. But, as long as they did not commit murder, we have a great indulgence for the frailties of authors. If ever the “benefit of clergy” could be fairly pleaded, it might have been by Grub Street for petty larceny. The “clergy” they surely could have pleaded; and the call for larceny was so audible in their condition, that in *them* it might be called an instinct of self-preservation, which surely was not implanted in man to be disobeyed. One word allow us to say on these three topics:—1. The condition of the literary body in its hard-working section at the time when Goldsmith belonged to it. 2. Upon the condition of that body in England as compared with that of the corresponding body in France. 3. Upon the condition of the body in relation to patronage purely *political*.

1. The pauperized (or Grub Street) section of the literary body, at the date of Goldsmith's taking service amongst it, was (in Mr. Forster's estimate) at its very lowest point of depression. And one comic presumption in favour of that notion we ourselves remember; viz. that Smart, the prose translator of Horace, and a well-built scholar, actually *let* himself out to a monthly journal on a regular lease of ninety-nine years.\* What could move the rapacious publisher to draw the lease for this monstrous term of

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\* When writing this passage, we were not aware (as we now are) that Mr. Forster had himself noticed the case.

years, we cannot conjecture. Surely the villain might have been content with threescore years and ten. But think, reader, of poor Smart two years after, upon another publisher's applying to him vainly for contributions, and angrily demanding what possible objection could be made to offers so liberal, being reduced to answer—"no objection, sir, whatever, except an unexpired term of ninety-seven years yet to run." The bookseller saw that he must not apply again in *that* century; and, in fact, Smart could no longer let himself, but must be sublet (if let at all) by the original lessee. Query now—was Smart entitled to vote, as a freeholder, and Smart's children (if any were born during the currency of the lease) would they be serfs, and *ascripti prelo*? Goldsmith's own terms of self-conveyance to Griffiths—the terms we mean on which he "conveyed" his person and free-agency to the uses of the said Griffiths (or his assigns?)—do not appear to have been much more dignified than Smart's in the quality of the *conditions*, though considerably so in the duration of the *term*; Goldsmith's lease being only for one year, and not for ninety-nine, so that he had (as the reader perceives) a clear ninety-eight years at his own disposal. We suspect that poor Oliver, in his guileless heart, never congratulated himself on having made a more felicitous bargain. Indeed, it was not so bad, if everything be considered; Goldsmith's situation at the time was bad; and for that very reason the lease (otherwise monstrous) was *not* bad. He was to have lodging, board, and "a small salary," *very* small, we suspect; and in return for all these blessings, he had nothing to do, but to sit still at a table, to work hard from an early hour in the morning until 2 P.M., (at which elegant hour we presume that the parenthesis of dinner occurred,) but also—which, not being an article in the lease, might have been set aside, on a motion before the King's Bench—to endure without mutiny the correction and revisal of all his MSS. by Mrs. Griffiths, wife to Dr. G. the lessee. This affliction of Mrs. Dr. G. surmounting his shoulders, and controlling his pen, seems to us not at all less dreadful than that of Sinbad when indorsed with the old man of the sea; and we, in Goldsmith's place, should certainly have tried how far Sinbad's method of abating the nuisance had lost its efficacy by time, viz. the tempting our oppressor to get drunk once or twice a-day, and then suddenly throwing Mrs. Dr. G. off her perch. From that "bad eminence," which she had audaciously usurped, what harm could there be in thus dismounting this "old woman of the sea?" And as to an occasional thump or so on the head, which Mrs. Dr. G. might have caught in tumbling, that was *her* look-out; and might besides have improved her style. For really now, if the candid reader will believe us, we know a case, odd certainly but very true,



where a young man, an author by trade,\* who wrote pretty well, happening to tumble out of a first-floor in London, was afterwards observed to grow very perplexed and almost unintelligible in his style; until some years later, having the good fortune (like Wallenstein at Vienna) to tumble out of a two-pair of stairs window, he slightly fractured his skull, but on the other hand, recovered the brilliancy of his long fractured style. Some people there are of our acquaintance who would need to tumble out of the attic story before they could seriously improve their style.

Certainly these conditions—the hard work, the being chained by the leg to the writing-table, and above all the having one's pen chained to that of Mrs. Dr. Griffiths, *do* seem to countenance Mr. F.'s idea, that Goldsmith's period was the purgatory of authors. And we freely confess—that excepting Smart's ninety-nine years' lease, or the contract between the Devil and Dr. Faustus, we never heard of a harder bargain driven with any literary man. Smart, Faustus, and Goldsmith, were clearly overreached. Yet, after all, was this treatment in any important point (excepting as regards Dr. Faustus) worse than that given to the whole college of Grub Street, in the days of Pope? The first edition of the *Dunciad* dates from 1727; Goldsmith's matriculation in Grub Street dates from 1757—just thirty years later; which is one generation. And it is important to remember that Goldsmith, at this time in his twenty-ninth year, was simply an usher at an obscure boarding-school; had never practised writing for the press; and had not even himself any faith at all in his own capacity for writing. It is a singular fact, which we have on Goldsmith's own authority, that until his thirtieth year (that is, the year spent with Dr. and Mrs. Griffiths) it never entered into his head that literature was his natural vocation. That vanity, which has been so uncandidly and sometimes so falsely attributed to Goldsmith, was compatible, we see, if at all it existed, with the humblest estimate of himself. Still, however much this deepens our regard for a man of so much genius united with so much simplicity and unassumingness—humility would not be likely to raise his salary; and we must not forget that his own want of self-esteem would reasonably operate on the terms offered by Griffiths. A man, who regarded himself as little more than an amanuensis, could not expect much better wages than an under-gardener, which perhaps he had. And, weighing all this, we see little to have altered in the lease—that was fair enough; only as regarded the execution of the lease, we

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\* His name began with A, and ended with N; there are but three more letters in the name, and if doubt arises upon our story, in the public mind, we shall publish them.

really must have protested, under any circumstances, against Mrs. Doctor Griffiths. That woman would have broken the back of a camel, which must be supposed tougher than the heart of an usher. There we should have made a ferocious stand; and should have struck for much higher wages, before we could have brought our mind to think of a capitulation. It is remarkable, however, that this year of humble servitude was not only (or, as if by accident) the epoch of Goldsmith's intellectual development, but also the occasion of it. Nay, if all were known, perhaps it may have been to Mrs. Doctor Griffiths in particular, that we owe that revolution in his self-estimation which made Goldsmith an author by deliberate choice. Hag-ridden every day, he must have plunged and kicked violently to break loose from this harness; but, not impossibly, the very effort of contending with the hag, when brought into collision with his natural desire to soothe the hag, and the inevitable counter-impulse in any continued practice of composition, towards the satisfaction at the same time of his own reason and taste, must have furnished a most salutary *palæstra* for the education of his literary powers. When one lives at Rome, one must do as they do at Rome: when one lives with a hag, one must accommodate oneself to haggish caprices; besides, that once in a month the hag might be right; or, if not, and supposing her *always* in the wrong, which perhaps is too much to assume even of Mrs. Dr. G., that would but multiply the difficulties of reconciling *her* demands with the demands of the general reader and of Goldsmith's own judgment. And in the pressure of these difficulties would lie the very value of this rough Spartan education. Rope-dancing cannot be very agreeable in its elementary lessons; but it must be a capital process for calling out the agilities that slumber in a man's legs.

Still, though these hardships turned out so beneficially to Goldsmith's intellectual interests, and consequently so much to the advantage of all who have since delighted in his works, not the less on that account they *were* hardships, and hardships that imposed heavy degradation. So far, therefore, they would seem to justify Mr. Forster's characterisation of Goldsmith's period by comparison with Addison's period\* on the one side, and our own on the other. But, on better examination, it will be found that this theory is sustained only by an unfair selection of the anti-thetic objects in the comparison. Compare Addison's age *generally* with Goldsmith's—authors, prosperous or unprosperous, in

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\* If Addison died (as we think he did) in 1717, then, because Goldsmith commenced authorship in 1757, there would be forty years between the two periods. But, as it would be fairer to measure from the centre of Addison's literary career, i. e., from 1707, the difference would be just half a century.

each age taken indiscriminately—and the two ages will be found to offer “much of a muchness.” But, if you take the paupers of one generation to contrast with the grandees of another, how is there any justice in the result? Goldsmith at starting was a penniless man. Except by random accidents he had not money enough to buy a rope, in case he had fancied himself in want of such a thing. Addison, on the contrary, was the son of a tolerably rich man; lived gaily at a most aristocratic college (Magdalen), in a most aristocratic university; formed early and brilliant connexions with the political party that were magnificently preponderant until the last four years of Queen Anne; travelled on the Continent, not as a pedestrian mendicant, housing with owls, and thankful for the bounties of a village fair, but with the appointments and introductions of a young nobleman; and became a secretary of state not by means of his “delicate humour,” as Mr. Forster chooses to suppose, but through splendid patronage, and (speaking *Hibernicé*) through a “strong back.” His bad verses, his *Blenheim*, his *Cato*, in later days, and other rubbish, had been the only part of his works that aided his rise; and even these would have availed him little, had he not originally possessed a *locus standi*, from which he could serve his artilleries of personal flattery with commanding effect, and could *profit* by his successes. As to the really exquisite part of his writings, *that* did him no yeoman’s service at all, nor *could* have done; for he was a made man, and had almost received notice to quit this world of prosperous whiggery before he had finished those exquisite prose miscellanies. Pope, Swift, Gay, Prior, &c., all owed their social positions to early accidents of good connexions and sometimes of luck, which would not indeed have supplied the place of personal merit, but which gave lustre and effect to merit where it existed in strength. There were authors, quite as poor as Goldsmith in the Addisonian age; there were authors quite as rich as Pope, Steele, &c., in Goldsmith’s age, and having the same social standing. Goldsmith struggled with so much distress, not because his period was more inauspicious, but because his connexions and starting advantages were incomparably less important. His profits were so trivial because his capital was next to none.

So far, as regards the comparison between Goldsmith’s age and the one immediately before it. But now, as regards the comparison with our own, removed by two generations—can it be said truly that the literary profession has risen in estimation, or is rising? There is a difficulty in making such an appraisement; and from different minds there would proceed very different appraisements; and even from the same mind, surveying the case at different stations. For, on the one hand, if a greater breadth

of social respectability catches the eye on looking carelessly over the body of our modern literati, which may be owing chiefly to the large increase of gentlemen that in our day have entered the field of literature, on the other hand, the hacks and *handicraftsmen* whom the shallow education of newspaper journalism has introduced to the press, and whom poverty compels to labours not meriting the name of literature, are correspondingly expanding their files. There is, however, one reason from analogy, which may incline us to suppose that a higher consideration is now generally conceded to the purposes of literature, and consequently, a juster estimate made of the persons who minister to those purposes. Literature—provided we use that word not for the mere literature of knowledge, but for the literature of power—using it for literature as it speaks to what is genial in man, viz.—to the human *spirit*, and *not* for literature, (falsely so called,) as it speaks to the meagre understanding—is a fine art; and not only so, it is the supreme of the fine arts; nobler, for instance, potentially, than painting, or sculpture, or architecture. Now, *all* the fine arts, *that popularly are called such*, have risen in esteem within the last generation. The most aristocratic of men will now ask into his own society an artist, whom fifty years ago he would have transferred to the house-steward's table. And why? Not simply because more attention having been directed to the arts, more notoriety has gathered about the artist; for that sort of *eclat* would not work any durable change; but it is because the interest in the arts having gradually become much more of an enlightened interest, the public has been slowly trained to fix its attention upon the *intellect* which is pre-supposed in the arts, rather than upon the offices of *pleasure* to which they minister. The fine arts have now come to be regarded rather as powers that are to mould, than as luxuries that are to embellish. And it has followed that artists are valued more by the elaborate agencies which they guide, than by the fugitive sensations of wonder or sympathy which they evoke.

Now this is a change honourable to both sides. The public has altered its estimate of certain men; and yet has not been able to do so, without previously enlarging its idea of the means through which those men operate. It could not elevate the men, without previously elevating itself. But, if so, then, in correcting their appreciation of the fine arts, the public must simultaneously have corrected their appreciation of literature; because, whether men have or have not been in the habit of regarding literature as a fine art, this they must have felt, viz., that literature in its more genial functions, works by the very same organs as the liberal arts, speaks to the same heart, operates through the same compound nature, and educates the same deep sympathies

with mysterious ideals of beauty. *There* lies the province of the arts usually acknowledged as fine or liberal : *there* lies the province of fine or liberal literature. And with justifiable pride a *littérateur* may say—that *his* fine art wields a sceptre more potent than any other ; literature is more potent than other fine arts, because *deeper* in its impressions according to the usual tenor of human sensibilities ; because more *extensive*, in the degree that books are more diffused than pictures or statues ; because more *durable*, in the degree that language is durable beyond marble or canvass, and in the degree that vicarious powers are opened to books for renewing their phoenix immortality through unlimited translations : powers denied to painting except through copies that are feeble, and denied to sculpture except through casts that are costly.

We infer that, as the fine arts have been rising, literature (on the secret feeling that essentially it moves by the same powers) must also have been rising ; that, as the arts will continue to rise literature will continue to rise ; and that in both cases the men, the ministers, must ascend in social consideration as the things, the ministrations ascend. But there is another form in which the same result offers itself to our notice ; and this should naturally be the last paragraph in this section 1, but, as we have little room to spare, it may do equally well as the first paragraph in section 2, viz., on the condition of our own literary body by comparison with the same body in France.

2. Who were the people amongst ourselves that throughout the eighteenth century chiefly came forward as undervaluers of literature ? They belonged to two very different classes—the aristocracy and the commercial body, who agreed in the thing, but on very different impulses. To the mercantile man the author was an object of ridicule, from natural poverty ; *natural*, because there was no regular connexion between literature and any mode of money-making. By accident the author might *not* be poor, but professionally or according to any obvious opening for an income he *was*. Poverty was the badge of all his tribe. Amongst the aristocracy the instinct of contempt or at least of slight regard towards literature was supported by the irrelation of literature to the *state*. Aristocracy itself was the flower and fruitage of the state ; a nobility was possible only in the ratio of the grandeur and magnificence developed for *social* results ; so that a poor and unpopular nation cannot create a great aristocracy : the flower and foliation must be in relation to the stem and the radix out of which they germinate. Inevitably, therefore, a nobility so great as the English—that not in pride but in the mere logic of its political relations, felt its order to be a sort of heraldic shield, charged with the trophies and ancestral glories of the nation—

could not but in its *public* scale of appreciation estimate every profession and rank of men by the mode of their natural connexion with the state. Law and arms, for instance, were honoured, not because any capricious precedent had been established of a title to public honour in favour of those professions, but because through their essential functions they opened for themselves a permanent necessity of introsusception into the organism of the state. A great law-officer, a great military leader, a popular admiral, *is* already, by virtue of his functions, a noble in men's account, whether you gave or refused him a title; and in such cases it has always been the policy of an aristocratic state to confer, or even impose, the title, lest the disjunction of the virtual nobility from the titular should gradually disturb the estimate of the latter. But literature, by its very grandeur, is degraded socially; for its relations are essentially cosmopolitan, or, speaking more strictly, not cosmopolitan, which might mean to all other peoples considered as national states, whereas literature has no relation to any sections or social schisms amongst men—its relations are to the race. In proportion as any literary work rises in its pretensions; for instance, if it works by the highest forms of passion, its *nisus*—its natural effort—is to address the race, and not any individual nation. That it found a bar to this *nisus*, in a limited language, was but an accident: the essential relations of every great intellectual work are to those capacities in man by which he tends to brotherhood, and not to those by which he tends to alienation. Man is ever coming nearer to agreement, ever narrowing his differences, notwithstanding that the interspace may cost an eternity to traverse. Where the agreement is, not where the difference is, in the centre of man's affinities, not of his repulsions, *there* lies the magnetic centre towards which all poetry that is potent, and all philosophy that is faithful, are eternally travelling by natural tendency. Consequently, if indirectly literature may hold a patriotic value as a gay plumage in the cap of a nation, directly, and by a far deeper tendency, literature is essentially alien. A poet, a book, a system of religion, belongs to the nation best qualified for appreciating their powers, and not to the nation that, perhaps by accident, gave them birth. How, then, is it wonderful that an intense organ of the social principle in a nation, viz., a nobility, should fail, in their professional character, to rate highly, or even to recognise as having any proper existence, a fine art which is by tendency anti-social; (anti-social in this sense, that what it seeks, it seeks by transcending all social barriers and separations?) Yet it is remarkable that in England, where the aristocracy for three centuries (16th, 17th, 18th) paid so little honour, in their public or corporate

capacity, to literature, privately they honoured it with a rare courtesy. That same grandee, who would have looked upon Camden, Ben Jonson, Selden, or Hobbes, as an audacious intruder, if occupying any prominent station at a State festival, would have received him with a kind of filial reverence in his own mansion; for in this place, as having no national reference, as sacred to hospitality, which regards the human tie, and not the civic tie, he would be at liberty to regard the man of letters in his cosmopolitan character. And on the same instinct, a prince in the very meanest State would, in a State-pageant commemorating the national honours, assign a distinguished place to the national high-admiral, though he were the most stupid of men, and would utterly neglect the stranger Columbus. But in his own palace, and at his own table, he would perhaps invert this order of precedency, and would place Columbus at his own right hand.

Some such principle, as is here explained, did certainly prevail in the practice (whether consciously perceived or not in the philosophy) of that England which extended through the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. First in the eighteenth century all honour to literature under *any* relation began to give way. And why? Because expanding politics, expanding partisanship, and expanding journalism, then first called into the field of literature an inferior class of labourers. Then first it was that—from the noblest of professions, literature became a trade. Literature it was that gave the first wound to literature; the hack scribbler it was that first degraded the lofty literary artist. For a century and a half we have lived under the shade of this fatal Revolution. But, however painful such a state of things may be to the keen sensibilities of men pursuing the finest of vocations—carrying forward as inheritors from past generations the eternal chase after truth, and power, and beauty—still we must hold that the dishonour to literature has issued from internal sources proper to herself, and not from without. The nobility of England have for three and a half centuries personally practised literature as an elevated accomplishment: our royal and noble authors are numerous; and they would have continued the same cordial attentions to the literary body, had that body maintained the same honourable composition. But a *littérateur*, simply *as* such, it is no longer safe to distinguish with favour; once, but not now, he was liable to no misjudgment. Once he was pretty sure to be a man of some genius, or, at the least, of unusual scholarship. Now, on the contrary, a mob of traitors have mingled with the true men; and the loyal perish with the disloyal, because it is impossible in a mob, so vast and fluctuating; for the artillery of avenging scorn to select its victims.

All this, bitter in itself, has become *more* bitter from the con-

trast furnished by France. We know that literature has long been misappreciated amongst ourselves. In France it has long been otherwise appreciated—more advantageously appreciated. And we infer that therefore it is in France more wisely appreciated. But this does not follow. We have ever been of opinion that the valuation of literature in France, or at least of current literature, and as it shews itself in the treatment of literary men, is unsound, extravagant, and that it rests upon a basis originally false. Simply to have been the translator from the English of some prose book, a history or a memoir, neither requiring nor admitting any display of mastery over the resources of language, conferred, throughout the eighteenth century, so advantageous a position in society upon one whom we English should view as a literary scrub or mechanic drudge, that we really had a right to expect the laws of France and the court ceremonies to reflect this feature of public manners. Naturally, for instance, any man honoured so preposterously ought in law to have enjoyed, in right of his book, the *jus trium liberorum*, and perpetual immunity from taxes. Or again, as regards ceremonial honours, on any fair scale of proportions, it was reasonable to expect that to any man who had gone into a fourth edition, the royal sentinels should present arms; that to the author of a successful tragedy, the guard should everywhere turn out; and that an epic poet, if ever such a difficult birth should make its epiphany in Paris, must look to have his approach towards a *soirée* announced by a salvo of a hundred and one guns.

Our space will not allow us to go into the illustrative details of this monstrous anomaly in French society. We confine ourselves to its cause—as sufficiently explaining why it is that no imitation of such absurdities can or ought to prosper in England. The same state of things, under a different modification, takes place in Germany; and from the very same cause. Is it not monstrous, or *was* it not until within recent days, to find every German city drawing the pedantic materials, and the pedantic interest of its staple conversation from the systems and the conflicts of a few rival academic professors? Generally these paramount lords of German conversation, that swayed its movements this way or that, as a lively breeze sways a corn-field, were metaphysicians; Fichte, for instance, and Hegel. These were the arid sands that bibulously absorbed all the perennial gushings of German enthusiasm. France of the last century and the modern Germany were as to this point on the same level of foolishness. But France had greatly the advantage in point of liberality. For general literature furnishes topics a thousand times more graceful and fitted to blend with social pleasure than the sapless problems of ontological systems meant only for scholastic use.



But what then was the cause of this social deformity? Why was literature allowed eventually to disfigure itself by disturbing the natural currents of conversation, to make itself odious by usurpation, and thus virtually to operate as a mode of pedantry? It was because in neither land had the people any power of free discussion. It was because every question growing out of religion, or connecting itself with laws, or with government, or with governors, with political interests or political machineries, or with judicial courts, was an interdicted theme. The mind sought in despair for some free area wide enough to allow of boundless openings for individualities of sentiment—human enough to sustain the interests of festive discussion. That open area was found in books. In Paris to talk of politics was to talk of the king; *l'état c'est moi*; to talk of the king in any spirit of discussion, to talk of that *Jupiter optimus maximus*, from whom all fountains flowed of good and evil things, before whom stood the two golden urns, one filled with *lettres de cachet*—the other with crosses, pensions, offices, what was it but to dance on the margin of a volcano, or to swim cotillions in the suction of a maelstrom? Hence it was that literature became the only safe colloquial subject of a general nature in old France; hence it was that literature furnished the only “open questions;” and hence it is that the mode and the expression of honour to literature in France has continued to this hour tainted with false and histrionic feeling, because originally it grew up from spurious roots, prospered unnaturally upon deep abuses in the system, and at this day (so far as it still lingers) memorialises the political bondage of the nation. Cleanse therefore—is our prayer—cleanse, oh, unknown Hercules, this Augéan stable of our English current literature, rich in dunghills, rich therefore in precipitate mushroom and fraudulent fungus, yet rich also (if we may utter our real thoughts)—rich preëminently at this hour in seed-plots of immortal growths, and in secret vegetations of volcanic strength;—cleanse it (oh coming man!) but not by turning through it any river of Lethe, such as for two centuries swept over the literature of France. Purifying waters were these in one sense; they banished the accumulated depositions of barbarism; they banished Gothic tastes; yes, but they did this by laying asleep the nobler activities of a great people, and reconciling them to forgetfulness of all which commanded them as duties, or whispered to them as rights.

If, therefore, the false homage of France towards literature still survives, it is no object for imitation amongst *us*; since it arose upon a vicious element in the social composition of that people. Partially it *does* survive, as we all know by the experience of the last twenty years, during which authors, and *as au-*

thors, (not like Mirabeau or Talleyrand in spite of authorship,) have been transferred from libraries to senates and privy councils. This has done no service to literature, but, on the contrary, has degraded it by seducing the children of literature from their proper ambition. It is the glory of literature to rise as if on wings into an atmosphere nobler than that of political intrigue. And the whole result to French literature has been—that some ten or twelve of the leading literati have been tempted away by bribes from their appropriate duties, whilst some 5000 have been made envious and discontented.

At this point, when warned suddenly that the hourglass is running out, which measures our residuum of flying minutes, we first perceive on looking round, that we have actually been skirmishing with Mr. Forster, from the beginning of our paper to this very line; and thus we have left ourselves but a corner for the main purpose (to which our other purpose of “arglebargling” was altogether subordinate) of expressing emphatically our thanks to him for this successful labour of love in restoring a half-subverted statue to its upright position. We are satisfied that many thousands of readers will utter the same thanks to him, with equal fervour and with the same sincerity. Admiration for the versatile ability with which he has pursued his object is swallowed up for the moment in gratitude for his perfect success. It might have been imagined, that exquisite truth of household pathos, and of humour, with happy graces of style plastic as the air or the surface of a lake to the pure impulses of nature sweeping them by the motions of her eternal breath, were qualities authorized to justify themselves before the hearts of men, in defiance of all that sickly scorn or the condescension of masquerading envy could avail for their disturbance. And so they are: and left to plead for themselves at such a bar as unbiassed human hearts, they could not have their natural influences intercepted. But in the case of Goldsmith, literary traditions have *not* left these qualities to their natural influences. It is a fact that up to this hour the contemporary falsehoods at Goldsmith’s expense, and (worse perhaps than those falsehoods,) the malicious constructions of incidents partly true, having wings lent to them by the levity and amusing gossip of Boswell, continue to obstruct the full ratification of Goldsmith’s pretensions. To this hour the scorn from many of his own age, runs side by side with the misgiving sense of his real native power. A feeling still survives, originally derived from his own age, that the “inspired idiot,” wherever he succeeded, ought *not* to have succeeded—having owed his success to accident, or even to some inexplicable perverseness in

running counter to his own nature. It was by shooting awry that he had hit the mark; and, when most he came near to the bull's eye, most of all "by rights" he ought to have missed it. He had blundered into the Traveller, into Mr. Croaker, into Tony Lumpkin; and not satisfied with such dreadful blunders as these, he had consummated his guilt by blundering into the Vicar of Wakefield, and the Deserted Village; atrocities over which in effect we are requested to drop the veil of human charity; since the more gem-like we may choose to think these works, the more unnatural, audacious, and indeed treasonable, it was in an idiot to produce them.

In this condition of Goldsmith's traditionary character, so injuriously disturbing to the natural effect of his inimitable works, (for in its own class each of his best works *is* inimitable,) Mr. Forster steps forward with a three-fold exposure of the falsehood inherent in the anecdotes upon which this traditional character has arisen. Some of these anecdotes he challenges as *literally* false; others as virtually so; they are true perhaps, but under such a version of their circumstances as would altogether take out the sting of their offensive interpretation. For others again, and this is a profounder service, he furnishes a most just and philosophic explanation, that brings them at once within the reader's toleration, nay, sometimes within a deep reaction of pity. As a case, for instance, of downright falsehood, we may cite the well-known story told by Boswell—that, when Goldsmith travelled in France with some beautiful young English women, (meaning the Miss Hornecks,) he was seriously uneasy at the attentions which they received from the gallantry of Frenchmen, as intruding upon his own claims. Now this story, in logical phrase, proves too much. For the man who *could* have expressed such feelings in such a situation, must have been ripe for Bedlam. Coleridge mentions a man who entertained so exalted an opinion of himself, and of his own right to apotheosis, that he never uttered that great pronoun "*I*," without solemnly taking off his hat. Even to the oblique case "*me*," which no compositor ever honours with a capital *M*, and to the possessive pronoun *my* and *mine*, he held it a duty to kiss his hand. Yet this bedlamite would not have been a competitor with a lady for the attentions paid to her in right of her sex. In Goldsmith's case, the whole allegation was dissipated in the most decisive way. Some years after Goldsmith's death, one of the sisters personally concerned in the case, was unaffectedly shocked at the printed story when coming to her knowledge, as a gross calumny; her sorrow made it evident that the whole had been a malicious distortion of some light-hearted gaiety uttered by Gold-

smith. There is little doubt that the story of the bloom-coloured coat, and of the puppet-show, rose on a similar basis—the calumnious perversion of a jest.

But in other cases, where there really *may* have been some fretful expression of self-esteem, Mr. Forster's explanation transfers the foible to a truer and a more pathetic station. Goldsmith's own precipitancy, his overmastering defect in proper reserve, in self-control, and in presence of mind, falling in with the habitual undervaluation of many amongst his associates, placed him at a great disadvantage in animated conversation. His very truthfulness, his simplicity, his frankness, his hurry of feeling, all told against him. They betrayed him into inconsiderate expressions that lent a colour of plausibility to the malicious ridicule of those who disliked him the more, from being compelled, after all, to respect him. His own understanding oftentimes sided with his disparagers. He *saw* that he had been in the wrong; whilst secretly he *felt* that his meaning—if properly explained—had been right. Defrauded in this way, and by his own co-operation, of distinctions that naturally belonged to him, he was driven unconsciously to attempt some restoration of the balance, by claiming for a moment distinctions to which he had no real pretensions. The whole was a trick of sorrow, and of sorrowing perplexity: he felt that no justice had been done to him, and that he had himself made an opening for the wrong: the result he saw, but the process he could not disentangle; and, in the confusion of his distress, natural irritation threw him upon blind efforts to recover his ground by unfounded claims, when claims so well founded had been maliciously disallowed.

But a day of accounting comes at last—a day of rehearing for the cause, and of revision for the judgment. The longer this review has been delayed, the more impressive it becomes in the changes which it works. Welcome is the spectacle when, after three-fourths of a century have passed away, a writer—qualified for such a task, by ample knowledge of things and persons, by great powers for a comprehensive estimate of the case, and for a splendid exposition of its results, with deep sensibility to the merits of the man chiefly concerned in the issue, enthusiastic, but without partisanship—comes forward to unsettle false verdicts, to recombine misarranged circumstances, and to explain anew misinterpreted facts. Such a man wields the authority of heraldic marshals. Like the Otho of the Roman theatre, he has power to raise or to degrade—to give or to take away precedence. But, like this Otho, he has so much power, because he exercises it on known principles, and without caprice. To the man of true genius, like Goldsmith, when seating himself in humility on the lowest bench, he says—"Go thou up to a

higher place. Seat thyself above those proud men, that once trampled thee in the dust. Be thy memorial upon earth—not (as of some who scorned thee) ‘the whistling of a name.’ Be thou remembered amongst men by tears of tenderness, by happy laughter, untainted with malice, and by the benedictions of those that, reverencing man’s nature, see gladly its frailties brought within the gracious smile of human charity, and its nobilities levelled to the apprehension of simplicity and innocence.”

Over every grave, even though tenanted by guilt and shame, the human heart, when circumstantially made acquainted with its silent records of suffering or temptation, yearns in love or in forgiveness to breathe a solemn *Requiescat*! how much more, then, over the grave of a benefactor to the human race! But it is a natural feeling, with respect to such a prayer, that, however fervent and sincere, it has no perfect faith in its own validity so long as any unsettled feud from ancient calumny hangs over the buried person. The unredressed wrong seems to haunt the sepulchre in the shape of a perpetual disturbance to its rest. First of all, when this wrong has been adjudicated and expiated, is the *Requiescat* uttered with a perfect faith in itself. By a natural confusion we then transfer our own feelings to the occupant of the grave. The tranquillization to our own wounded sense of justice seems like an atonement to *his*: the peace for *us* transforms itself under a fiction of tenderness into a peace for *him*: the reconciliation between the world that did the wrong and the grave that seemed to suffer it, is accomplished; the reconciler in such a case, whoever he may be, seems a double benefactor—to *him* that endured the injury—to *us* that resented it; and in the particular case now before the public, we shall all be ready to agree that this reconciling friend, who might have entitled his work *Vindiciæ Oliverianæ*, has, by the piety of his service to a man of exquisite genius, so long and so foully misrepresented, earned a right to interweave for ever his own cipher and cognizance in filial union with those of OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

- ART. VII.—1. *Etudes sur les Réformateurs Contemporains.* Par LOUIS REYBAUD. Paris, 1840.  
2. *Organization du Travail.* Par LOUIS BLANC. Paris, 1839. *Cinquième Edition, Augmentée*, 1848.  
3. *Lettres au Peuple.* Par GEORGE SAND. Paris, 1848.  
4. *The NATIONAL—French Newspaper.* March 1848.  
5. *Louis Blanc on the Working Classes, with a Refutation of his destructive Plan.* By JAMES WARD. London, 1848.

THAT the set of opinions brought forth into action by the recent Revolution in France is something totally different from the now common-place Republicanism with which the Revolution of 1789 deluged Europe, must already be sufficiently clear to all who have paid any attention to the accounts that have been reaching us from Paris for the last two months.

This, indeed, is what any well-instructed person will have been prepared to expect. It has never yet been seen that any great social crisis was a mere repetition of that which preceded it. Always, in every crisis, there are involved new principles, new germs, accumulated in the mind of society since the last epoch of a similar nature, and which, seizing the current opportunity—if indeed they have not created it—spring forth into expanded activity, dominate over the crisis, and give it its special significance and character. If, then, this new Revolution in France be, as the fears of some, the hopes of others, and the anxieties of all bespeak it—nay, as its train of already achieved consequences proves it to be—a real crisis for all Europe; it follows, according to all analogy, that it contains new seeds, and that the condition of society which it will ultimately evolve, will be unlike any yet known.

What then are the new seeds contained in this *third*, or as it is now customary, in contempt of the transactions of July 1830, to say, this *second* French Revolution? A mighty question, which the future alone can fully answer, but in connexion with which one or two things may even now be said! It is always possible to infer something regarding the direction which a political movement will assume, by observing what are the speculations abroad in society at the time, and which, possessing the leading minds, are likely, to some extent at least, to be embodied in the new system of things. What, then, are the ideas at present most powerful in the mind of the French nation? the ideas, that is, which engage in a special manner its most active intellects, and are by them most sedulously diffused among the people? To this question a partial answer has already been furnished in the frequent, but somewhat blind allusions in our newspapers to “Communism,” “Communi-

nist Doctrines," &c., as being now very prevalent in French society, and as having disciples among the very men who have acted the most prominent part in the Revolution. On examining more closely, it is found that in these newspaper allusions the word "Communism" is used as a vague designation for a variety of political and social theories now abroad in France, all of them characterized, it would appear, by a vehement repugnance, in some cases intellectual, in others sentimental, to the doctrines of Adam Smith and Malthus, and all of them aiming at a grand result, which they term "the Re-organization of Labour," and sometimes also, more generally, "The Re-organization of Society." To expound the more remarkable of these theories, and to collect such facts as may tend to show how far they are likely to affect the course of events in France, are the objects of the present article.

It is now upwards of thirty years since Claude-Henri, Comte de Saint-Simon, began to promulgate in France those views which have since become so famous under the name of *Saint-Simonianism*. Born at Paris, the 17th October 1760, of a family one of the most distinguished of the old French noblesse, and which traced its descent to Charlemagne, through the Counts de Vermandois, Saint-Simon inherited, as much as any man of his generation, those qualities, which high pedigree confers. His grandfather, the Duc de Saint-Simon, was one of the most noted of those aristocratic figures that moved so gracefully in the court of Louis XIV. His father, however, having lost the ducal title and property, Saint-Simon began life from a somewhat lower elevation than that to which his name entitled him. After having received a general education under D'Alembert, and other masters, he followed the course usual at that time for young Frenchmen of family, and in the year 1777 joined the army which was sent by Louis XVI. to assist the American insurgents against the British crown.

Inheriting in large degree a certain restlessness and eccentricity which was characteristic of his family, Saint-Simon, even in early youth, was buoyed up by a persuasion that he was to play a great part in the world. When he was in his 17th year his servant was instructed to awake him every morning with these words—"Levez-vous, Monsieur le Comte, vous avez de grandes choses à faire." For a young Frenchman bent on "grandes choses," America was scarcely the field; and after having served under Washington and Bouillé, as well as travelled in a private capacity in various parts of the continent, especially in Mexico, where he attempted to interest the Viceroy in a scheme for uniting the two oceans by rendering navigable the river

Partido, he was glad to return to France. Here, in the enjoyment of the rank of Colonel, which was at that time conferred on young noblemen as an honorary sinecure, he continued to live at court without seeking any opportunity of active service. "My vocation," he says, "was not to be a soldier; I was inclined to a mode of activity quite different, and, I may say, opposite. To study the march of the human spirit, in order, eventually, to labour for the advancement of civilisation; such was the end which I proposed to myself."

In 1785, having been left his own master by his father's death two years before, he visited Holland: and in the following year he went to Spain. Availing himself there of the influence which his position afforded, he pressed on public notice various projects of a practical character. One of these, concerted between him and Cabarrus, then director of the bank of St. Charles, afterwards Minister of Finance, was a project for uniting Madrid with the sea, by means of a canal. This scheme failed for want of encouragement from the Spanish Government; in another scheme, however, for establishing a system of stage-coaches in Andalusia—the first experiment of the kind in Spain—he was more successful. In these attempts at improvement in a foreign country, one sees that passion for rectification at all times and places which is the genuine characteristic of those whom the world call reformers. What Saint-Simon attempted on a small scale in Spain, the celebrated Count Rumford accomplished on a much larger, in Bavaria. Both were men of the same stamp. In Saint-Simon, however, as was proved by his subsequent career, the passion for rectification was infinitely deeper and more frantic than in Count Rumford. Beginning with proposals for constructing canals, and establishing systems of Diligences for the benefit of provincial traffic, it was to go on increasing by exercise, and becoming more and more conscious of itself, until at length it was to grapple expressly, daringly, and even ostentatiously with the wrongs of humanity itself.

Saint-Simon returned to his native country in 1789, immediately before the outbreak of the great Revolution. He took no part, he says, in the stirring events which followed, but stood by as a mere spectator. Nobleman as he was, his sympathies were probably more with the Republicans than with the Royalists in the struggle. At all events, bent on schemes of his own, his interest in which was stronger than any aristocratic regrets of the hour, he did not hesitate, in partnership with a Prussian nobleman, Count de Redern, whose acquaintance he had made in Spain, to purchase a large quantity of the confiscated national lands from the Revolutionary Government. The funds were to be employed on his part in founding "a great scientific school, and a



great industrial establishment ;” but when, after the fall of Robespierre, the property was at length realized, this project was frustrated by a quarrel between him and his partner, which ended in his accepting from the latter the net sum of 144,000 livres (£6800) in lieu of all his claims. This took place in 1797. “Pecuniarily,” said Saint-Simon, commenting on the transaction afterwards, “I was the dupe of Redern.”

Upon his little fortune of £6800 as a basis, Saint-Simon, now in his thirty-eighth year, was to build a vast life ! His passion for a career had begun to assume a more definite shape. To lead mankind into a new path of activity, the nature of which, however, he could as yet only faintly indicate to himself by the descriptive adjective of “physico-political,” applied to it by anticipation—this seemed an enterprise worthy of his toil.

But, first, he must qualify himself for his great task by a course of universal education. Of this education the first part must be technical and theoretical ; that is, he must first thoroughly acquire and master all those contemporary scientific generalities in which the entire knowledge of the race was condensed and formulated. True, he is no longer young ; “his brain has lost its malleability ;” still, as being rich and resolute, he possesses advantages on the other side ; nor in the mind of an old pupil of D’Alembert could the necessary elementary notions be entirely wanting. Accordingly, taking up his residence near the *École Polytechnique*, and cultivating, on purpose, the intimate personal acquaintance of the Professors, he devoted his whole attention for three years, according to his own methods and convenience, and with all the appliances that money could purchase, to the study of the physical sciences—mathematics, astronomy, general physics, and chemistry. Satisfied with his progress in these, he removed in 1801 to the neighbourhood of the *École de Médecine*, in order, in a similar manner, to add to his stock of ideas regarding inorganic nature, all the general notions that were attainable regarding organized bodies. Here, accordingly, in the company of eminent intellects, he traversed the whole field of physiological science.

Having thus imbibed and made his own all the contemporary scientific thought of France, it was necessary for him, according to his plan, to visit England and Germany, lest, in either country, any ideas should be lurking, of decided European value, although France had not recognised them. He was disappointed. “From England,” he says, “I brought back the certainty, that its inhabitants were not directing their scientific labours to any general end, and had at that time no new capital idea on hand.” The Germans, on the other hand, he “surprised in the midst of their mystical philosophy—the true infant-stage of all

general science." Thus, seeing that the two great Teutonic countries could furnish him with no idea out of the circle of fundamental scientific principles, which had been accessible to him in France, he considered himself justified in concluding that, in having made those principles fully his own, he had taken in the entire essence of all the contemporary thought of the world.

To the mass of formal or theoretical knowledge which Saint-Simon had acquired by his method of systematic contact with all those of his contemporaries who made thinking or generalization their profession, it behoved him, according to his prescribed plan, to add something else before he could regard his training as complete. This was Experience, properly so called; that is, the actual realization in his own person of the whole range of human idiosyncrasies and emotions. Now as the former portion of his education had been compassed by study, so this could only be compassed by *experimentation*; that is, by the voluntary assumption for scientific purposes of all those situations in which any new set of feelings could be obtained. He resolved, therefore, to lead for several years a life of systematic experimentation, in order that, as by his previous course of universal study he had digested the whole mass of known scientific truths, and as it were placed himself at the point of highest theoretic generality attained by the race, so now, by this other method, he might break down the limitations which circled him in as a nobleman and a Frenchman, fraternize emotionally with all sorts of men, and be able at last to come forth a genuine epitome of all human sensation.

His first experiment—confessed by himself to have been such, was that of marriage. The lady he chose for his wife was Mademoiselle de Champgrand, the daughter of one of his companions in arms during the American War. "I wished to use marriage," he says, "as a means for studying the *savants*; a thing which appeared to me necessary for the execution of my enterprise; for, in order to improve the organization of the scientific system, it is not sufficient merely to know well the situation of human knowledge; it is necessary also, to seize the effect which the cultivation of science produces on those who devote themselves to it; it is necessary to appreciate the influence which this occupation exercises over their passions, over their spirit, over the *ensemble* of their moral constitution, and over its separate parts." The matrimonial relation seems, in the case of Saint-Simon, to have resented the indignity thus put upon it. After a few years he and his wife were separated by a divorce procured by mutual consent. Childless by the first marriage, Madame de Saint-Simon soon afterwards contracted a second.

Both during and after his marriage, Saint-Simon continued to pursue, in the most indefatigable manner, his prescribed career of experimentation. Balls, dinners, and experimental evening-parties followed each other, says his biographer, in rapid succession; every new situation that money could create was devised and prepared; good and evil were confounded; play, discussion, debauch, were alike gone into; the experience of years was crushed into a short space; even old age was artificially realized by medicaments; and, that the loathsome might not be wanting, this enthusiast for the universal, would inoculate himself with prevalent contagious diseases. It was probably when theorizing retrospectively on this period of his life that Saint-Simon afterwards drew up the following scheme of what he conceived to be a model human existence:—"First, To spend one's vigorous youth in a manner the most original and active possible; 2dly, To gain a knowledge of all human theories and practices; 3dly, To mingle with all classes of society, placing one's self in all possible situations, and even creating situations that do not exist; and, 4thly, To spend one's old age in resuming one's observations and in establishing principles." With regard to the violation of established rules of morality necessarily involved in the reckless experimentation prescribed by this scheme, he observes characteristically, "If I see a man who is not launched on the career of general science frequenting houses of play and debauch, and not shunning with the most scrupulous care the society of persons of notorious immorality, I say, Behold a man going to perdition; he is born under an evil star; the habits which he is contracting will debase him in his own eyes, and will, consequently, render him supremely despicable. But if this man is under the direction of theoretical philosophy; if the object of his researches is to lay down the true line of demarcation which ought to separate actions, and class them into good and bad; if he is compelling himself to discover the means for curing those maladies of the human intelligence which cause us to follow paths that lead us away from happiness; then I say, This man runs the career of vice in a direction which will conduct him necessarily to the highest virtue."

If comment were necessary on this sweeping doctrine, one might point out the vicious confusion, characteristic of the Utilitarian Philosophy, which it involves, of the two distinct categories of the *Quid est* and the *Quid oportet*: the latter, through the transitionary equivalent of the *Quid prodest*, being reduced to a mere department of the former, and so made amenable to the ordinary method of scientific induction; a method, according to which, the universal moral law would be a mere generalization from the mass of the accumulated past experience of our race—Euro-

pean, Asiatic, African, and American. "Do the law, and thou shalt know the doctrine," is the maxim directly antagonistic. Besides, what becomes of the so-called poetic faculty, if thus, in order to know a thing, we must actually go into the midst of it, with hands, eyes, and feet? If this poetic faculty is not a hallucination, what is it but that Shakespearian something implanted in a man, by which, living strongly his own simple course, chalked out for him by his native impulses and his felt duties, he can yet keep company with kings, knaves, heroes, and dead men, and walk wind-like all-licensed over the whole earth?

The prescribed course of experimentation ended about the year 1807, when, having spent all his money, Saint-Simon found himself, at the age of forty-seven, in a condition of abject poverty. This, too, however, was experience; and, in order to earn his bread, the grandson of the proudest courtier of Louis XIV. did not refuse the post of clerk in a *Mont de Piété*, or Government Pawnbroking Establishment, which, with a salary of 1000 francs (£40) a year, was offered him in 1808 by the Comte de Ségur, to whom he had applied for some situation. In this post he continued for about six months, after which he was indebted for lodging and subsistence to the charity of a former acquaintance named Diard. On Diard's death, in 1812, he was again thrown adrift upon Paris. Living in the most miserable manner, often without fire, and with bread and water for his only fare, he was yet upheld, he says, "by his passion for science, and his desire peaceably to terminate the terrible crisis in which European society is involved." Strange spectacle in modern times, a man living on, solitary and poor, in a wretched metropolitan lodging—not maturing a specific scientific discovery, perfecting a mechanical invention, or completing a literary work, for any of which there were not wanting precedents; but nourishing within him, under the form of a French egotism, an almost oriental belief that some how or other he was about to accomplish a direct social mission! A belief similar to this is, indeed, usually generated in eminent men by the heat and fever of incessant action among their fellows; but rarely, as in Saint-Simon, has it been seen existing as a purely intuitive egotism, antecedent to all activity, and demanding explicitly its own verification.

Meanwhile, if Saint-Simon was to accomplish a mission, it was certainly time that he should be setting about it. Already in his fifty-second year, he had surely entered on that stage of life in which, according to his own scheme, he should be resuming his observations. Accordingly, in 1812, precisely at the period when his circumstances were most wretched, he gave to the world his first publication, under the title of "Letters from an inhabitant of Geneva to his contemporaries." The theme of the

first of these letters was the social condition of men who, like himself, belonged to the intelligential, as distinguished from the industrial class. "Open," he said, "a subscription before the tomb of Newton; subscribe all indiscriminately, each whatever sum he pleases. Let each subscriber name three mathematicians, three mechanical philosophers, three chemists, three physiologists, three literary men, three painters, three musicians, &c. Renew the subscription every year, and divide the sum raised among the three mathematicians, the three mechanical philosophers, the three chemists, the three physiologists, the three literary men, the three painters, the three musicians, &c., who have obtained most votes; and, by this means, men of genius will enjoy a recompense worthy of themselves, and of you." In these letters, more valuable, it will be perceived, for the general modes of conception which they threw abroad than for any practical recommendations which they contained, Saint-Simon first announced that peculiar distinction between the spiritual and temporal orders which pervades his whole social philosophy. "The spiritual power in the hands of the *savans*; the temporal power in the hands of the men of property; the power of naming the individuals called to perform the functions of leaders, in the hands of the masses; for salary to the governing class, the consideration which they receive." Such was the compendium of the Saint-Simonian politics.

After the "Letters from Geneva," the next work of Saint-Simon was his "Introduction to the Scientific Labours of the 19th Century," written in the form of an answer to Napoleon's famous question addressed to the Institute—"Give me an account of the progress of science since 1789; tell me its present state, and what are the means to be employed for its advancement." In this work Saint-Simon criticises the existing state of science, denounces the intellectual anarchy prevalent, and indicates the course by which he thinks clearness and order may be evolved.

The Restoration, favourable as it was on the whole to Frenchmen of old families, brought no increase of prosperity to a dreamer like Saint-Simon. About this time, however, it was, that there began to gather round him as pupils, those men of general views and ardent temperament, most of them then mere youths, in whom his spirit and influence were to survive. His first, and, as it has proved, his most constant disciple, was M. Olinde Rodrigues, a young student of Jewish extraction. To him succeeded two men destined to a still greater celebrity, M. Augustin Thierry, and M. Auguste Comte. The interchange of his ideas with these pupils in private discourse, seems to have assisted Saint-Simon greatly in the task of digesting his system

and shaping it for practical purposes. The pupils, too, were no ordinary men, and contributed their labours, each according to his taste and faculty. It was in conjunction with Thierry that Saint-Simon prepared his third work of any consequence, which appeared under the following title: "The Re-organization of European Society; or on the necessity and the means of uniting the Peoples of Europe into one body-politic, preserving to each its own nationality; by Henri Saint-Simon, and Augustin Thierry, his pupil. Paris, 1814."

It was, however, in the year 1819, that Saint-Simon first gave forth, in the form of a small pamphlet, or rather squib, entitled, "Parabole," those conceptions regarding the place of the industrial classes in society on which his title to intellectual originality principally rests. Of this striking *brochure* the following is an abstract:—

"Let us suppose that France suddenly loses her fifty best mechanical philosophers, her fifty best chemists, her fifty best physiologists, her fifty best mathematicians, her fifty best poets, her fifty best painters, her fifty best sculptors, her fifty best musicians, her fifty first literary men, her fifty best mechanicians, her fifty best civil and military engineers, her fifty best artillerymen, her fifty best architects, her fifty best physicians, her fifty best surgeons, her fifty best druggists, her fifty best seamen, her fifty best watchmakers, her fifty first bankers, her two hundred first merchants, her six hundred first agriculturists, her fifty best smiths, &c., &c., &c., in all the 3000 first *savants*, artists, and artisans of France.

"As these men are really the most productive Frenchmen, they are the flower of French society; they are, of all Frenchmen, the most useful to their country, those who gain it most glory, and who most advance its civilisation and prosperity. The nation would become an inanimate body the instant it lost them; it would instantly fall beneath the nations that are its rivals, and it would remain subaltern to them until it had repaired its loss, regained its brain. It would take France at least a generation to make good such a misfortune; for men who distinguish themselves in labours of positive utility are real anomalies, and nature is not prodigal of anomalies, especially those of this kind.

"Let us pass to another supposition. Let us imagine that France retains all the above, but has the misfortune to lose, on one day, *Monsieur*, the King's brother, Monseigneur the Duke d'Angoulême, Monseigneur the Duke de Berry, Monseigneur the Duke d'Orléans, Monseigneur the Duke de Bourbon, Madame the Duchess D'Angoulême, Madame the Duchess de Berry, Madame the Duchess d'Orléans, Madame the Duchess de Bourbon, and Mademoiselle de Condé; at the same time also, all the great officers of the Crown, all the ministers of State, all the counsellors of State, all the masters of requests, all the marshals, all the cardinals, archbishops, bishops, grand-vicars and canons, all the prefects and sub-prefects, all the *employés* in the

government-offices, all the judges, and, with them, the 10,000 richest proprietors of those who live sumptuously.

"This accident would certainly grieve the French, because they are a good people, and because they could not see with indifference the sudden disappearance of so great a number of their fellow-countrymen. But this loss of 30,000 individuals, reputed the most important in the State, would cause chagrin only in a point of view purely sentimental; for there would not result therefrom any political evil. It would be easy to replace the persons missing. In the first place, there are a great number of Frenchmen in a condition to execute the functions of the King's brother; many capable of filling the rank of princes as suitably as Monseigneur the Duke D'Angoulême, Monseigneur the Duke de Berry, &c. Then the *anté-chambres* of the *Château* are full of courtiers ready to occupy the places of the great Crown-officers; the army possesses hundreds of military men, as good captains as our present marshals. How many clerks there are worth our ministers of State! men of business fitter to manage the affairs of the departments than the prefects and sub-prefects now in office! advocates as good jurisconsults as our judges! *cures* as capable as our cardinals, archbishops, bishops, grand-vicars, and canons! As for the 10,000 proprietors, living sumptuously, their heirs would not require much apprenticeship to enable them to perform the honours of their *salons* as well as themselves."

Paragraphs so pungent as the above, with the conclusion appended to them, that society was in a state of utter confusion and required re-organization, naturally gave offence in high quarters; and a prosecution was instituted against the author, which, however, terminated in an acquittal. The peculiar value of a pamphlet so slight as the *Parabole*, as connected with the history of Saint-Simon is, that in it he first asserted in language level to the popular apprehension, the superiority of the industrial classes in society, and his idea that their interests should be the peculiar care of the political system.

The doctrines of the *Parabole* were more fully developed and more methodically expounded in subsequent works; particularly in one entitled "*Catéchisme des Industriels*." In this work, he takes a retrospective view of the course of French history, dividing it into several epochs, and showing what interests were predominant in each. Then, having established these two propositions—1st, That the industrial classes (including in that designation all who live by labour of any kind) are the most useful to society; and, 2d, That the proportion of these classes to the rest of society has been continually increasing with the advance of civilisation; he proceeds to predict the downfall of the existing military and feudal *régime*, and the establishment in its stead of a new or industrial *régime*; that is, of a political system in which not only shall the predominant interests be those of in-

dustry, but the administration itself shall be in the hands of the industrial class. It was also announced by Saint-Simon in this *Catéchisme*, that there was in preparation a work in which its views were to be fortified and completed—an exposition, namely, of “the scientific system and the system of education,” that were to correspond with the new or industrial era. “This work,” he says, “of which we have laid down the basis, and of which we have entrusted the execution to our pupil Auguste Comte, will expound the industrial system *a priori*, while here we expound it *a posteriori*.” The fulfilment of the promise came out at length in M. Comte’s “*Système de Politique Positive*,” a work with which Saint-Simon, however, was only partially satisfied. It expounded the generalities of his system, he said, only as they appeared from the Aristotelian point of view; the religious and sentimental aspect being overlooked. Nevertheless, such as it was, the work, he said, was the best that had yet been written on general politics. How thoroughly, at all events, M. Comte had imbibed his master’s notion regarding the *avenir* of the industrial classes, may be perceived from the large space which this notion occupies in that part of his great independent work, the “*Cours de Philosophie Positive*,” which it devoted to sociology.

Saint-Simon’s success with the public, meanwhile, was very disproportionate to the earnestness with which he preached his views. Some new pupils had, indeed, been added to his little college, of whom the most distinguished were MM. Bazard and *Enfantin*; but beyond this intimate circle of sanguine young men, all society was sluggish and indifferent. Poor, obscure, and neglected, usually, he says, he bore up well; “his esteem for himself always increasing in proportion to the injury he did to his reputation.” Once, however, on the 9th of March 1823, his resolution gave way, and he fired a pistol at his own head. The wound was not fatal; and, with the loss of an eye, Saint-Simon returned to the world, to live yet a little longer in it.

And now came the closing stage of his extraordinary career. Resuming all his general ideas in science and in politics, and impregnating the whole mass with a higher and warmer element than he had yet been master of, he, the one-eyed and disfigured valetudinarian, was to bequeath to the world as the total result of his life and labours, a New Religion! This he did in his “*Nouveau Christianisme*,” which may be regarded as the summary of Saint-Simonianism by Saint-Simon himself. In this work the ruling idea is that Christianity is a great progressive system, rolling, as it were, over the ages, acting at all times on the thoughts and actions of men, but continually imbibing in return fresh power out of the mind of the race, and retaining



only as its eternal and immutable germ this one adage, "Love one another." Of this great progress of Christianity, the first stage, according to Saint-Simon, had been the Catholic system, which had rendered great services to humanity, especially by its recognition of the distinction between the spiritual and temporal powers, but which had also failed in essential respects. After it, came the Protestantism of Luther, which, doing less for humanity, had failed still more grossly. Luther, Saint-Simon said, was a heretic, against whom this charge might be alleged—that, having Europe as a *tabula rasa* before him, he did not make a good use of his splendid opportunity, but threw down among the hungry nations a mass of low and prosaic sentiments. Lastly, he himself, Saint-Simon, was the harbinger of a new and triumphant stage—the Saint-Simonian phase of Christianity. Of this Saint-Simonianism the fundamental peculiarity was to consist in an expansion or modification of the permanent maxim of Christianity into the following formula:—"Religion ought to direct society towards the great end of the most rapid possible amelioration, physical and moral, of the condition of the class the most numerous and poor." No longer was there any necessity for keeping up the distinction between the religious and the social, the spiritual and the material, the welfare of the individual soul and the interests of the mass; the two were to be united; and religion was to consist, expressly and definitively, in the reorganization of society, according to the foregoing formula.

What then, more closely considered, was the Saint-Simonian religion practically to consist in? Plainly in this—the raising of the sunken industrial classes, and their thorough and equitable diffusion through the entire mass of society, so that the whole might move freely within itself. Were this all, however, the result would be mere chaos and bewilderment. A principle of order, of government, must be introduced. This, accordingly, was supplied in the principle of the Saint-Simonian hierarchy, asserted by Saint-Simon himself, and thus expressed by his followers:—"To each man a vocation according to his capacity; to each capacity a recompense according to its works." In this, the second fundamental principle of the Saint-Simonian system, there is, it will be perceived, a direct denial of the theory of absolute equality. It asserts the radical, inexplicable fact of the difference of capacities and dispositions between man and man; and even deifies this fact so as to make it furnish the supreme principle of social order. All privileges of birth being abolished, and each generation being thus left an independent aggregation of freely-moving social atoms, there is to result in each a spontaneous government by a hierarchy of functionaries designated

by nature herself. These functionaries again are to be animated by the fundamental Saint-Simonian principle of administration, that of "the most rapid possible amelioration of the condition of the class the most numerous and poor;" and thus on these two principles the world is to revolve, moving forward, in majestic harmony, towards its unseen consummation.

Reconstructed according to the two fundamental Saint-Simonian principles, society would assume the form of a church-universal. Men of industry, employed in material occupations; *savans* employed in scientific speculation; and priests, uniting both capacities—this would be all society; chiefs of industry, chiefs of *savans*, chiefs of priests—this would be all government. And thus from the supreme pope or pontiff of the race as the apex, down through an infinite number of sections towards the base, each generation of mankind would constitute an independent self-formed triangular solid, of which priests, thinkers, and labourers would be the atoms.

Thus, in the year 1825, did this singular and egotistic Frenchman compile the generalizations of his life, and give them to the world as a New Christianity. The divinity of the former Christianity he admitted, but he also, he was convinced, had a divine mission to supersede it. He had even had French supernatural intimations to that effect.—"In the prison of the Luxembourg," he said, "I saw a vision. My ancestor Charlemagne appeared to me, and said, 'Since the world was, no family has had the honour to produce a hero and a philosopher both of the first rank. This honour is reserved for my house. My son, thy successes as a philosopher will equal mine as a warrior and a states man.'"

To promulgate his views now completed, Saint-Simon, in conjunction with his pupils, founded a journal, to be called, "*Le Producteur*." The project of this paper may be said to have been formed on his death-bed. Having already suffered much from pain and ill-health, he breathed his last on the 19th of May 1825, in the presence of his favourite disciples, Comte, Thierry, Rodrigues, Bazard, and Enfantin. To them his last words were addressed:—"It has been imagined," he said, speaking in an especial manner to Rodrigues, although with a prophetic reference, one might think, to Comte, "that all Religion whatever ought to disappear, because we have succeeded in proving the decrepitude of that which exists. But Religion cannot disappear from the world; it can only change its form. Do not forget this, Rodrigues, and remember that, in order to do great things, one must be enthusiastic, (*pour faire de grandes choses il faut être passionné.*) My whole life sums itself up in a single thought:—'To assure to all mankind the freest possible

development of their faculties.' " \* \* "The future is ours," he said, after a pause; and laying his hand to his head, died.

On M. Olinde Rodrigues, as the earliest disciple and special legatee of his master, it devolved to conduct the *Producteur*, and generally to superintend the diffusion of that mass of miscellaneous notions, for the most part merely critical and destructive, but in part, also, organic and positive, which he had bequeathed to the world. His associates were MM. Bazard, Enfantin, Cerclet, Buchez, and one or two others, who had recently joined the little College. M. Comte seems already to have schemed for himself that path which was to carry him, like a solitary luminary, out of the Saint-Simonian cluster.

The position of public affairs in the year 1825, was such that it was deemed advisable by the Associates not to attempt a wholesale promulgation of the Saint-Simonian faith, but to confine themselves to an exposition of the Saint-Simonian doctrines regarding the Reorganization of Industry, the coming Industrial Régime, &c. This restriction had its advantages; for it secured the co-operation of many men of liberal tendencies, who, at that period of reaction towards absolutism, were willing to use such an organ as the *Producteur*, although they had no affection for the more esoteric Saint-Simonian theories. Accordingly, the *Producteur* reckoned among its contributors Armand Carrel, and other young chiefs of the growing Republicanism. For pecuniary reasons, however, the publication was ultimately abandoned.

It was now imagined by some that Saint-Simonianism was defunct. This, however, was a mistake. Ardent spirits throughout France had been seized with the enthusiasm; correspondences had been carried on; and individual disciples, debarred the utterance of their special opinions in the *Producteur*, had found a voice for them in occasional independent publications. Suddenly a new outburst took place under the auspices of M. Bazard. Advertising a course of lectures which were to be delivered in the Rue Taranne, and were to contain "a complete exposition of the Saint-Simonian faith," he rallied round him the scattered Saint-Simonians. Associated with him as colleagues, were MM. Rodrigues and Enfantin; and to this triumvirate many new men of ability and education attached themselves, among whom may be mentioned MM. Hyppolite Carnot, Michel Chevalier, Fournel, Barrault, Dugied, Charles Duveyrier, and Talabot.

As in the *Producteur* the Associates had been obliged by considerations of prudence to restrict themselves to the exposition of certain doctrines of immediate consequence, so now they revelled at pleasure in all the higher speculations of Saint-Simonianism,

Now for the first time was the Saint-Simonian creed filled out and formulized. "God," said the Associates, "is all that is ; all is in Him ; all communicate through Him." He manifests Himself in two sets of aspects ; on the one hand, as spirit, intelligence, wisdom ; on the other, as matter, force, beauty. The true action of this Pan or Deity upon the human race has been through gifted human spirits born at intervals. Moses, Numa, Orpheus, these men, representing as it were that aspect of the Divinity whose type is matter, force, beauty, had organized the *material* efforts of the race, they were chiefs of Worship ; the founders of Christianity, representing the Divine spirit, intelligence, wisdom, had organized the *spiritual* efforts of the race, and were chiefs of Doctrine ; for Saint-Simon it had been reserved to unite the flesh and the spirit, and organize the *religious* efforts of the race—he was the Head of the Church. The systems of Moses, Orpheus, and Numa had been systems of national ceremonial ; Christianity seized on the individual soul ; the system of Saint-Simon pointed to a theocratic association of all under the highest *savans* and the highest chiefs of industry ; whose administration was to be regulated by the two fundamental principles—"L'Amélioration," &c., and "A chacun," &c. Hitherto all societies had been presided over by merely dead laws ; that is, by the letter of laws established at some point of the past time by the legislator whose name they bore—as the Mosaic law by Moses, the laws of Numa by Numa, and so on. The law of the Saint-Simonian constitution of society, however, was to be a living law ; that is, it was to consist in a perpetual succession of commands issued on occasion by a perpetual series of living men. Or, in the words employed by M. Bazard himself, "In the future all the law that shall exist will consist in the declaration by which he who presides over an office shall make known his will to his inferiors, sanctioning his prescriptions with punishments and rewards."\* Cohering in virtue of this law, society will move on under one impulse towards one goal ; there will be a million of arms but only one head ; arranged in a descending hierarchy, and paid according to a tariff of salaries, all the men of each generation will depend upon him who for the time shall occupy

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\* As little as possible have we interrupted our exposition with comments of our own ; at this point, however, we would bid our readers again observe that implied annihilation, in the Saint-Simonian system, of the moral sense as an ultimate thing in man, which we formerly remarked in the language of Saint-Simon himself. Right and wrong, according to the Saint-Simonians, are but generalizations like the laws of astronomy ; and as it belongs to the *savans* of one class to decree what the more ignorant of the race are to believe concerning the moon and the stars, so it belongs to the *savans* of another class to decree the duty of man. If we mistake not, M. Comte, in his "Cours de Philosophie Positive," expressly affirms this.

the place of supreme king or pontiff of the globe, the strongest, the most sympathetic, the most generalizing (*le plus généralisateur*) of living beings.—Such, in gamboge and vermilion, is the Saint-Simonian millennium.

While revelling for their own private gratification in these apocalyptic anticipations, the Associates were not neglecting the humbler task of disseminating ideas critical of the existing state of things. An immediate corollary of the Saint-Simonian system which they occupied themselves with asserting to the public, was the necessity of the abolition of the law of inheritance. Maintaining, as we have seen, the natural inequality of men in point of capacity, the Saint-Simonians nevertheless were adherents of the political equality proclaimed in 1789, and the full development of which, according to M. Chevalier, “will consist in the obliteration of all the political inequalities founded on the right of birth.” That a man should inherit property from his father they considered one of these inequalities. Therefore, in the Saint-Simonian constitution of society, the property of deceased persons should return immediately to the state. All children would be taken care of and educated by a supreme college in a congenial professional direction; furnished with whatever was necessary, and then launched on life to fare according to their own merits.

As an organ for the promulgation of this and other Saint-Simonian doctrines, the Associates, in 1830, founded a weekly Journal, called “*L’Organisateur*.” About the same time also, in order to furnish a nucleus, as it were, round which the Saint-Simonian crystallization of society might commence, they formed themselves into a family living in common in a house in the Rue Monsigny. Of this establishment MM. Bazard and Enfantin assumed the co-ordinate supremacy. Of these two men M. Louis Reybaud presents an elaborate contrast. Bazard, he says, who before his adhesion to Saint-Simonianism had taken an active interest in Revolutionary politics, was still apt to assume the profane point of view, and accommodate his expositions to circumstances; he was a man of logic, and delighted in details; Enfantin, on the other hand, was an enthusiast, continually forging ideas in the laboratory of his own thoughts, and seeking points of contact with the world only in the Saint-Simonian future. Together, they complemented each other—Enfantin urging on his colleague, whose disposition it was to look round at every step, so as to ascertain his environment. Left to himself, the chances were that Enfantin would bring on a crash by his too hardy experimentation; in similar circumstances Bazard would probably hesitate, abdicate his dictatorship, and sink into an ordinary *philosophe*.

Scarcely had the establishment of the Rue Monsigny been formed, when Paris was shaken, and the prospects of the country changed by the Revolution of July. The Associates seized the opportunity to make a demonstration; and for several days all Paris was laughing at a strange placard signed "Bazard-Enfantin," which was seen posted on the walls beside the proclamations of Lafayette. After the restoration of order, and the accession of Louis-Philippe, it was deemed proper to take some notice of the Saint-Simonian demonstration; and in the Chamber of Deputies MM. Dupin and Mauguin denounced the Associates as a sect preaching doctrines subversive of order, viz., the Community of property and the Community of Women. This drew forth a reply from Bazard and Enfantin, dated the 1st of October 1830, in which both imputations were denied. As for the doctrine of the Community of Property, they declared that it was directly contrary to the fundamental maxim of their system—that every man should be placed according to his capacity, and recompensed according to his works. Nevertheless, they admitted that they desired the abolition of the law of inheritance. On the subject of the rights of women, they professed that what they aimed at was the complete emancipation of the sex, so that woman might reveal her powers, whatever they are, to the utmost, and perform her full part in the social evolution. The law of marriage, however, by which one man was conjoined with one woman, so as to form a social unit, they regarded as holy; and all the modification they would make of it would be for the facilitation, in certain cases, of divorce.

Never was Saint-Simonianism more prosperous than in 1830 and 1831. At the beginning of the latter year especially, the Confederates were able to congratulate themselves on a special piece of good fortune—the accession, namely, of M. Pierre Leroux, a man of the highest character, who had raised himself from the situation of a common printer to the reputation of being one of the most profound of French thinkers and writers. M. Leroux brought with him into the service of Saint-Simonianism the *Globe* daily newspaper, of which at that time he was editor. On the 18th of January 1831 this paper appeared, for the first time, as a professed journal of Saint-Simonian opinions. The proselytism which followed was past belief. Dreamers, thinkers, artists, poets, all caught the contagion. Among the more prominent converts were MM. Raynaud Hoart, Emile Pereire, Mesdames Bazard and St. Hilaire, MM. Lambert, Saint Chéron, Guérault, Charton, Cazeaux, Dugueit, and Flachet-Mony. The establishment in the Rue Monsigny was enlarged, and to prevent the too rapid influx of new members, two probationary schools were instituted, from which it was to be recruited. Meanwhile,

all the Associates were active, each according to his peculiar tastes; some, as Carnot and Dagdieu, in popularizing the Saint-Simonian doctrines by means of lectures; others, as Leroux, in methodizing the metaphysics of their creed; and others, as Chevalier and Barrault, in more immediate literary and social applications. Enfantin, too, striking hard blows at the existing economy of society, came forth with a modification adapted for temporary use, of the general Saint-Simonian demand for the abolition of the privileges of birth—a proposal, namely, for the abolition, in the first place, of the law of collateral succession. “Abolish collateral succession,” he said, “and thus not only will the Novelist be deprived of his standing device of rich uncles dying in the Indies, but the State will gain possession of an annual income for useful purposes.” Preaching such doctrines over the length and breadth of France, the *Globe* produced powerful effects. At Toulouse, Montpellier, Lyons, Metz, and Dijon, there arose branch establishments, connected with the Saint-Simonian Church of the metropolis.

Soon, however, the Saint-Simonian Church was torn by a schism. The seeds of disunion had already long existed in the different tendencies of the two leaders—Bazard and Enfantin. Bazard, the man of logic, who wished to convince his hearers; Enfantin, who would always appeal to the heart, holding that “the most prompt, the most decisive, the most triumphant way of acting on the human organization is infatuation.” The two questions on which they had come to differ were those of the emancipation of the working classes and the emancipation of women: with regard to each Enfantin went far beyond Bazard. On the second question especially his opinions were extreme. “Christianity,” said Enfantin, “had declared the emancipation of woman; but still, in European society, she occupied a subaltern position, and it was the part of Saint-Simonianism to raise her to complete equality, in all social respects, with man. Every man,” he said, “who pretends to impose a law on women, is not a Saint-Simonian. The only position of the true Saint-Simonian with regard to woman, is to declare his incompetence to judge her. The woman must reveal to us for herself all that she thinks, all that she desires, all that she wishes for the future.”

These differences, which Bazard did not long survive, led to a disruption of the Saint-Simonian camp; and at a general meeting on the 19th of November 1841, Leroux, Raynaud, Cazeaux, Pereire, and others seceded, leaving Enfantin to organize the remainder, with Rodrigues as his subordinate. Enfantin continued to carry on the Society. As might be expected, his favourite topics now were those on which the schism had taken place. Acting on his own maxim—that it was incompetent for

the man to legislate for the woman—and yet at the same time maintaining, that until the new feminine code should be given, the work of social regeneration could be considered as only attempted in half, he occupied himself chiefly with speculations as to the advent of some woman of genius, whose business it would be to supply what was wanted. To this "coming woman" alone it belonged to indicate the *avenir* of her sex. Might she not even then be on the earth? What if she were in Paris! In that case possibly she might be discovered, and even illuminated as to the fact of her own mission! In a perpetual succession of balls, *fêtes*, and *réunions*, therefore, let her be sought for! Let all Paris be invited; the giddy pretty ones will slip through the meshes, the golden fish will remain in the net.

Hundreds of fair *Parisiennes*, says M. Louis Reybaud, attended the brilliant Saint-Simonian reunions of the winter of 1832. They danced, laughed, and enjoyed themselves—still the expected woman came not. Money began to fail the Associates; and at length their establishment was brought to a sudden close by a prosecution instituted against them by the legal authorities. Enfantin and Rodrigues had also begun to quarrel on the old question; Rodrigues demurring from certain opinions of Enfantin of an extreme nature regarding the law of Saint-Simonian marriage. Accordingly the Family of the Rue Monsigny was dissolved, and the publication of the *Globe* abandoned.

On the dissolution of the general association, Enfantin, who possessed a house with large grounds at Menilmontant, near Paris, removed thither with about forty of his adherents, of whom the chief were MM. Barrault, Michel Chevalier, Lambert, Eichthal, Fournel, Charles Duveyrier, and Talabot. Here they constituted a sort of Saint-Simonian monastery on Communist principles; dividing their time between manual labour and intellectual speculations. They all wore a dress of the same fashion: "a blue close coat with short flaps, a belt of varnished leather, a red cap, white trowsers, a handkerchief round the neck, hair thrown back and glossy behind, moustachios and beard *à l'orientale*." All acknowledged Enfantin as their Father and Superior.

The lucubrations of the Associates at Menilmontant assumed a higher and more mystic form than the Saint-Simoniens had yet pretended to. "*Le Livre Nouveau*," as they called the manuscript in which they entered their meditations, is described as having contained a sort of rhythmical metaphysics, or, as M. Reybaud terms it, "an algebra of Religion," expressed in Biblical language. In August 1832, however, this new phase of Saint-Simonianism was also brought to a close. To defend a second action which had been brought against them, the Associ-



ates appeared, on the 27th of that month, before the *Cours d'Assises*. Enfantin, Duveyrier, and Chevalier were condemned ; and the first subjected to a term of imprisonment. This was the signal for a general dispersion ; the more enthusiastic disciples exiled themselves from France ; the remainder, laying aside the special badge of their sect, and only retaining, more or less diluted, the general ideas of the school, diffused themselves through society.

Precisely at the time when Saint-Simonianism, as an established faith, was thus suppressed in France, another system, resembling it in certain respects, and upon the whole still more curious, if not so powerful, began to attract public attention. This was the system of *Fourierism*, as it was called, after the founder, Fourier.

François-Charles-Marie Fourier was born at Besançon, the 7th April 1768, seven years and a half after Saint-Simon. His father was a small woollen-draper ; and Fourier, whose earliest years were spent in the shop, was destined for a similar mercantile employment. A dreamy, singular, awkward youth, with an insatiable appetite for all kinds of information, and a great difficulty of expressing himself—he seems all the while that he was earning his bread by labours in the shop and the counting-house, to have lived intellectually in a world of his own. That he must have been an assiduous student in private of the mathematical and physical sciences, and indeed of all descriptions of knowledge whatever, is clear from the enormous mass of miscellaneous notions which he has left heaped up in his writings. The direction of his labours, however, came from within ; for some singular superfetation or mal-organization of spirit, which made him different from other men, rendered him independent of their opinions or society, and placed him out of *rapprochement* as it were with surrounding things, so that between what he saw existing, and what he schemed within himself, there was perpetual discord. In short, he was a man of one idea, as the phrase is ; one of those men, the exact opposite of the Poet in their constitution, who, instead of holding the mirror up to Nature, explore her with a lamp. How strong and intense in Fourier was this innate conception of things which he had brought into the world with him, is illustrated by an account he gives of two circumstances which, he says, made an ineffaceable impression on him in his early years. The one was, that when a boy of five he had been reprimanded in his father's shop for contradicting some one who had told a lie in his presence ; the other, that, when nineteen years of age, he had assisted, in his capacity as a merchant's clerk, at a submersion of corn with a view to keep up high

prices. In the one he received his first experience of the fact that falsehood is tolerated; in the other he was present at one of the results of monopoly.

Possibly, from the very fact that his discord with the world about him was so thorough and radical, Fourier, up to a comparatively late period, lived a life of calm observation, amounting, in appearance, to acquiescence. That society, as it existed, was one complex system of fallacy and suffering seems to have become in his mind a settled fact, which one must just accept as such, and endure. All that one could do was to exhibit to the world a model, constructed out of one's own thoughts, of a new and perfect system of society; if such a model were duly set forth, the world would doubtless strive towards conformity with it, and in the process of years would attain to it. One need be in no hurry, however; it was more essential to build up the scheme completely in one's mind so as ultimately to place a finished and perfect model on the table, than to come forth immediately as a mere critic. Indeed, the evil of the existing system was so great, that to strike a blow or indicate a change here and there would not do; the entire edifice must be pulled down and rebuilt, and one's best occupation, therefore, were leisurely, and, apart from all ephemeral politics, to prepare the new plan.

Full of such strange thoughts regarding the world about him, the eccentric and taciturn merchant's clerk was slowly building up in his own head a mass of uncouth forms of language, descriptive to himself of his ideal system of society. He was one of those minds, apparently, who accept the mere conceptions that arise arbitrarily in the understanding itself, as of equal value, as regards truth, with those revelations concerning the external world, which come through experience. That he was by no means destitute of the power of observation is clear, from the allusions in his writings to existing wrongs and defects; and that he did not undervalue those general ideas in which thinkers have summed up, as it were, in literary forms, the past experience of the race, is proved by his fondness for study. But the views and ideas thus derived from contact with the world, and with other intellects, he seemed to flood and drench with others that welled up in his mind from some internal source. Half the mesmeric-seer, and half the scientific analyst in his constitution, he seemed, if we may so express it, to live intellectually in an apartment of which one window fronted the actual world, while the other looked back into the region of supernatural conditions, out of which all things have sprung. Seated at this back window, he would woo out of the darkness all sorts of conceptions regarding God, the Creation, and other transcendental matters, about

which no man can possibly know anything by his own strength; then, removing to the other window, he would derive from the bustle without, accurate conceptions regarding the actual world; and finally mingling the two heaps of notions together, he would proceed to organize the mass as if it were homogeneous.

That this is a correct representation of Fourier's mind and habits, will appear when we describe the nature of his system, as developed in his "*Théorie des Quatre Mouvements, et des Destinées Générales*," published anonymously at Lyons in 1808, and which, with the exception of an article on the state of European politics published five years before in a newspaper of the same town, was, it is believed, his first attempt to communicate with the world through the press. In this bizarre and singular work—all the more singular as being the production of an obscure clerk who had attained his thirty-eighth year without doing anything to reveal himself out of the counting-house—are contained the germs of all that Fourier ever wrote. Here, therefore, it may be as well to present a general outline of his entire system, as first promulgated in 1808, and afterwards, only filled out and expounded.

In religion Fourier was a Pantheist; in other words, God, the world, and man, were all blended and confused in his idea of existence as a whole. Using formal language, however, he viewed the world as an evolution of three eternal co-existing principles—God, matter, and justice, or mathematical truth. God or will is the cause of the destinies of things; justice is the reason of them. The universal will manifests itself in the form of a law of universal attraction, by which all that exists is regulated. This universal attraction distinguishes itself into five species, or, as Fourier called them, *movements*—1<sup>st</sup>, material attraction, which was discovered by Newton; 2<sup>d</sup>, organic attraction, pervading the inner constitution of bodies; 3<sup>d</sup>, aromal attraction, or the attraction of imponderables; 4<sup>th</sup>, instinctual attraction, or the attraction of instincts and passions; 5<sup>th</sup>, social attraction, or the attraction of man to his future destinies. Of these five movements only four were announced, as appears from the title in Fourier's first work; the aromal attraction was afterwards added. Pervaded by this universal law of attraction, all nature was full of analogies, and in every part one might discern the rhythm of the whole. Friendship, for instance, was symbolically represented in the circle; love in the ellipse.

The entire duration of the world, as it now is, will be 80,000 years; half will be a period of ascendance, and half of descendance. The world, as yet, is only in its 7000th year; consequently young and foolish, and far from being what it will be. God peopled the world originally with sixteen distinct races of men;

nine of which were placed in the Old, and seven in the American hemisphere. All these, however, were made with the same fundamental dispositions; and hence, their mingled progeny forms but one species. God has also reserved for himself the power of eighteen supplementary creations of men. In the act of creation there is a conjunction of Austral and Boreal Fluids; hence, as the supplementary creations come to take place, the earth will gradually become a beautiful garden; the masses of polar ice will be melted away, the whole sea will become navigable, and, the salt having been disengaged, will at length consist of excellent fresh water, which sailors may drink.

The soul of man is immortal; and is subject to reproduction in new forms—not, however, as the Hindoos say, in forms either nobler or viler, according to circumstances, but always in forms nobler than those already passed through. For each soul there will be one hundred and ten transmigrations in all. The various planets, also, will, at the periods when respectively they have attained their full developments, exchange their spiritual burdens—each planet, as it were, emptying itself into the one immediately above it in the scale of importance.

Human nature is a compound of twelve distinct passions:—five sensitive, which together make up the desire of individual enjoyment; four affective, (love, friendship, ambition, and family-feeling,) which lead to the formation of groups; and three governing or distributive, (the *cabaliste*, or love of intrigue, the *alternante*, or craving for variety, and the *composite*, or inspiration of art,) which produce series. As group is the association of individuals, so series is the association of groups. The ultimate tendency of series, again, is towards unity; and thus the passion for unity expresses the aim and longing of the whole human being, and is the result of the free play of all the twelve component passions, as light is the result of all the prismatic tints. Conformity, therefore, to this passion for unity, or in other words, submission to the law of passional attraction, (attraction passionnée,) is the true theory of conduct. Duty is entirely a human idea; attraction only—i. e. physical tendency, comes from God. The distinction between certain passions as good, and others as bad, is a fallacious mode of speaking; all are good; it is impious to resist any of them; and true wisdom consists in entire abandonment to their impulses. What we call *evil* or *wrong*, has no real existence; all misery has its origin in misconception. The passions are not to be denounced or struggled against; they are to be *utilized*. If the medium in which the passions act, offers resistance to their free play, then that medium must be modified.

The present medium, that is, society as it now exists, *does* offer resistance to the free play of the passions. All is confu-

sion, irregularity, compulsion, misconception. "Between the Creator and the creature there have been five thousand years of misunderstanding." How shall this condition of things be remedied? How shall the present confused medium, in which the passions are restrained, be made to evolve a new medium in which they shall be able to act freely? By what means shall riches be made to succeed to poverty, truth to deceit, mutual respect to oppression and revolt, happiness to misery? Philanthropists had announced and attempted various schemes having this object in view. All had failed. The scheme which he proposed, however, could not fail, being accordant with the eternal mechanism of nature. This was a system for the association of mankind in industrial bodies, on the principle that each individual, while forming part of a whole, should yet be at liberty to follow his own tendencies and inclinations. "The disease which devours industry is industrial anarchy or incoherence." The cure, therefore, must consist in organization, association, harmonious co-operation. But this can only be secured by allowing, in the first place, perfect individual freedom. Labour is not of itself naturally repugnant to man; nay, man is so constituted as to find his only true happiness in labour; but the happiness to be found must actually lie in the labour in which it is sought; in other words, the labour in which a man is called to engage ought to be of the kind which is of itself agreeable to him. This idea of labour, pleasurable for its own sake, (*travail attrayant*), was one on which Fourier laid immense stress. As the English squire toils hard in a fox-chase, and yet likes the labour; so, if the world were as it should be, all human beings would do as they felt inclined, and in so doing, would enjoy the toil.

In order to realize this picture of a world busy and at the same time happy, the present distribution of mankind over the globe, in cities, towns, villages, hordes, and hamlets, must be entirely abandoned; and mankind must associate themselves anew in little masses called *phalanxes*. A group, that is, the little association formed by the operation of the sensitive and affective passions, would number usually from seven to nine persons; from twenty-four to thirty-two groups, associated by the play of the distributive passions, would constitute a series; and, lastly, an association of several such series, representing in itself the supreme tendency to unity, would form a phalanx. A phalanx, therefore, would consist of about 1800 persons of both sexes, associated together for all the purposes of life, and forming in effect a complete little community. Each phalanx would occupy a vast barracks or system of buildings called a *Phalangstère*, which would include within itself a church, a theatre, dining-rooms, picture galleries, an observatory, a library, work-rooms, sleeping apartments, and, in

short, every possible accommodation that comfort would require or taste suggest. Every *phalangstère* would stand in the midst of its own gardens and grounds. How cheaply even splendour might be attained in all the arrangements of the *phalangstère*—in the architecture, in the style of furnishing, and also in the *cuisine*, the success of the modern system of clubs might show—of the principle of which the Phalanx-system would in some respects be but an extension. In the life of the *phalangstère* all would be at liberty to follow their own bent—to work, or be idle; to work at one trade or at several; to be sociable or retiring in their habits. The women would naturally, according to the affective instincts of their sex, dominate in the relations of family, &c., while the men would pursue the career of ambition; nevertheless, no restraint would be put upon the liberty of the women exceptional in their tastes and inclined to follow a profession—that of medicine, for instance. As for the children; for them, too, the system would be one of attraction. They would be allowed to sing, romp, read, or even gourmandize; only all these manifestations would be carefully watched, and the passions, which they indicated, utilized. From all this life of freedom, some might say, nothing but confusion would result. The contrary, however, would be the case. Labour, ceasing to be repugnant, would organize itself beautifully; there would be the most admirable classification and subdivision of employments; all sorts of machines for abridging labour would be introduced, and their invention encouraged; and among the inhabitants of the *phalangstère* there would operate the most wholesome emulation. Every member would be secured a *minimum* of income, sufficient to supply his ordinary wants; and over and above this there would be a distribution of the surplus profits among the efficient members, according to the three categories of Labour, Capital, and Talent. Of these Labour would have the preference, its share being as five, while the shares of Capital and Talent would be respectively as four and three—that of Talent, therefore, being lowest.

The Phalanx-system would naturally first be introduced into the field of agricultural labour. There, gradually and simply, without disturbing a single established relation, it would succeed by its own merits. Radiating thence into all trades and professions, it would ultimately prevail over the whole globe. Then would arise a new set of relations, associating the separate phalanxes one with another, according to the most beautiful series. In all there would probably be about 500,000 phalanxes on the earth. The governor of a single phalanx would be called a Unarch; the governor of four phalanxes a Duarch; the governor of twelve phalanxes a Tetrarch; the gover-

nor of forty-eight phalanxes a Douzarch; and so on, up to the governor of the whole world, or Omniarch. This association of the phalanxes by series would supersede the present arrangements into provinces, nations, &c., performing all that is good in the functions of such arrangements. Certain phalanxes would stand related to one designated as the capital of their common district; and the associated districts again would recognise in one established spot the central phalanx of the nation. Finally, there would be one golden-domed phalangstère, towards which, as the metropolis of the world, all the railways and all the telegraphic wires would converge; and here receiving the letters of all nations, and issuing his despatches—east, north, south, and west, would sit the Omniarch with his clerks. This phalangstère should be somewhere on the Bosphorus. All general planetary business would be transacted in the office of the Omniarch. Thus, in the case of a great discovery in the arts, such as that of the steam-engine by Watt, or of the publication of a book deserving a place among the world's classics, the Omniarch would decree a tax for the benefit of the author upon all the phalangstères. A tax of five francs each on all the phalangstères would have secured to James Watt £100,000 for his steam-engine. Again, in the case of a sudden physical calamity in any part of the world, as, for example, an earthquake or inundation, the Omniarch would instantly despatch an industrial army to the spot to repair the damage.

Such, described as literally as we have been able from our authorities, was the extraordinary system which Fourier gave to the world. Expounded first in his "*Théorie des Quatre Mouvements*," published in 1808, it was enlarged and completed in his "*Traité de l'Association Domestique-Agricole*," published at Paris in 1822; in his "*Nouveau Monde Industriel et Sociétaire*," published in 1829; and in a work which he published in 1835, entitled "*False Industry, Fragmentary, Repugnant, Deceitful; and the Antidote, Natural Industry, Combined, Attractive, Truthful, giving Quadruple Profit*." All these works are in form the reverse of methodical or artistic; and they abound in uncouth words and phrases, invented by the author to express his meaning. Fourier was incapable himself of the task of popular exposition; this he left to his followers. In another respect he was peculiar. Most men of his class have been contented with giving to the world a few pregnant aphorisms containing the gist of their system; in his writings there is a perfect deluge of the most rigidly reasoned and ingenious details.

The sincerity of Fourier has never been questioned. He always talked of his own theory, says M. Reybaud, as of a fact dominant in the world. Living in a state of isolation, and deal-

ing only with the symbols which in his mind had come to stand for things themselves, he had solved, as he fancied, a gigantic equation; and the solution must ultimately be accepted. In short, as we have already said, his mind was, in some respect or other, abnormal in its structure, so as to be out of connexion with everything about it. Such dogmas, for instance, as those which we have described, relating to the creation and duration of the world, indicate a total breaking down in the mind which produced them, of all separation between the organs of conception and belief. According to the same method one has only to think anything whatever, like a Hindoo poet; and then assert it to be true. One might assert, for instance, that there was a ball of fresh butter at the centre of the earth; and in such a case, if the assertion were gravely made, there would be little probability that it would be contradicted. Now, there are many minds, Scotch and English, into which such an odd fancy might enter; but the difference between them and Fourier is, that whenever he conceived such a thing, he ran a great risk of believing it. Hence the gravity with which he could talk of the analogy between love and the ellipse, of the eighteen supplementary creatures, of the austral and boreal fluids, of the future omniarch of the globe, &c.—conceptions which in other minds only serve as a sort of intellectual snuff, to tickle the faculties and keep them awake. He himself seemed to be aware of some such difference between himself and other men. "My three systems, cosmology, psychology, and analogy," he said, "are one thing; another thing is my fourth, that of passional attraction. While you examine it, leave the others alone. If in them I have been extravagant, Newton also has written a commentary on the Apocalypse."

It will have been observed, that between the publication of Fourier's first work and that of his second, there was an interval of fourteen years. During this interval, or from 1808 to 1822, the author remained in the same obscure position that he had previously held. His "Theory of the Four Movements" fell dead upon the public; probably not twenty persons read it. It was exactly at this time, as we have seen, that Saint-Simon, with considerably greater success, was maturing his views. In every country, however, there are minds magnetically responsive to each other through their very singularities; and as Saint-Simon found converts in ardent young men such as Comte, Rodrigues, and Thierry; so in 1814, Fourier, narrower and more repulsive as his system was, found an adherent in a person named M. Just Muiron. It was only, however, after the adhesion to Fourier of M. Victor Considérant, a young man of energy and high scientific acquirements, who had been educated



at the "Ecole Polytechnique," that his system began decidedly to make way. Seizing on the social philosophy of Fourier, to the neglect of his cabalistic science, M. Considérant devoted himself, with far happier talents for exposition than his master possessed, to the task of diffusing the Fourierist ideas of "Pleasurable Labour," "Industrial Co-operation," &c. Between 1820 and 1830, Fourier's own works also—his "Traité de l'Association," &c. and his "Nouveau Monde" were making his system better known. Before this time Fourier had come to live in Paris, in the capacity of a clerk in an American mercantile house; and here, accordingly, about the year 1829, he might be seen, a little thin man of sixty, with a profound, severe, and sad old face, plodding along the streets, nobody speaking to him.

It was after the Revolution of 1830, and precisely when Saint-Simonianism was on the decline, that Fourierism burst on public notice. Some members of the Saint-Simonian school attached themselves to Fourier, among whom were MM. Jules Lechevalier and Abel Transon; he likewise gained a very efficient advocate in a lady, Madame Clarisse Vigoureux. By the instrumentality of this lady, assisted by M. Considérant and others, an attempt was made to exemplify the system in a model Phalangstère and agricultural colony, to be founded at Condé-sur-Vesgres. The attempt, however, failed; and the Confederates were obliged to content themselves with the propagation of their views through the press. In 1836, they founded a journal called "La Phalange," the success of which was such that Fourier, before his death, in October 1837, was able to count a number of disciples in whom he could be sure that his views would survive. Since that period, chiefly by the exertions of M. Considérant, who succeeded to the vacant chieftainship of the sect, Fourierism, or at least the social philosophy of Fourier, has continued to make progress.

The promulgation in France almost contemporaneously of two such social systems as those of Saint-Simon and Fourier could not fail to produce immense effects. These effects began, as we have seen, to manifest themselves most decidedly between the years 1830 and 1840. The Saint-Simonians, indeed, cohering chiefly in virtue of a common enthusiasm for progress, and a common attachment to a few very large general ideas, had been destroyed as a sect; but only to be dispersed through society as separate missionaries, each in his own way, of doctrines in which they had been too well trained ever to forget them. Among the highest names in French literature between 1830 and 1840, were men who had been educated in the Saint-Simonian school. M.

Comte, early as his separation from the Saint-Simonians had been, even yet, in his self-selected position as the champion of a powerful Atheistic philosophy, retained many of the specific ideas of his old master. Uniting more of piety and sentiment with the Saint-Simonian creed, M. Pierre Leroux founded the sect of "the Humanitarians." From him as her speculative master, the celebrated authoress, George Sand, derived the propositions which constitute the didactic ingredient in her novels. Duveyrier, Carnot, and Chevalier, entered the lists as political and economical writers. Lastly, gathering round him the relics of the party, M. Olinde Rodrigues continued, in an humble way, to defend the memory and publish the opinions of his master. Thus of the Saint-Simonian school it may be said that it was disintegrated, only to be dissolved the better through society. Fourierism, on the other hand, more precise in its scheme, and demanding in its disciples a more narrow conformation of mind, has maintained its nominal existence and organization. With M. Considérant as its head, it now commands the services of a number of inferior expositors who acknowledge themselves to be Phalangsterians; it also possesses various periodical organs of greater or less note. Meanwhile, its doctrines, thus diffused, and mingling with those which were more purely Saint-Simonian, have descended into all classes of society, have seized all descriptions of minds, and have been varied, modified, and expanded into all conceivable forms, from the most rank and thorough-going Communism, to the mildest advocacy of the extension of the co-operative principle.

Upon a whole, the result of the labours of Saint-Simon and Fourier may be summed up in this, that their systems deposited in the mind of the French nation two great ideas, which were not there before—the *first*, that European society was approaching a crisis the peculiarity of which as compared with former ones would consist in this, that it would be an industrial revolution—in other words, a revolution by which not only would industrial interests come to predominate in politics, but the industrial mind itself would be admitted to the mastery in the administration; the *second*, that the instrument in this change, or at least its accompaniment, would be an organization of the labouring classes into compact bodies on the principle of co-operation and common responsibility. The first of these ideas is more peculiarly Saint-Simonian; it is the summary expression of Saint-Simon's two fundamental principles, "L'Amélioration," &c., and "A Chacun," &c. The other is more peculiarly Fourierist, involving as it does all that is general, and possibly all that is valuable, in Fourier's bewildering system of Phalanxes. In neither idea, simply expressed and divested of the rubbish attached to it, is

there anything absolutely repugnant to good sense, or irreconcilable with Christian belief. Indeed, by some influential men in our own country both ideas have already been accepted—so far, at least, as to form subjects of incessant meditation. In Mr. Cobden, for instance, we see the first idea, or at least a fraction of it developed almost to the pitch of bigotry; hence his laughter at the Duke's Letter, and his denunciations of the ships in the Tagus.

Both ideas, however, must rest for credence upon their own proofs and merits. Whether it be true that society is approaching a crisis in which the industrial classes shall assume a higher position than they have yet held, and if so, by what means the transition is to be most easily and peacefully effected—are questions, to answer which one must diligently observe the current of the times. Whether, again, the co-operative principle be safe, practicable, or advantageous in the management of business; and if so, what form or modification of it is the best—are questions to yield an answer to which experiment must assist reflection. Meanwhile, it is to France that we must look for our arguments and illustrations. There first have the questions been formally asked; and there first have they been put to the rough issue of events. It is our part to watch and profit by what we see. Let us attempt accordingly to present here in a condensed and collected form such facts as may tend to show on what precise footing the questions of the enfranchisement of the industrial classes, and the organization of labour through the co-operative principle, now stand, in France. And first we shall allude to a very interesting experiment made some years ago by a private individual, and which, although undertaken for purely private ends, and on a very small scale, has already acquired historical importance.

There is in Paris, now or lately occupying the house, 11, Rue Saint Georges, a master house-painter, named Leclair. On an average M. Leclair employs two hundred workmen. For some time after commencing business, he proceeded on the same system with regard to his workmen which he saw others practising—"a system which consists," to use his own language, "in paying the workman as little as possible, and in dismissing him frequently for the smallest fault." Finding this system unsatisfactory, he altered it; adopted a more liberal scale of wages; and endeavoured, by retaining good and tried workmen permanently in his service, to produce some stability in the arrangements of his establishment. The result was encouraging; but still, from causes which were inevitable—among which he specifies the listlessness of even the best workmen, and the waste of material

occasioned by their carelessness—his profits by no means answered his expectations; while his position as a master was one of continual anxiety and discomfort. He resolved, therefore, on a total change of system. A reading and intelligent man—he had heard of the speculations regarding the applicability of the co-operative principle to business; a firm and enterprising man—he was willing to try the experiment at his own risk. Accordingly, having made certain necessary preparations, he announced to his workmen, in the beginning of the year 1842, that, during that year he was to conduct his establishment on the principle in question; in other words, he was to assume them all, for that year, into partnership with himself, and form of his establishment a little industrial association, of which he should be chief.

The details of his scheme were as follows:—All the *employés* of the establishment—M. Leclaire himself included—were to be allowed regular wages as in other establishments, each according to his rank and position—M. Leclaire a salary for the year of 6000 francs (£240), which was about the sum to which he considered himself entitled by his services; his journeymen the ordinary wages of about four francs a-day (a pound a-week) in summer, and three francs a-day (fifteen shillings a-week) in winter; the foremen and clerks proportionably more; the apprentices proportionably less. These fixed allowances were to be totally independent of the success of the experiment; as regarded his men, M. Leclaire guaranteed their payment. But if the experiment should succeed, then, after the sum-total thus expended in wages had been deducted, and after all the other expenses of the establishment had been paid—such as rent, taxes, material, as well as the interest of the capital invested, there would still remain some surplus of clear profit. Now this surplus, whatever it was, M. Leclaire undertook to distribute faithfully among all the members of the establishment, each sharing in the ratio of his fixed allowance—that is, receiving exactly that proportion of the profits that he received of the total wages-expenses. Thus, supposing the business of the year to yield in all £4200; supposing the total wages-expenses to be £2000, and the outlay in rent, taxes, material, interest, bad debts, &c., to be £2000 more; then there would remain £200 of surplus profits, to be divided among all concerned. Of this sum each would receive that proportion which he received of the wages-expenses; consequently, M. Leclaire's own share (£2000 : £240 :: £240 : £24) would be £24. In the same way the share of a journeyman, whose total amount of wages during the year had been £40, would be £4; of a clerk or foreman, whose wages had been £60, the share would be £6; of an apprentice, whose wages had been £4, the share would be 8s. Even those workmen who should have been

but a few weeks in the establishment were to receive in the same equitable proportion; the value of every man's services, and consequently his title to a share in the profits, being always measured by the amount he had earned in wages.

These arrangements having been agreed to, and some other stipulations having been made, the chief of which was that M. Leclaire was still to retain the usual rights which belong to a master—was, for instance, to have the sole charge of the purchase of materials, the undertaking of commissions, &c., the experiment was fairly and faithfully tried. The result was most satisfactory. "Not one of his journeymen," we are told, "that had worked as much as 300 days obtained less than 1500 francs (£60) and some considerably more." According to a table now before us, the average wages per day of a journeyman house-painter in Paris is  $3\frac{1}{2}$  francs; for 300 days at this rate the return would be 1050 francs (£42;) therefore it would appear that a steady journeyman in M. Leclaire's establishment earned that year about 450 francs, or £18, more than his brethren in other establishments. On the supposition, which also seems the correct one, that M. Leclaire paid his workmen, in respect of their fixed wages, at the usual rate, this sum of £18 would represent exactly what the workmen gained by the change of system. For M. Leclaire, himself, the gain was of course proportionate. To the £240 which he had allowed himself as his personal salary, he would add about £100 as his proportion of the profits; besides which, it is to be remembered, he drew the interest of his invested capital. Even as a private speculation, therefore, the experiment was successful—a success which is to be accounted for by the superior zeal and carefulness produced among the workmen by the sense of common interest and responsibility, or, as the French express it, *solidarité*. Every boy, for instance, who emptied a pot of paint into the kennel, injured himself and his comrades; and although he might not care for his own loss, his comrades would take him to task for theirs: hence an advantage in the system not possessed by that of piece-work. Morally, also, the effects of the experiment were admirable; and, upon the whole, so decided was the success, that M. Leclaire continued the system on trial during the following year, and, so far as we are aware, has kept it up ever since.\*

While private individuals were thus putting in practice in their own affairs, ideas derived from the mass of utopian opinions that had been set forth by Saint-Simon and Fourier, it was im-

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\* A fuller account of M. Leclaire's experiment than we have had room for here, is given in *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*. New Series. No. 91.

possible but that some of these opinions should begin also to find acceptance with those public men whose position as leaders of what was called the liberal party rendered them open to all new ideas of a political tenor. Precisely as the Whig and Radical parties in this country have derived many of their working-propositions from Bentham, without accepting his views in the mass, so the Republican party, which has now attained to power in France, has derived much of its vital sap from the speculations of Saint-Simon and Fourier. Even so early as 1833, there was a section of the Republican party which had expressly embraced many of the ideas of the Saint-Simonians; as if the suppression of the Saint-Simonian sect in 1832 had not really destroyed its vitality, but only occasioned its metempsychosis into the world of politics. At the head of this body of extreme Republicans was M. Cavaignac—the brother of the M. Cavaignac whom the present Provisional Government appointed Governor-General of Algeria. Forming themselves into an association, and entering into correspondence with the discontented among the labouring classes, they became objects of fear and suspicion to the Government of Louis-Philippe. One of their overt acts was the publication of a manifesto, in which, indicating rather than declaring their opinions, they reprinted a *Declaration of the Rights of Man*, which had been written by Robespierre, and proposed by him to the National Convention, but rejected by that body as subversive of admitted principles. In this document of Robespierre, perhaps the most remarkable clause was a definition of property which it contained. “Property,” said Robespierre, “is that portion of goods which is secured to a man by the laws.” To this definition of property, all the more startling from its clearness and Demosthenic precision, the Associates expressed their adhesion. It tallied exactly with a certain portion of their creed as Saint-Simonians—that, namely, which proposed the abolition of the Rights of Inheritance. According to Robespierre’s definition, property varied as the law; that is, as the general sense of the community investigating its own wants; and if the law chose to decree, for instance, that no man should be entitled to bequeath upwards of £10,000, or even that no man should be entitled to dispose of his possessions at all after his death, then society would conform to those conditions, and new ideas of property would arise. In these views, audacious and destructive as they are, one sees only an immense extension of the principle of the Roman Agrarian law.

The promulgation of such views by Cavaignac and his associates produced a schism—if a friendly private controversy can be called such—between them and the more moderate and practical Republicans, of whom Armand Carrel was the chief and

representative. Carrel, who, although speculatively he believed much that the Associates had set forth in their manifesto, was yet led by his instincts as a man of action, to select the immediate and practicable in preference to the remote and Utopian, had a difficult part to act. On the one hand, he had to avoid an open breach with men whom he respected; on the other, he had to clear himself in the eyes of the public. He effected both with great skill; and, after the attempt of Fieschi, in 1835, had brought down on the Republican party the crushing hand of the Government, in the shape of individual prosecutions for treason, and the famous September laws against the Press, he was able to retain his position as editor of the *National*, while Cavaignac and his associates were either silenced in prison, or driven into exile.\*

It was now thought that Republicanism was at an end in France. Even Carrel, still clinging with a sort of chivalrous sorrow to his Republican opinions, believed the cause to be hopeless; for to him, says his biographer, M. Nisard, "a cause deferred was a cause lost." In this belief he continued till his death, in a duel, by the pistol-shot of M. Girardin. He died without hope—his party ruined, France abject, and Louis-Philippe still on the throne.

Carrel, however, was mistaken. Republicanism was to revive in France; and this not in that moderate form in which he had advocated it, but rather in the extreme and utopian form from which he had dissented. Precisely at the period when its prospects were gloomiest, it received an adherent in a young man of literary talent—M. Louis Blanc. Born in Spain, of a Corsican mother, and described as being of extremely small stature, and very juvenile appearance, he threw himself, with precocious ardour, into the element of revolutionary politics. The result was his "History of the Ten Years,"—a work which had made him tolerably well known in this country, even before the thirty hours of February had elevated him to so conspicuous a place as that which he now occupies in the eyes of the French nation and of Europe. It is only now, however, that another work of his—a little volume on "the Organization of Labour"—begins to attract attention among us insular folks. In this volume, published originally in 1839, he expounds a scheme of his own for Industrial Reform, in which, hasty and crude as it is, one sees the amiable enthusiasm of a youth who, having mastered the

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\* As some of the facts here given are even yet not generally known, it is right to state that we are indebted for them to the author of the article on Armand Carrel in No. XI. of the London and Westminster Review—who chanced at the time to be at Paris, and so circumstanced as to become intimately acquainted with the affair.

prevailing generalities of the Saint-Simonians and of Fourier, undertakes to cast these into a form which shall take effect in the world in spite of Adam Smith.

"Wherever," says M. Louis Blanc, "the certainty of being able to live by labour does not result from the very essence of the established social institutions, there iniquity reigns." This is his fundamental maxim as a Revolutionist; the end at which he aims as a Reformer is expressed in language partly Saint-Simonian and partly Fourierist, as follows:—"The moral and material amelioration of the condition of all, by means of the free concurrence of all, and their fraternal association." More specially, that which he attacks in the existing constitution of society, is the system of competition, or, as he sometimes names it, of Individualism—that "atrocious mercantile spirit," as he considers it, by which, remorselessly and selfishly using his own means and opportunities, every man in business tries to grow richer than his neighbour. For the mass of the people, he says, this system of competition is a system of extermination; for the middle classes it is an incessant cause of bankruptcy and ruin; in England, which is its hotbed and peculiar seat, it has produced disaster and apoplexy; if it is persisted in, war between England and France is inevitable;—therefore, at once and for ever, for the good of man and the peace of Europe, let it be done away. The means by which this great end is to be achieved he thus expounds:—

"Let Government be considered as the supreme regulator of production, and, as such, invested with the necessary powers. Its task will then consist in making use of the weapon of competition, in order to destroy competition.

"Let Government raise a loan of which the product shall be employed in the creation of *social workshops*, in the most important branches of the national industry. This creation requiring a considerable expenditure, the number of such workshops shall at first be limited; in virtue of their very nature they will possess an expansive power. Government being considered as the sole founder of the *social workshops*, will have the right to draw up the rules and regulations, which shall, accordingly, possess the force of law. Into the *social workshops* shall be admitted, as far as the capital collected for the purchase of materials and tools will go, all workmen who shall offer certificates of good conduct. Notwithstanding that the false and anti-social education given to the present generation renders it difficult to find any other motive of emulation than an increase of pay, *the salaries will be equal*; as a totally new education will necessarily change ideas and manners. For the first year Government will regulate the hierarchy of functions. After the first year it shall no longer be so. The workmen having had time to appreciate one another, and all being equally interested in the success of the association, the hierarchy



shall be arranged on the principle of election. Every year there shall be rendered an account of the net profit, of which a partition shall be made into three parts;—the *first* to be divided in equal portions among the members of the association; the *second* to be employed, 1<sup>st</sup>, in the maintenance of the old, the sick, and the infirm; 2<sup>dly</sup>, in the mitigation of such distresses as may fall on other trades; all trades owing such help to each other; and the *third*, to furnish tools to such new members as choose to join the association. Into each association formed for trades carried on by large numbers together, may be admitted also persons belonging to trades which by their very nature must be scattered and confined to separate spots; so that, in this way, each social workshop may consist of different professions, grouped around one great trade, as so many parts of one whole, obeying the same laws, and partaking of the same advantages. Every member of the social workshop should have the right to dispose of his income at his own pleasure, but the evident economy and incontestable excellence of the system of life in common, would not fail to produce out of the association of labours, the voluntary association also of wants and pleasures. Capitalists could be invited to join the association, and would draw the interest of the capital they had embarked in it, which interest would be guaranteed to them on the budget; but they should not partake of the profits except in the quality of workmen.

“The social workshop once set a-going on these principles, one may see what would be the result. In every important branch of trade, that of machine-making for example, or that of silk-manufacture, or cotton-manufacture, or that of printing, there would be a social workshop competing with the private trade. Would the struggle be long? No, because the social workshop would have over every private workshop the advantage that results from the superior economy of the system of life in common, and from a mode of organization in which the labourers without exception are interested in producing fast and well. Would the struggle be subversive? No, because the Government would always have it in its power to deaden its effects by hindering the produce of its own workshops from reaching too low a level.”

Now, although these views were the private speculations of M. Louis Blanc, and were even contravened by some of the most liberal politicians and economists of France—as, for instance, by M. Lamartine, and most powerfully of all, by the former Saint-Simonian, M. Michel Chevalier, yet, upon the whole, it may be said, that from the year 1840, such views of an indefinite industrial reform to be achieved through the co-operative principle have, in one shape or other, tinged all the thinking, and all the writing of the high French Republicans. It was the knowledge of this fact, doubtless, and the knowledge also how deeply Communist ideas had taken root among the industrial classes, in all the large towns of France, that enabled Louis Blanc, when republishing his “*Organization du Travail*,” a few months ago, to

make a most striking prediction. "We are called Utopians," he said, "by practical men, because in the midst of a *régime* so corrupt as the present, we indulge in such dreams of industrial reform. But what would have been said of a man who, during the last years of Louis XV., had enumerated the changes that were actually to take place within a few years? Well, the partisans of the new social order are this day precisely in the position of such a man. And, assuredly, between the existing régime, and the application of our ideas, the distance is infinitely less than was that between the condition of society that subsisted on the eve of 1789, and that which subsisted on the morrow."

In all respects, the Revolution of February last was an industrial Revolution—a Revolution in the name of the industrial classes, and in behalf of their interests as understood or misunderstood by themselves. This is its peculiarity. This also is what it professes and asserts itself to be. Not only has it conferred on every living Frenchman a vote, and on every Frenchman above twenty-five a right to be elected into the Legislature; but it has proclaimed its determination that a large proportion of the future legislators of France shall be workmen. "Elect workmen largely," said the *National*, "the education of the college is not favourable, nor that of the workshop unfavourable, for the produce of the eminent function of a Deputy to the National Assembly. To use a figure, the admitted ideas obtained by the common course of education are a paper money which has no longer any value on the political *bourse*. Old political knowledge consists of mere prejudices acquired under former *régimes*." They err greatly who consider these official declarations of the wishes of the Provisional Government as originating in mere vulgar contempt for knowledge. To this the fact that while demanding the return of workmen as Deputies they have also largely encouraged the election of artists and men of philosophic reputation, above all social philosophers, is a sufficient contradiction. Daring as the language of the Provisional Government with regard to the elections has been, and mischievous as may be its effects, it is deliberate and proceeds on a deep principle. The new *régime*, they say, is to be an industrial one; it is necessary, above all, then, that the industrial classes be allowed to reveal themselves and all that is in them, even though for months the revelation should consist in mere clamour and vociferation. The transition must be made, they say, some time or other; as well have it now.

Again, with regard to that modified Communism which builds itself on the co-operative principle, the Revolution has in a manner adopted it. Scarcely were the three days of February over, when two important companies, viz., the proprietors of the *Presse* newspaper, and the directors of the Northern Railway, announced

their intention to conduct the businesses over which they respectively presided on the Leclaire system. Various other private companies, we believe, have followed their example; in one case—that of an establishment at Havre, the operatives are said to have demanded the privilege of partnership. Nor has Government been idle. Under the auspices of the sanguine Louis Blanc, four great social workshops have been set on foot in Paris, to which barracks are to be attached when the scheme is complete, for the accommodation of the operatives and their families. And, lastly, in order as it were to sow the whole soil of France with so many Communist centres, from which the change may spread over society, the intention is to empower Government to undertake, or as it were buy up, by the device of a sinking-fund, bankrupt concerns, which it shall stock with workmen associated on the co-operative principle. By the competition of these State workshops with the private ones, Louis Blanc expects that the system will extend itself. Meanwhile, fortunately, the other side is not unrepresented. M. Michel Chevalier, in particular, has again come forward as an opponent of the schemes of M. Louis Blanc, and a defender of the interests which he attacks. The services of such a man, an ardent devotee as he is of social amelioration, and yet competent as he is by his long and intimate acquaintance with political economy, to expose what is utopian in these speculations of the Communists, cannot fail to be valuable. On the other hand, however, M. Louis Blanc himself, and his associates in the more violent section of the Provisional Government, MM. Ledru Rollin, Albert, and Flocon, occupy an almost conservative position, as compared with certain popular leaders not in the Government. At the head of the Communists, specially so called, who carry the ideas of life in common and equality of conditions, to their utmost lengths, are two men of great influence with the working classes, MM. Cabet and Blanqui; and even as we write, these leaders are attempting to overthrow the Provisional Government, and force on the Revolution a stage farther.

To what crashes these experiments may lead no one can tell. Dreamy enthusiasm is destined, we fear, to be cruelly disappointed. Capital will hasten away out of a country where the natural laws by which it seems to expand itself are violated. In the vain endeavour to share equally out among the producers the profits of their labour, the stimulus to production will everywhere be lessened—in some quarters will altogether be destroyed. In ridding himself of the tyranny of his employer, the poor labourer will rid himself also of the means of his employment. Nor can any State step in to supply the place of that grand body of capitalists by whom the industry of the country has been

hitherto sustained. It does so at extremest peril. We should care comparatively little if all that these experiments were to end in was a simple disappointment; if after having tried and failed, industry cheerfully returned to its old channels; but what if the failure shall come amid the cries of a famishing population—what if crime shall follow quick in the wake of want—and what if the vexed chagrin of the needy shall cry for vengeance on the heads of their rulers who may not make good what they promised—and what if their rulers shall try to turn off from themselves the vengeance by opening up for it the vent of war? What if disorganization at home, and bloodshed abroad, shall be the fruit of their utopian and unchristian attempts to re-organize? We wait to see the issues—in fear, we acknowledge, more than in hope; but, meanwhile, let us look on, and be ready to appropriate the lessons which Paris shall be teaching us. If out of the social chaos which its vehement and susceptible inhabitants are preparing, almost of design, for their country, any idea good and practical, with proofs and corroborations attached to it, shall emerge, let us give it at once due welcome, nor quarrel with it because of the quarter whence it comes. And surely, even already, there is one lesson clearly enough written out in the light of this great outbreak. Let us try now all the more earnestly, through the neglected multitudes of the lower class among ourselves, to spread the spirit of an intelligent and healthful Christianity; for had such a spirit pervaded, to any extent, the population of Paris, it had been saved all the horrors of the past and of the future. The hope of the neglected children of toil had found better and more satisfying objects to rest upon, and their sense of injury had made other and more legitimate manifestations.

ART. VIII.—*Memoir of the Life of Elizabeth Fry, with Extracts from her Journal and Letters.* Edited by two of her Daughters. In 2 vols. London.

THE Egyptians, when they ranged the mummies of their ancestors around the rooms in which they held their family banquets, must often have been painfully struck by the contrasts between their recollections of such of them as they had seen and heard alive, and the embalmed remains in their cases before their eyes. The sentiment of filial piety which in every age has dictated attempts, miserably inadequate at best, to preserve all that can be preserved of the dead in these days of the printing-press, embodies itself in memoirs and biographies. Indignant critics, who find their tables loaded with the memoirs of persons uninteresting to them, have a stereotyped complaint against the evil. Readers in the public libraries complain that sound literature will soon be drowned, being already chin-deep among the biographies of nobodies. Indeed, some impatient gentlemen propose sanitary measures for the health of the republic of letters, and would abate biographical nuisances by an improved system of critical sewerage. Now, against all this outcry we beg leave to protest. The evil complained of is, we submit, not an evil but a good. Were biographies to be as common as tombstones, there would be no harm done. Were a man of these times to be surrounded in his library with memoirs of his ancestors, as the Egyptian in his banquet-hall was surrounded with mummies, the sentiment of filial piety would be expressed in the way most accordant with the age, and embodied in the shape most beneficent for society, which it has ever yet assumed in the civilized world. Truthfully written and carefully indexed, these mummies in boards and type, would increase knowledge and promote virtue. They would supply materials for works of genius. They would promote historical and social truth—their rival statements issuing in closer approximations to accuracy and reality. The best deeds and sayings of our forefathers would be preserved as incentives to goodness and truthfulness by their descendants. Carefully indexed, truthfully written, and well illustrated biographies would therefore be memorials of the dead, not less beautiful than

“The sculptured urn and animated bust;”

and more useful and instructive than tombstones and monuments. In fact, these seem to be nothing better than improvements on the flat stone or the rude cairn of the savage state, while biographies ought to be produced by the highest arts of civilisation, of the pen and the press, the artist's pencil, the engraver's burine, and the marvels of the Daguerreotype. They would preserve human experiences too precious to be lost.

But no biography can prevent the contrast between the recollection of the person and the portraiture of the book from being impressive. Coleridge said, "I do not believe in ghosts, I have seen so many of them." Sir Walter Scott records that once just after he had been writing about Lord Byron, then recently deceased, when he entered a room into which the moonlight was streaming, he saw the noble poet before him as vividly as ever he had seen him alive. Less in degree, but similar in character, is the effect of a good biography. The mind sees the person. The imagination of its own ethereal materials recreates the dead, not merely in form, complexion and colour, attitude and dress, but the spirit reappears, and the degrees become apparent in which it was influenced by good or evil, material, social, or divine things.

The general impression produced by Mrs Fry is, that she was a lady who devoted herself to the improvement of the prison discipline of Europe. Persons who have turned their attention to the subject of crime—the gigantic horror, the demoniac aspect of man—know that she was a heroine who devoted her life to confront it and mitigate it, according to her light. Born in the month of May 1780, and dying in the month of October 1845, Providence assigned to her sixty-five years for the accomplishment of her work. What it was, how she was fitted for it, and how she did it, will not take us many pages to tell. Readers who know how rapidly crime is increasing among us; our criminals multiplying faster than our people; our young criminals increasing faster than our adult criminals, will give this theme a portion of their attention, and own the interest and importance of the story of such a life, even in days when thrones are made bonfires, and the streets of most of the cities of Europe are broken up into barricades.

Men might wonder at the state of the criminal code, and the condition of prison discipline only thirty years ago; but the persons who wonder need only open their eyes a little to see many things in this year of Grace 1848, which will equally be marvels to the people of 1878. Of course until she had passed her thirtieth year a lady could scarcely be expected to have much time to devote to subjects of public interest, having ample occupation in the duties of a daughter, a wife, a mother. In the year 1813,

four members of the Society of Friends, all well-known to Elizabeth Fry, visited some persons in Newgate, who were under sentence of death. At this time, William Forster, one of their number, induced her to inspect personally the state of the women in the prison of Newgate. During the following three years, her brother-in-law, Mr. Samuel Hoare, induced her to accompany him to witness the neglected state of the women in the House of Correction, in Cold Bath Fields. Two of her brothers-in-law, Mr. Samuel Hoare, and Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, were at this time occupied in forming a society for the reformation of the juvenile depredators who infested London in gangs. The conversation of her family and friendly circle directed the attention of Mrs. Fry to the shameful condition, especially of female prisoners, everywhere, at home and abroad, thirty years ago. The labours of Howard seemed to have been forgotten; and Acts of Parliament for the regulation of prisons were openly violated, in the great majority of gaols. For counties and boroughs an old gatehouse, or a crumbling feudal castle, with its deep dungeons and close cells, and windows overlooking streets, often formed a common prison for offenders of both sexes, and of all grades of crime. Safe custody was the chief thing thought of, and heavy irons the chief means of securing it. Dirt and disease abounded; the women were imperfectly separated from the men; idleness, gambling, drinking, swearing, and obscenity, were habitual among all the prisoners. In fact, and in brief, prisons generally were described as "hells above ground." To encounter crime in its own concentrated forms, in these pandemoniums, was the task Elizabeth Fry confronted.

— "The ruffian gaze, the savage gloom  
That reign where guilt and misery find a home;  
Guilt chained, and misery purchased, and with them  
All we abhor, abominate, condemn—  
The look of scorn, the scowl, the insulting leer,  
Of shame, all fixed on her who ventures there,  
Yet all she braved."

The state of criminal discipline was only in accordance with the actual practice of the criminal code. Life was treated as nothing, property as every thing; and men were hung for stealing the value of a crown. Public executions were shamefully frequent. Mrs. Fry, assisted by many other philanthropists, devoted herself to mitigate a system, set up by law, which, if it had been carried into effect, it was calculated would hang, before the Old Bailey alone, two victims every week, and cause four executions daily, exclusive of Sundays, in Great Britain and Ireland. Mrs. Fry, as a Quaker, believed a religion which does not

desire the death of the sinner, but his repentance and his life. Penitence is a more desirable *amende* to God, duty, or law, than punishment. To conceive, therefore, the task to which Mrs. Fry devoted herself, we must realize that she tried to mitigate the sanguinary ferocity of a criminal code, which made punishment superior to penitence, and that her especial work was to transform "hells above ground" into schools of reformation.

Elizabeth Fry was fitted for her task by the complete contrast between her life and the scenes presented by the prisons of her country. In the best, and indeed the only true sense of the term, she was well-born—a blessing not second in importance to being well-bred. By her mother's side she was a great granddaughter of Robert Barclay, the apologist of the Quakers. By her father's side she was descended from a merchant of Norwich, who, in early life, became a member of the Society of Friends, when it was first founded by George Fox. Puritanism, however fashionable it may have been to malign and ridicule it, has been the highest form ever yet assumed by the moral life of these kingdoms. Elizabeth Gurney therefore inherited the most saintly and heroic ideas, the best and purest principles, ever yet accessible to the natives of these islands. Her's was the best of inheritances, and in the only sense in which the term can be used without shaming the lips which use it, she was born of the best, the *αριστοι*.

The parents of Elizabeth Gurney were intelligent and liberal to an unusual degree, and brought their children up to enjoy the wonders of science, the beauties of nature, and the principles of piety. Their affection for their children was unbounded, and their wealth sufficient to enable them to bring them up amidst all the advantages of education, and all the elegancies of life. Let us visit Earlham Hall, on a summer evening, in 1786. It is an ancient seat of the Bacon family, large and irregular, in the middle of a well-wooded park; the clear Wensome winds by it. On the banks of the stream overhung by old trees, there is an avenue where a family of twelve children are reading, sketching, walking, playing. On the south front of the house there is a noble lawn flanked by groves of trees, and sprinkled over with long grass and wild flowers. Elizabeth Gurney was one of twelve children brought up in this old English home, where there was combined in the "accident of her birth" all the material comforts of aristocratic life in England in the end of the last century, and all the moral and priceless blessings of an education, which combined for the improvement of her mental capacities all the civilisation of her age, and for the development of her moral nature all the principles, precepts, and examples of the highest form of Christianity. Whether considered, therefore, in reference to moral,



religious, mental, or social circumstances, Elizabeth Gurney grew up a tall healthy fair-haired and bright-eyed girl, amidst circumstances which could not have been made much more favourable for her had the best influences of Europe been culled and brought around her, to produce in her character a beautiful specimen of the Christian and English gentlewoman. Lessons of piety were sweetened to her by parental love, and the care of her parents, the advantages of their position, the moral safety of the sect to which they belonged, combined to make her early lot and her youthful training as completely as possible the contraries of the birth and breeding of the women destined to become the objects of her care.

At the age of twelve she lost her mother. Her father mixed in the society of Norwich with a freedom unusual in members of his sect; and his daughters became acquainted with some intelligent families of Norwich who had imbibed the scepticism of the age. Even the Quakers are divided into plain and gay. In her girlhood Elizabeth Fry inclined pretty decidedly to the gay party. The red coats attracted her fancy at seventeen more than the drab, and a royal prince, Frederick William, afterwards Duke of Gloucester, being quartered at Norwich, we find her questioning herself—"Why do I wish so much for the Prince to come?" One William Savery, a Quaker preacher, had produced some impression on her mind on Sunday the 4th February 1798; but on the Tuesday she says—

"6th.—My mind has by degrees flown from religion. I rode to Norwich, and had a very serious ride there; but meeting, and being looked at with admiration by some officers, brought on vanity; and I came home as full of the world as I went to the town full of heaven."

The religious impression produced on her mind by the preaching of William Savery, on the most eventful day of her life, and one redolent ultimately of good for Europe, is thus described by her sister Richenda:—

"On that day we, seven sisters, sat as usual in a row, under the gallery, at Meeting; I sat by Betsy. William Savery was there. We liked having yearly Meeting friends come to preach; it was a little change. Betsy was generally rather heedless at Meeting; and on this day I remember her very smart boots were a great amusement to me; they were purple, laced with scarlet.

"At last William Savery began to preach; his voice and manner were arresting, and we all liked the sound. Her attention became fixed; at last I saw her begin to weep, and she became a good deal agitated. As soon as Meeting was over, I have a remembrance of her making her way to the men's side of the Meeting, and having found my father, she begged him if she might dine with William

Savery at the Grove,\* to which he soon consented, though rather surprised at the request; we went home as usual, and, for a wonder, we wished to go again in the afternoon. I have not the same clear remembrance of this Meeting; but the next scene that has fastened itself on my memory, is our return home in the carriage. Betsy sat in the middle, and astonished us all by the great feeling she shewed. She wept most of the way home. The next morning William Savery came to breakfast, and preached to our dear sister after breakfast, prophesying of the high and important calling she would be led into. What she went through in her own mind I cannot say, but the results were most powerful and most evident. From that day her love of pleasure and of the world seemed gone."

Ere the month was out, her religious impressions were tested by a visit to London. The conflict in her mind between religion and pleasure are expressed so truthfully and instructively in her journal, that we must quote them. She seems always to have had the *sine qua non* of a true human being—the outward appearance was always accordant with the inward feeling, and the ring of reality was always to be heard in her words:—

"February 24th.—At last landed safely here (London); it is very pleasant in some things, very unpleasant in others. On Monday, I do not think it unlikely I shall go to the play. Tuesday I expect to spend quietly with Dr. Lindoe and Mrs. Good. On Wednesday I hope to see the Barclays, and to have a dance. On Thursday I expect to be with Amelia Opie, and so on for different days.

"25th.—Although I told William Savery my principles were not Friendly, yet I fear I should not like his knowing of my going to the play. I think such religion as his must attract an atheist; and if there were many such Quakers as he is, the Society would soon increase.

"Monday, 26th.—I went to Drury Lane in the evening. I must own I was extremely disappointed: to be sure the house is grand and dazzling; but I had no other feeling whilst there than that of wishing it over. I saw Banister, Mrs. Jordan, and Miss Dechamp. I was not at all interested with the play; the music I did not much like; and the truth is, my imagination was so raised that it must have fallen had the play been perfect.

"Tuesday.—I went to the play at Covent Garden; I still continue not to like plays.

"Wednesday, 28th.—We were out this morning; I felt proud, vain, and silly. In the evening we had a dance.

"Thursday, March 1st.—I own I enter into the gay world reluctantly. I do not like plays. I think them so artificial that they are to me not interesting; and all seems so, so very far from pure virtue and nature. To-night I saw Hamlet and Bluebeard; I suppose that nothing on the stage can exceed it. There is acting, music, scenery,

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\* The residence of her uncle, Joseph Gurney.

to perfection; but I was glad when it was over; my hair was dressed, and I felt like a monkey. London is not the place for heartfelt pleasure, so I must not expect to find it.

"4th.—I feel uncharitably towards ———; I said uncharitable things of them, and gave way to inclination, for I own I love scandal, though I highly disapprove of it; therefore it is the more commendable if I overcome it.

"5th.—I took a lesson in dancing, and spent the day quietly."

"7th.—I went to Meeting in the evening. I have not enough eloquence to describe it. William Savery's sermon was in the first part very affecting; it was from the Revelations. He explained his text beautifully and awfully—most awfully—I felt it. He next described the sweets of religion and the spirit of prayer. How he did describe it! He said the deist, and those who did not feel devotion, looked at nature, admired the thunder, the lightning, and earthquakes as curiosities; but they looked not up through them to Nature's God. How well he hit the state I have been in; I trust I may not remain in it. His prayer was beautiful; I think I felt to pray with him.

"17th.—May I never forget the impression William Savery has made upon my mind, as much as I can say is, I thank God for having sent at least a glimmering of light through him into my heart, which I hope with care, and keeping it from the many droughts and winds of this life, may not be blown out, but become a large brilliant flame, that will direct me to that haven where will be joy without a sorrow, and all will be comfort. I have faith, how much, to gain, not all the treasures of this world can equal this heavenly treasure. That I may grow more and more virtuous, follow the path I should go in, and not fear to acknowledge the God whom I worship; I will try, and I do hope to do what is right. I now long to be in the quiet of Earlham; for there I may see how good I can be; and so I may here, for the greater cross the greater crown; but I there can reflect quietly and soberly on what has passed, there I hope to regulate my mind, which I know sadly wants it. May I never lose the little religion I now have; but if I cannot feel religion and devotion, I must not despair; for if I am truly warm and earnest in the cause, it will come one day. My idea is, that true humility and lowliness of heart is the first grand step towards true religion. I fear and tremble for myself, but I most humbly look to the Author of all that is good and great, and I may say humbly pray that He will take me as a sheep strayed from His flock, and once more let me enter the fold of His glory. I feel there is a God and immortality; happy, happy thought. May it never leave me, and if it do may I remember I have felt there is a God and immortality.

The truthfulness of this self-portraiture is exquisite. Of the influences contending for the mastery in her character, Religion gained the victory. The self-willed, sensitive, and affectionate girl, who would sing duets with her sister Rachel delightfully though untaught, and form her brothers and sisters into merry dancing

parties who had never had a teacher—the young lady of the scarlet riding-habit and the excessively smart boots, had been blessed with a pious mother, whose lessons had been made solemn to her heart by the grave; and Providence had better things in store for her than a life of pleasure or of worldliness. It was the will of God to counteract the basilisk fascinations of the world by the surpassing attractions of Divine love in the Cross of Christ.

At twenty, Elizabeth Gurney married Mr. Fry, and at thirty she was the mother of six children, and a preacher among the Quakers. The benevolent spirit of the circles in which she lived of course affected her. Romilly had been assailing the ferocities of the criminal code. Her Quaker creed taught her to desire infinitely more the penitence than the punishment of criminals; and a belief in the immortality of the soul inspired her with a solemn dread of the laws which shorten the period of probation of sinful souls just because they are pre-eminently impenitent and criminal. Societies had been formed for the reformation of young criminals, and for the diminution of capital punishments. Her brothers-in-law, Samuel Hoare and Fowell Buxton, saw the necessity for the labours of a lady in ameliorating the condition of female prisoners, and they had seen, doubtless, in their sister-in-law the qualities needful for the task. To a lady who had been brought up amidst all the elegancies of life, and all the sweets of the family affections, the scenes of prison-life thirty years ago, must have appeared insufferable, and her Christianity inspired her with motives not merely for making these scenes decorous, but to seek

“Her way through all things vile and base,  
And make a prison a religious place.”

On her first visit to Newgate, Mrs. Fry found about three hundred women and children crowded together in a narrow yard and four rooms. They were overlooked by military sentinels on the leads of the prisons, and by the prisoners in the state prisons. They were in dirt and rags, and their nakedness revolted decency. They slept on the floor with some raised boards for a pillow, and without bedding. In these four rooms they lived, slept, washed, and cooked. The prison tap supplied them with ales and spirits. The yard was a Babel of blasphemies, curses, and obscenities, varied by delirious laughter, and fierce fights. Mrs. Fry and her companion, Miss Buxton, were requested to leave their watches prior to entering the yard, for fear they should be stolen, which they declined to do, because they would not shew distrust.

Mrs. Fry suffered much pain from her earliest prison visits.

Her interviews with women under sentence of death, afflicted her with distressing nervous sensations during the night. Such were her impressions, that to relieve the pain of them she was compelled to adopt plans for the alleviation of the condition of the women. Without this relief, her painful emotions would have affected her health. In doing good more good is always discovered requiring to be done, and this is the reward of doing it, "Alps upon Alps arise;" and a life thus devoted becomes sublime, as it approaches *His* who "went about doing good." What the expression, "God said let there be light and there was light," is in reference to the sublime of creation, the phrase, "He went about doing good," is in regard to the moral regeneration of mankind.

Civilisation consists in the inworking of the best ideas of the best minds, into the business and bosoms of mankind. The duty assigned to Mrs. Fry consisted in bringing Christianity into female wards, and convict-ships. The religion of Jesus, so loud in our pulpits, must regulate the hammers of the work-shop, and dictate the mode of exchanging products in the markets of the world, before its holy and lofty mission is done. Mrs. Fry represented Christianity in Newgate, and in her person, the religion of the Cross taught order, industry, sobriety, and repentance in condemned cells, in female prisons, and in convict-ships.

To make Newgate decorous if not Christian, became the chief object of the thoughts and purposes of Mrs. Fry. This was her share in the division of the noble labours by which civilisation is advanced, and the speciality of her department was the treatment of female prisoners. Prisons, still notoriously schools of crime at the present, thirty years ago were pest-houses in regard to filth and disease, mad-houses in regard to the fierce altercations and wild merriment which prevailed, bagnios sometimes, owing to the imperfect separation of the sexes, and pandemoniums in short, resounding with the noises of idleness, gambling, drinking, swearing, and rioting. Exceptional attempts had been made, indeed, especially at Gloucester, to improve prisons by classification, employment, and instruction.

Mrs. Fry's first reformatory institution was the establishment of a school. Left alone with the women for some hours, she told them Christ had come into the world to save sinners, and she warned them of the perils of the eleventh hour. Some of the poor creatures asked her who Christ was, and others said their day of salvation was past. She appealed to the affections of the mothers. What was likely to be the fate of their ragged and naked children, without food, without air, without exercise, and knowing nothing but depravity? When she proposed the establishment of a school, some of the mothers wept with joy.

The native sagacity of Mrs. Fry now came into action. She renounced the patronage of the nomination of the schoolmistress, and enfranchised these criminal women, making them the electors of the schoolmistress, and the legislators of the plan of operations. She thus secured their cordial co-operation. The order and discipline established in this way issued out of the reason and moral sense of the women themselves, and thus might be safely entrusted for maintenance and enforcement, to the ideas and sympathies of which it was an offspring, and an embodiment. Judged by her antecedents, Mary Conner, who had stolen a watch, was little fitted for the duties of a governess. But the women had a deeper discernment, and their choice was eminently fitted for her duties, assiduous in the discharge of them, and never known to infringe one of the rules. Mary Conner received, as the choice of the women, sympathy and co-operation, which would not have been given to any nominee. This wisdom at the outset, was the source of the success of Mrs. Fry. The governor, the ordinary, and the sheriffs, thought the experiment worth trying, though hopeless, and appropriated a cell for a school-room. Mrs. Fry and her friend, Mary Saunderson, attended the opening of the school, for all under twenty-five years of age. Their "first-foot" on entering the yard, was a woman who was running round the yard yelling, and tearing off the caps of all the women. By and bye, this very woman became a trophy of the good done by the ladies, who entered among the pupils shuddering, as if they were in a den of wild beasts. Courage was a feature of great prominence in the character of Mrs. Fry. Her daughters give the following anecdote in illustration of it—

"One cold winter day she was accosted by a woman asking charity in the street, with a half-naked little child in her arms, very ill with hooping-cough; grieved at the appearance of the child, and her suspicions excited by the evasive answers of the woman, Mrs. Fry offered to accompany her home, and there relieve her necessities. This the woman tried to elude; but, determined on her purpose, she succeeded in following her into a low back street, where, in a wretched filthy house, the melancholy spectacle presented itself, of a number of sick and neglected infants, not only without comforts, but with the aggravations of misery. The next day, when the medical attendant of her own children went, at her request, to assist the little sufferers, the room was empty, woman and children gone, nor was any trace ever found of them. On inquiring among the neighbours, it was discovered, that these were parish children put to this woman to nurse, who kept them in this condition, not merely to assist her purposes of mendicity, but with the intention of shortening their lives, and then by concealing their death, that she might receive the pittance allotted for their maintenance."

But her task demanded courage, and some thing more and rarer. The scenes she encountered were too bad for young people to be allowed to accompany her, they were too bad for description. She required a power of enduring moral nuisances—day after day begging, swearing, gaming, dancing, fighting, obscenity, dressing in men's clothes, &c., all this demands a heroism above that of the battle-field, by as much as hells on earth are more revolting than even death and slaughter. These things the noble ladies of whom Mrs. Fry was the chief, endured for the sake of objects, which practical people told them, on behalf of common sense were visionary. Order, instruction, industry, and decorum in Newgate! Men of practical sense sneer at romance, and pity people who are led by ideas! But the heroines were heroic because they were enduring the nuisances of "hells" for hopes and dreams, or at best prospects and ideals of good. The success of Elizabeth Fry was almost immediate. The wild beasts in a few weeks obeyed their Van Amburgh, and became harmless and kind to a degree marvellous in her eyes. There was genius in her object and in her means, genius which made the reason, the suffrages, and the sympathies of criminal women the instrumentality of the reformation of themselves and their children.

In April 1817, an association of ladies was formed for the improvement of the female prisoners of Newgate. The establishment of the school successfully encouraged them to attempt the reformation of the women. The Sheriffs one Sunday afternoon in presence of the women assigned them to the ladies, approving their plan and wishing success to their labours, with an exclamation—"Well, ladies, you see your materials." In a few days the laundry had become a school-room, work in making stockings and clothes for Botany Bay was provided for the women, and all the tried female prisoners were assembled to hear an address from Mrs. Fry. Again she showed her deep and practical insight into human nature. She repudiated equally command on the part of the ladies and obedience on the part of the prisoners. Her principles were co-operative. She wished every monitor to be elected by their votes. She wished every rule to be discussed, and passed or rejected, according to their reasons for approving it or rejecting it. By piercing through the superficial unfitness of these women, and enfranchising criminals by reliance upon the remnants of reason and conscience still enshrined in the pre-eminently fallen humanity of these outcasts, she made "hell above ground" a school of reformation in a fortnight. The rules were passed and the monitors appointed by show of hands. Had she attempted to vindicate her purpose by arguments she would have failed to convince her age; but she vindicated her proceed-

ings by success, scarcely conscious herself all the while of the potency of the principles to which she owed her beneficent influences. At first the ladies did duty themselves as matrons, and the first matron was paid with their money. Such was the high spirit of the over-wealthy corporation of London! For years the matron and the yard's women were paid by the ladies! By and bye the city magistrates were astonished at the sight of decency, industry, decorum, and instruction in Newgate. Of course the ladies had votes of thanks. It is worthy of notice that Mrs. Fry, when she stated her views in writing, never records the thing to which we believe of all others she owed most of her success. Among her suggestions she does not record the giving the choice of their own teachers to the prisoners. But it was this and kindness which made the women fear more to be brought before her than before the judge. She declares that woman ought to be under the care of woman. She suggests the restriction of their intercourse with their friends. The authorities, she insists, ought to feed and clothe them. Employment, she says, ought to be a part of their punishment, and they ought to share the results of their labours. Mrs. Fry recommends their having their meals together and sleeping separate, and is strong in favour of religious instruction; but the key to her successful mode of operation she never mentions, so true is it that in reference to what is best in us we are often unconscious.

Lionism is one of the debasements of this age. Mrs. Fry no sooner succeeded in producing external reformations on the character of the women in Newgate than her conduct attracted the attention of all the newspapers, and she became a lion, and her prison-school a show-place. Mr. Robert Owen published an account of her labours in the newspapers, in the summer of 1817. Henceforth she was compelled to be a show-woman to most distinguished and influential people. Letters begging instruction on prison discipline, and letters begging money and employment, showered in upon her. She had, indeed, wrought wonders: Newgate had become as a well-regulated house. In ten months the women made 20,000 articles of wearing apparel, and took none of them, while the ladies never lost a single article. The women received the earnings of their labour, and the well-behaved had marks of good conduct, and those remaining in England even enjoyed the pleasures of generosity by giving their over-share of a common fund to those of their number who were going to Botany Bay.

About the year 1818, Mrs. Fry conceived the idea of a prison exclusively for women, and began to send it forth for circulation and discussion. Before a Committee of the House of Commons she declared that such a prison might work wonders. The most



profligate and the worst might be made valuable members of society. She had not the least doubt, if she had her way, but she could bring a thousand women into excellent order in one week. The Committee reported that she had wrought a most gratifying change.

To work Christianity into our prisons and into the hearts of our criminals was the business of her life, under the influence of the conviction that until this was done her country had not fulfilled the command—"As I have loved you, that ye also love one another." One day she remarked to her friend Miss Neave—"Often have I known the career of a promising young woman, charged with a first offence, to end in a condemned cell! were there but a refuge for the young offender, my work would be less painful." Miss Neave, prompted by this remark, exerted herself, and in 1822 a small house was opened for sheltering discharged prisoners, under the name of the Tothill Fields Asylum. In conversation with her friend Mrs. Benjamin Shaw, she thought she ought to do something for the outcast and criminal little girls of London. Her friend seized the idea, and embodied it in the Chelsea School of Discipline. The spectacle of the coast-guardsmen at Brighton, suggested to her the establishment of coast-guard libraries, and she laboured on the public and the Government for years, until she effected her benevolent object. She did good as she had opportunity.

Mrs. Fry spent her life in doing in all parts of the three kingdoms, and on the continent, what she had done in Newgate and in London. She was generally accompanied by her brother in her labours and her travels. Never were labours more necessary. From the prisons her attention was turned to the convict-ships. The women used to take leave of their prison for transportation with a *scrimmage*, in which they smashed every thing they could reach. Conveyed to the water-side in open waggons, and in chained gangs, crowds were waiting to follow them, laughing at the obscenities and blasphemies which they shouted. Mrs. Fry substituted hackney-coaches for the waggons, and promised the women to see them on board herself, if they would engage to conduct themselves properly and quietly. Her carriage closed the procession of the hackney-coaches. There was an end of these hideous scenes for ever; but for twenty years these women were sent to Botany Bay, under the care of none but sailors. Mrs. Fry supplied the women with tracts and Bibles, and small quantities of tea, and gave them coloured cotton to make patch-work during the voyage. The stern of the vessel was set apart for a school. Just prior to the sailing of the vessel, Mrs. Fry took a solemn farewell of her charge. It was always a touching scene. The crews of neighbouring vessels, and the sailors of

the ship, looked on from the rigging, whilst the women, ranged on the quarter-deck, were addressed by Mrs. Fry on a portion of the Scriptures, concluding usually by kneeling on the deck beside the cabin-door, and commending them, with earnest prayers, to the care and the mercy of God. Her noble figure, her powerful voice, her electrical earnestness, subdued the spectators into tears; and most of the women watched her receding boat with eyes blinded with weeping, and with voices choked with emotion poured blessings upon her. Lord Lansdowne said in these scenes she seemed "the genius of good." But while praised, eulogized, and lionized by influential and distinguished personages, she was not helped. It was a work of twenty years of frequent agitation before Mrs. Fry could persuade our rulers to substitute matrons for sailors in the charge of female convicts on their voyage. The patchwork she gave the women was doubly beneficial to them—it occupied them during the voyage, and it supplied them when sold on their landing, with the means of supporting themselves until they were able to obtain service. The female convicts had not so much as a hut in which to shelter themselves, until Mrs. Fry and her coadjutors compelled the Government to erect a barracks for their reception. In 1834, Lord Melbourne, after many interviews and discussions, consented to give matrons instead of sailors the charge of the female convicts on their outward voyage. Twenty years of agitation enabled her to introduce decorum into the voyage of the convict-ships of Great Britain. In 1836, inspectors of prisons were appointed. Of their labours it is enough to say, that the improvements originating with them in a dozen years have not materially advanced prison discipline beyond the condition in which they found it.

Mrs. Fry helped essentially the cause of the diminution of capital punishments. When showing Newgate she seldom failed to try to enlist the sympathies of her visitors on behalf of the condemned. Words in favour of penitence rather than punishment must always have been escaping from her lips. The preference of property to life must have been frequently condemned by her. Sanguinary laws, she said, produced a sanguinary people. The robber, liable to lose his own life for taking property, was apt to be reckless of the lives of others. The law subordinated his life to property, and he in turn subordinated to it the lives of the public. Mrs. Fry exerted herself to save many lives. One Harriet Skelton, a beautiful and simple girl, passed forged notes to please her lover and betrayer. Mrs. Fry did her utmost to save her. She quarrelled with Lord Sidmouth, and she gave offence to the Bank-Directors. The Duke of Gloucester, the prince about whom she questioned herself in her dancing days,

she induced to accompany her to the cell of Harriet Skelton, to the Bank-Directors, and even to make a personal application to Lord Sidmouth, on behalf of the young victim of the delusions of the passions, and of the atrocities of the laws against forgery. But it was all in vain in the individual case, though benevolence was triumphant in the result, by the splendid mitigations which have been afforded by the advances of humanity and Christianity. Mrs. Fry was suffering pain frequently during thirty years of her life, to help forward the ameliorations which we enjoy.

Mrs. Fry liked to do good in the best society. These volumes contain several aristocratic and royal tableaux. She notes how she appeared in Exeter Hall at an anti-slavery meeting with the Duchess of Sutherland, and sat between the Duke of Sussex and the French ambassador. Long before, in the height of her first popularity, when interceding for Harriet Skelton, she was taken to the Mansion-house by Lady Harcourt, to be presented to Queen Charlotte. She was placed on the side of the platform of the Egyptian Hall, which was full of poor-school children, surrounded by spectators, and on the platform, amidst waving feathers and sparkling jewels, was the little old Queen—one blaze of diamonds. The Queen went up and spoke to the Quaker gentlewoman, amidst the applauses of two thousand persons. One of the spectators thought it was the Quaker who looked the Queen. The visit of the King of Prussia is of course described in these pages:—"It was a day never to be forgotten while memory lasts." The Quaker lady of the nineteenth century says, with an earnestness reminding the reader of the Jacobites respecting the Stuarts:—She went home to Upton with the Lady Mayoress and the Sheriffs, to receive the king in her own house. She went down to meet him at his carriage-door with her husband and seven of her sons and sons-in-law. She then walked into the drawing-room with the king, where all was in beautiful order, neat, and adorned with flowers. "I presented to the king our eight daughters and daughters-in-law, (R—— E—— C—— only away) our seven sons and eldest grandson, my brother and sister Buxton, Sir Henry and Lady Pelly, and my sister, Elizabeth Fry—my brother and sister Gurney he had known before—and afterwards presented twenty-five of our grandchildren." The solemn silences before the meal, and on entering the drawing-room, were Quaker customs, but the feelings of Mrs. Fry were clearly those of a Jacobite of the seventeenth century. In other pages, we accompany her to dinner with M. Guizot, and hear her religious conversations with the Duchess of Orleans when recently a widow. The Duchess of Orleans is described as a young lady in deep mourning, with small delicate features and blue eyes, with a lovely blush on her face when

she spoke. Mrs. Fry spoke of the importance of the education of the children of the House of Orleans in the real Christian faith, on the assumption, doubtless, of their wielding the powers of the French monarchy! Mrs. Fry admired in M. Guizot a statesman who had opened school-rooms in nine thousand villages in France.

Mrs. Fry died at Ramsgate in 1845. Her daughters describe thus her death:—

“Throughout the night, though occasionally for an instant confused, the mind was there. Some passages of Scripture were read to her which she appeared to comprehend, and she entirely responded to any observation made to her. This was favourable; but other symptoms were not so; she lay so heavily, and the limbs appeared so wholly powerless. The morning broke at last, but it brought no comfort. About six o'clock she said to her maid, ‘O, Mary, dear Mary, I am very ill!’—‘I know it, dearest Ma'am, I know it.’—‘Pray for me: it is a strife; but I am safe.’ She continued to speak, but indistinctly, at intervals, and frequently dozed, as she had done through the night. About nine o'clock, one of her daughters, sitting on the bed-side, had open in her hand that passage in Isaiah—‘I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, fear not, thou worm, Jacob, and ye men of Israel, I will help thee, saith the Lord, and thy Redeemer the Holy One of Israel.’ Just then her mother roused a little, and in a slow distinct voice, uttered these words—‘Oh, my dear Lord, help and keep thy servant!’ These were the last words she spake upon earth: she never attempted to articulate again. A response was made by reading to her the above most applicable passage; one bright glance of intelligence passed over her features—a look of recognition at the well-known sound; but it was gone as rapidly, and never returned. From this time entire unconsciousness appeared to take possession of her; no sound disturbed her; no light affected her; the voice of affection was unheeded; a veil was between her and the world about her, to be raised no more.

“As the morning of Sunday advanced, all hope became extinguished. A messenger was dispatched to summon those of her absent children who might be able to come to look upon her once again in life; whilst they who were with her made ready for the conflict, to go down with her, as into the valley of the shadow of death; for they whose lot it has been to watch the dying bed must be conscious that there is generally a given moment of anguish, when the tremendous conviction pierces the heart that the ‘inevitable hour’ is come.

“The difficulty of breathing, with convulsive spasm, increased; at first occasionally, but after midnight it became almost continuous. From three o'clock there was no pause, but such absolute unconsciousness to every impression as satisfied those around her that the anguish was for them—not for her. Yet, as they marked the struggle, the irresistible prayer of their hearts became, ‘How long, O Lord—how long!’

“ Suddenly, about twenty minutes before four, there was a change in the breathing ; it was but a moment. The silver cord was loosed—a few sighs at intervals, and no sound was there. Unutterably blessed was the holy calm—the perfect stillness of the chamber of death. She saw the ‘ King in his beauty, and the land that is very far off.’

“ The night had been dark and lowering, but the moon broke gloriously, the sun rose from the ocean, commanded by her chamber windows, and as a globe of living fire—

‘ Flamed in the forehead of the morning sky.’

“ The emblem was too beautiful to be rejected—one of the types and shadows furnished by the material world, to illustrate and adorn the Christian’s hope.”

The daughters of Mrs. Fry have done their task creditably. They have published ample materials for estimating the character of their mother really and truthfully, and they write in the true spirit of their theme.

Mrs. Fry was a true heroine. Her faculties were not of the very highest order, either intellectual or imaginative, but they were sufficient to enable her to accomplish the task she set herself. The sagacity with which she made the female prisoners co-operate with her, almost amounted to genius. She was a distinct and powerful influence in advancing the civilisation of Europe, in regard to prison discipline. She is one of the noble few, who could not be omitted from the survey of the progress of her time, without leaving unaccounted for several important ameliorations. She introduced decorum, employment, and instruction into the yelling pandemoniums of the land, and the floating hells of the sea ! This Protestant sister of charity benefited the female criminals of all Europe.

ART. IX.—*The Annual Balance-Sheet of the United Kingdom, for the Year ending 5th April 1848.*

OF all the political subjects which occupy, and from time to time engross the public mind, two only have a perpetual operation, and exercise an always active force—the subjects of Religion and Finance: the questions which affect our present welfare and our future state. Other subjects, like summer clouds, may pass in rapid succession over the scene; but these, like the Heaven to which our hopes are directed, and the earth on which our present existence is cast, constitute its permanent and real features. And this observation is true of any people, in proportion as the characteristics of the national mind are clearness of view and earnestness of purpose. It is therefore pre-eminently true of England, and if possible still more eminently true of Scotland. From the days of Knox to the days of Chalmers, religious questions have occupied the first place in the regard of the Scottish people; and the second has been given to those topics which have a practical bearing upon the material condition and the general improvement of the country.

It is astonishing to reflect upon the rapid progress which fiscal and financial learning has made in the last five years. From the imposition of the Income Tax, and the reduction of Import Duties which took place in 1842—and yet more conspicuously when the Income Tax was renewed in 1845 for a second period of three years, and the Sugar Duty was reduced £10 per ton, and the Cotton Duty, and the Duties upon Glass and upon Sales by Auction, with many minor duties, were abolished—the improvement in the condition, and by natural consequence in the political affections of the industrious classes, has been so remarkable, and the attention of public men has been so closely directed to considerations of social reform, that information and clear understanding on these subjects have become universally diffused.

A short time ago the Finance Accounts, with the papers relating to Navigation and Trade slumbered in the Library of the House of Commons, or were studied only by the few Members of Parliament who took part in occasional, and it must be acknowledged peculiarly unpopular discussions. The case is wholly altered now. Every time that the First Lord of the Treasury, or Chancellor of the Exchequer, announces the day on which he will make his Financial Statement, readers of every degree direct their most earnest attention to the subject. Newspapers produce official statistics resting on undoubted authority; and anonymous articles are written and read which would have done no discredit to the pen of Huskisson or Horner. We propose to ourselves to enter this beaten track; and we trust that the

Let us begin with the Balance-Sheet of the United Kingdom, made up to 5th April 1848, and printed by order of Parliament.

INCOME OR REVENUE.		TOTAL.	EXPENDITURE.	
ORDINARY REVENUE AND RECEIPTS.			FUNDED DEBT.	
Customs,	£19,340,255 10 16	Interest and Management of the Permanent Debt,	£293,958 9 6	11 6
Excise,	13,276,879 4 0	Terminable Annuities,	3,888,207 0 7	0 7
Stamps,	7,319,053 5 2	Total Charge of the Funded Debt, exclusive of		
Tariffs, (Land and Assessed,)	5,247,970 15 4	£10,015, 13s. 10d., the Interest on Donations	£27,837,115 12 1	12 1
Post-Office,	5,382,008 0 0	and Bequests,		
Post-Office,	982,008 0 0	UNFUNDED DEBT.		
Post-Office,	982,008 0 0	Interest on Exchequer Bills,	600,116 7 0	7 0
Crown Lands,	61,000 0 0	Civil List,	£304,293 10 0	£26,427,231 19 1
One Shilling and Sixpence, and Four Shillings in the	4,889 16 10	Anninities and Pensions for Civil, Naval, Military, and Ju-		
Pound on Pensions and Salaries,	4,155 9 2	venal Services, &c., charged by various Acts of Parlia-		
Small Franchises of the Hereditary Revenues of the Crown,	106,447 0 3	ment on the Consolidated Fund,	536,788 7 3	7 3
Surplus Fees of Regulated Public Offices,	£51,451,009 5 5	Salaries and Allowances,	262,275 11 5	11 5
		Diplomatic Salaries and Pensions,	169,773 17 0	17 0
		Courts of Justice,	1,054,973 3 0	3 0
		Miscellaneous Charges on the Consolidated Fund,	317,327 16 6	16 6
		Arms,	£7,357,686 19 7	19 7
		Navv,	8,157,860 19 7	19 7
		Ordnances,	2,725,068 0 0	0 0
		Miscellaneous, chargeable on the Annual Grants of Parlia-		
		ment,	3,614,280 7 9	7 9
		Relief of Irish Distress,	975,000 0 0	0 0
		Kaffir War,	1,100,000 0 0	0 0
		.....		
		Unclaimed Dividends, (more than received),	23,931,003 6 11	6 11
		£22,062,727 8 0	£55,083,206 11 2	11 2
		£3,092,254 13 1	91,885 9 11	9 11
		£35,175,043 1 1	£55,175,043 1 1	1 1
OTHER RECEIPTS.				
Repayment of Monies received into Commissioners' Chest at				
Hong-Kong, out of the Indemnity paid by the Chinese				
Government,				
Imprison and other Monies,				
Money received from the East India Company,				
Unclaimed Dividends, (more than paid),				
Excess of Expenditure over Income,				

A balance-sheet is made up at the Treasury every quarter-day, viz., 5th January, 5th April, 5th July, and 10th October, in each year; but the Balance-Sheet of the 5th April has this more particular interest attaching to it, that the annual financial statement of the Minister, (vulgarly called the "Budget,") always announces to the House of Commons the expenditure which he expects to incur in the twelve months to elapse between 5th April in the present, and the same day in the ensuing year, and the ways and means by which he intends to meet it. This day, therefore, is considered to be the beginning and the end of the Financial Year. In the present instance, the balance-sheet exhibits, for the year ending 5th April 1848, the result expressed in the following words, viz. :—

Excess of expenditure over income.....£3,092,284.

We will now proceed at once to a general discussion of the items of which the statement is composed. For this purpose we will commence with the side of expenditure;—for though it is doubtless a very good rule for a private individual to consider first what is his income, and then to proportion his expenditure to that sum—to cut his coat, as it is sometimes expressed, according to his cloth—yet the opposite course is that which a truly economical State will pursue in the arrangement of the national finance. A wise Government will pursue the epigrammatic maxim of Say, "*Le meilleur de tous les plans de finance est de dépenser peu, et le meilleur de tous les impôts est le plus petit.*" This is the one cardinal rule for a financial minister—viz., to keep his expenditure at a minimum. If the country be prosperous and the Exchequer full, that is no excuse for extravagance—let the Minister reserve to himself, by strict economy, the pleasing task of coming down to the House of Commons with a budget of remissions which he may offer to a thriving and grateful people.

"Now, sir," said Sir Robert Peel, in opening his budget in 1845, "the question is—whether or not we are justified in making a demand for increased expenditure on account of the public service? and I feel it to be of the utmost importance to attempt to satisfy the House that the demand which we intend to make is a just demand. I do not hesitate to admit that no financial prosperity, no surplus of revenue, relieves a Government from the paramount obligation of considering whether consistently with the public interests, a saving can be made in the public expenditure. There is no more justification for unnecessary and profuse expenditure when your revenue is flourishing, than when your revenue is falling. I am under just as stringent obligations to justify increased demands upon the public purse when there is a surplus of £5,000,000, as I should be if there were no surplus at all. It is impossible, sir, for my right honourable



friend and myself to have performed that duty which has devolved upon us within the last short period, of reviewing the taxation of this country, of seeing how many taxes there are which it would be most desirable to reduce—if considerations of public weight and public interest permitted—without fully estimating the importance of making every practicable saving in the public expenditure which would permit the continued reduction of taxation.”—*Hansard*, vol. lxxvii., p. 461.

Nor, on the other hand, if the country be distressed and the Exchequer empty, is it any excuse for Parliament to withhold the necessary supplies. In this case as in the other, the Minister and the Parliament must see that the expenditure is kept down to its minimum amount—and then a cheerful acquiescence will await them for any claim they may be compelled to make in the way of taxes. It is this sensible maxim which the constitution of the House of Commons has embodied in a technical rule, that no sum can be voted in the Committee which authorizes taxation and is called the Committee of Ways and Means, until it has been previously voted in the Committee which authorizes expenditure, and is called the Committee of Supply.

The national expenditure may be divided first into three heads—each of which may afterwards be the subject of further subdivisions, viz. :—

1. The Interest of the Public Debt.
2. Charges fixed by Act of Parliament on the Consolidated Fund.
3. The Sums annually voted by the House of Commons.

1. The Interest of the Debt. This head of expenditure has amounted in the year last past to £28,427,231, of which £23,958,908 was fixed annual interest on stock bearing interest for ever, £3,868,207 annuities terminable on a fixed day, or at the death of parties who have purchased life annuities, and £600,116 interest of Exchequer Bills. The two first items vary in different years, according to the following considerations: In the first place, the permanent stock bears a fixed interest—mostly three per cent; and this, if the amount of stock remained the same, would itself remain an invariable charge upon the country. But there are two modes in which the permanent Public Debt sustains occasional diminution. One is the investment in stock by the treasury of surplus revenue. This operation is effected under the provisions of an Act of Parliament, in the following manner. At the end of every quarter when the Balance-Sheet exhibits a surplus of Revenue, one-fourth part of that surplus is set aside for the reduction of the Debt. The Chancellor of the Exchequer may apply it, when occasion requires, to

the diminution of the Floating Debt, by the purchase of Exchequer Bills: but whatever portion of the sum remains for application to the Permanent Debt, is disposed of in the purchase of Stock, which is transferred to the National Debt Commissioners, on behalf of the public, and thenceforward ceases to be a charge upon the Exchequer. The other mode is by the sale of Annuities. Individuals desirous of obtaining a certain income for their own lives, and careless of leaving behind them the principal which pays the income, contract with the same Commissioners. The individual transfers into the names of the Commissioners a certain amount of permanent stock, which therefore ceases to be a charge upon the country; and receives in lieu an annuity calculated by an actuary according to certain rules. The annuity is of course, in every instance, larger than the interest of the stock transferred—and therefore every such separate transaction has the effect of increasing the immediate charge. But, of course, on the other hand, as the lives fall in, the relief begins to be felt; and the whole amount of the debt is diminished in each case, as compared with the previous year, by the whole amount of the annuity paid in that year. The effect of these terminable annuities, therefore, though certain and constant in its general action for the gradual and ultimate reduction of the debt, may cause an apparent increase in particular years; and will do so whenever the amount of annuities granted in the year is greater than the amount of those on which the lives have fallen in. There is one head of annuities which are granted, not for lives, but for a definite number of years, and will, at the expiration of that time, cease and determine. The Long Annuities amount to £1,248,784 per annum, and will expire in 1860. The "Dead Weight," as it is generally called—being a fixed annual payment made to the Bank of England, in consideration of their having, in the year 1824, relieved the Treasury of a larger present incumbrance current for an uncertain but shorter time—amounts to £585,000, and will expire in 1867. By these two sums, then, the country will, in 1860 and 1867, be relieved of annual taxation to the amount of nearly two millions. One other cause of reduction only requires to be noticed in this place. Successful Chancellors of the Exchequer have from time to time reduced the rate of interest payable on the Debt. The latest instances of this kind were those accomplished by Mr. Goulburn in 1830, when he reduced the 4 per cents. to  $3\frac{1}{2}$ , and again in 1844, when he reduced the  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cents. to  $3\frac{1}{4}$ , with a condition that in 1853, they should suffer a further reduction to 3 per cent. The immediate effect of this last operation was a saving of £600,000 a-year, with a further saving to be attained in 1853 of £600,000 more. On the other hand, the Irish loan, taken up

by the Treasury in the past year, has added to the Capital of the Permanent Debt £8,938,547, and to its annual charge £270,837.

The interest upon Exchequer Bills, otherwise called the floating or Unfunded Debt, has amounted to £600,116. It is probably known to our readers, that an Exchequer Bill is a promissory note, issued by the Government under the authority of Parliament, repayable on a day certain, with interest at so much per day during the time the note is running. The present amount of Exchequer Bills is £18,000,000, of which one-half are payable in March, and the other half in June. The practice is, for the Chancellor of the Exchequer, early in the session, to obtain power from Parliament to pay the bills which become due, or so many of them as he finds it convenient to keep out upon the market, by the issue of a corresponding number of new bills. The holders, however, are entitled to be paid in money, if they so think fit; and in order to insure their choosing to accept new bills, the Treasury must keep the daily rate of interest high enough to induce the public to give a premium for them. If this were not done, it is obvious that the whole, or a portion, of these bills would be presented for payment in money, and though the amount (*viz.* £18,000,000) now in circulation is very small in comparison with what it has been in former years, yet if any considerable portion of it should either in March or in June in any year, not be renewed by the holders, the Exchequer would be greatly embarrassed. One of the first effects, therefore, of such a pressure upon the money-market as occurred in the early part of 1847, is that the Chancellor of the Exchequer raises the rate of interest upon the floating debt. In 1844-5-6, the rate was as low as 1½d. per day for every £100. One half-penny per day is about 15s. 2d. per annum, and, therefore, Exchequer Bills bore an interest of only £2, 5s. 6d. on the hundred pounds. But in the spring of 1847, Sir Charles Wood was compelled by the then state of what is called the "money-market," or in plainer English by the higher rate which people were enabled to obtain for their money, to raise the interest on Exchequer Bills to 3d., or just double the former rate. This single proceeding added to the expenditure, after the rate of £410,000 within the year. This interest of 8d. per day was higher than the country has ever paid since the Peace, and is now reduced to 2½d., or about £3, 16s. per cent. per annum. With these observations we close the subject of the Debt.

2. The next great item of expenditure consists of charges fixed by Acts of Parliament upon the Consolidated Fund, and so removed from annual discussion in the House of Commons. Under this head are paid—

The Civil list, . . . .	£394,232.
Annuities, . . . .	526,788.
Salaries and Allowances, . . . .	262,375.
Diplomatic Salaries, . . . .	169,373.
Courts of Justice, . . . .	1,054,973.
Miscellaneous Charges, . . . .	317,227.

The first five heads will be sufficiently understood by their title; with respect to the last—viz., Miscellaneous, the Russian and Greek Loans consume £140,400, Greenwich Hospital £20,000, the Shannon Navigation £17,000, other Public Works in Ireland £235,000, and there is also a varying, but large sum paid to the officers and crews of H. M. ships, for the capture of slavers on the coast of Africa.

3. We are almost afraid that we must have wearied our readers with these details, which we have endeavoured to exhibit as briefly, and at the same time as intelligibly as the nature of the subject will admit. If we have in any degree succeeded in retaining their attention, we shall not be less successful when we ask them to accompany us into the last head of expenditure—the annual votes of Parliament. These have been as follows, viz:—actual expenditure in the year ending 5th April 1848, as appears upon the Balance-Sheet:—

Army, . . . .	£7,357,688.
Navy, . . . .	8,157,286.
Ordnance, . . . .	2,726,698.
Miscellaneous, . . . .	3,614,329.

The Army Estimates (year 1848-9) provide for a force of 138,769 men of all arms, at home and abroad, and for the half-pay of a very considerable number of officers, whom, upon the occurrence of an emergency, the Crown might call out at once into tactive service. The principal items of expenditure in the army are—

Pay of 113,847 men,—the remaining number 24,922 being charged for the year 1848-9 upon the revenue of the East India Company, . . . .	£3,836,880
Staff (exclusive of India,) . . . .	168,237
Departments, i.e. Commander-in-Chief, Secretary at War, &c., . . . .	96,591
Military Asylum and Hibernian School, . . . .	19,161
Volunteer Corps, . . . .	80,309
Rewards for Military Service, . . . .	15,507
Army Pay of General Officers, . . . .	76,000
Full Pay of Retired Officers, . . . .	57,000
Half-Pay and Military Allowances, . . . .	406,000
Foreign Half-Pay (disbanded Foreign Corps,) . . . .	47,386
Widows' Pensions, . . . .	129,531
Compassionate Allowances, . . . .	98 000

Chelsea and Kilmainham Hospitals, . . . .	£26,774
Out Pensions, . . . . .	1,223,810
Superannuation Allowances, . . . . .	37,500
To these items, provided in the army estimates, must be added in this place, as belonging to the same general head of expenditure, the charges for the militia and for the commissariat :—these in round numbers amount together to . . . . .	
	1,000,000

The Navy Estimates comprise a force of 29,500 seamen and boys, and 13,500 marines. They contain also the sums which are expended upon works at the principal naval arsenals, the new steam-basins at Portsmouth and Plymouth, and for the Post-office packets. A very considerable increase has taken place of late years in the expenditure of the navy; and this is to be attributed mainly to the change which steam-navigation has worked in the tactics of attack and defence. The uneasy relations with France, which were occasioned by the Syrian Question in the autumn of 1840, and still more the alarm which was taken by Sir R. Peel's Government in 1844, upon the occurrence of what is called in France, The "affaire Pritchard," *i. e.* the quarrel that happened at Tahiti, induced Lord Haddington and his colleagues at the Admiralty, to effect a very great increase in the force of steamers, and to construct very large works of fortification at the dock-yards. These works are happily now in a great state of forwardness, and the force of steamers at sea is numerous and effective. The principal items of expenditure in the Navy are as follows, viz. :—

1. Wages of Seamen and Marines, . . . .	£1,393,506
2. Victuals for ditto, . . . . .	610,930
3. Admiralty Office in London, . . . .	136,303
4. Register Office for Seamen, . . . .	9,701
5. Scientific Branch, . . . . .	77,261
6. Establishments at home, . . . . .	139,350
7. Establishments abroad, . . . . .	25,839
8. Wages to Artificers at home, . . . .	851,346
9. Wages to Artificers abroad, . . . .	39,280
10. Naval Stores, &c., for the Building and Repairing of Ships, . . . . .	1,434,213
11. New Works, Improvements, and Repairs in the Dock Yards, . . . . .	688,601
12. Medicines and Medical Stores, . . . .	25,075
13. Miscellaneous, . . . . .	76,573
14. Half-Pay, . . . . .	729,740
15. Military Pensions and Allowances, . . . .	500,288
16. Civil Pensions and Allowances, . . . .	152,018
17. Conveyance of Troops, . . . . .	181,322
18. Convict Service, . . . . .	43,602
19. Post-Office Contract Packets, . . . .	611,662

To the Ordnance Department are entrusted the construction and repair of all the military defences and fortifications, at home and in the Colonies. By this branch of the service also are provided those most useful and important bodies of men, the engineers, with the sappers and miners—and the artillery. These two last corps have, under the present Government and under that of Sir R. Peel, been very considerably increased, from a growing conviction that in the present state of things abroad it would not be safe to dispense with a large and well-appointed body of skilled men. Troops of the line are readily obtained and drilled:— Waterloo was fought and won in a great degree by lads who had never smelt powder; but the skill of engineers and of artillerymen is the result of education and practice—and can only be attained by a longer course of methodical and scientific training.

Under the head of Ordnance, the principal items of expenditure are the following, viz. :—

1. Pay, &c., Ordnance Military Corps,	£716,254
2. Commissariat Supplies, &c.,	316,031
3. Ordnance Office in London,	91,136
4. Establishments at Home and in the Colonies,	235,646
5. Wages of Artificers ditto,	158,567
6. Purchase of Stores for Land and Sea Service,	463,743
7. Works and Buildings,	704,030
8. Scientific Branch,	71,987
9. Half-Pay, Pensions, Rewards, &c.,	167,441

Last—once also least—in the order of national expenditure, stand the Miscellaneous Estimates. These, as their name imports, are very various in their subjects, and in the amounts assigned to each. They are divided into seven classes, under the following denominations, viz. :—

*1. Public Works and Buildings,	£575,738
2. Salaries, &c., Public Departments,	976,170
3. Law and Justice,	1,024,338
4. Education, Science, and Art,	349,943
5. Colonial and Consular Services,	419,448
6. Superannuations and Charities,	187,349
7. Special and Temporary Objects,	117,312

To which must be added the annual Vote for Contingencies likely to be incurred in the Civil Service 100,000

Having thus reviewed, with as much detail as the compendious nature of this paper has permitted—all the causes of the national

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\* The Miscellaneous estimates are usually printed before the Easter Recess; but this has not been so this year. The items printed above are therefore taken from the General Abstract of these estimates for last year. From the statement made by Lord J. Russell, that they will reach a total of £4,000,000 for the year 1848-9, a considerable increase is to be expected in some of the classes.

expenditure, as they appear in the Balance-Sheet—it remains that we proceed to analyze with equal brevity the sources from which the income that supplies this expenditure has been furnished to the Treasury. Turning then to the other side of the Balance-Sheet, we find that the income has flowed into the Exchequer through the following channels, viz. :—

1. Customs—or duties levied at the ports upon articles arriving from the Colonies, or from foreign countries,	£19,940,295
2. Excise— <i>i. e.</i> the duties upon malt, spirits distilled at home, bricks, paper, and other articles, the subjects of domestic industry,	13,276,879
3. Stamps— <i>i. e.</i> the payments made for probates and legacies in the case of succession to personal property; conveyances and transfers; bills of exchange and promissory notes, receipts, &c. &c.,	7,319,053
4. Taxes— <i>i. e.</i> the land-tax, and the assessed taxes on windows, carriages, horses, servants, &c. &c.,	4,847,570
5. Property and Income-tax,	5,459,368
6. Post-office,	932,000
7. Crown Lands,	61,000
8. Various smaller items,	291,568
9. Money received from China,	445,021

Before descending into any smaller distinctions, in respect to which we shall in this, and in future papers have occasion to observe upon the differences that exist between these several sources of revenue—it is important to notice one great and leading characteristic, viz., the division into Direct and Indirect Taxation. To the former class belong the Property-tax and the Assessed taxes, because in these cases the tax is paid to the Treasury *directly* by the hand of him who enjoys the property, or uses the thing assessed. Articles of consumption, on the other hand, are the subjects of *indirect* taxation, because the payment made in respect of them to the Imperial revenue, is not made directly by the hand of the consumer (upon whom, of course, in the shape of a higher price for the article at the time of purchase the burden really falls,) but *indirectly* through the merchant at the Customs, or through the manufacturer to the Board of Excise.

Up to the year 1842, the Income Tax, which had been shaken off by Parliament at the close of the war, did not appear in the Balance-Sheet; and with the comparatively small exception of the stamps and taxes, the whole revenue of the country was raised under the several heads of Indirect Taxation. It is, however, to be carefully borne in mind, that a variety of other burdens fall upon the owners and occupiers of property for various

local purposes ; the income for which is provided by local rates. These all assume the shape of direct taxation, and as they constitute an important part of the payments which actually press upon the public, they will form one part of our subject when we proceed in a future article to discuss this much-vexed question of imperial policy—the question, viz. of Direct and Indirect Taxation.

In every balance-sheet a most material feature, as our readers know, is the balance it exhibits ; and the contemplation of such a document is agreeable or disagreeable to the parties concerned, according as that balance stands on the right or the wrong side of the account ; and in proportion to its amount. In the present instance the balance is large, and the side of the account is wrong ; in other words, the national expenditure during the last financial year has very greatly exceeded the national income.

It was under these circumstances that on the 18th of February, Lord John Russell came down to the House of Commons, and proposed to raise the Property and Income Tax from 3 to 5 per cent. That tax having been originally imposed in 1842 for a period of three years, and again continued in 1845 for a like period, was to expire on the 5th April 1848. It was an easy plan for the Minister, when obliged to extract from the people increased contributions, to lay his hand on this particular screw ; for it is the readiest and the most efficacious. He accordingly proposed to renew the Property and Income Tax for five instead of for three years—and to raise its amount during the first two of these years from 7d. to 1s. in the pound—that is, from something short of 3 per cent. to 5 per cent. per annum.

But this proposal, though very simple and very convenient for the Minister, was very much the reverse of convenient, and was by no means admired for its simplicity by the people. Like throwing stones, which is pleasant for boys but very disagreeable for frogs—putting on taxes is very simple and easy for ministers, but very distasteful to those who have them to pay. Since the agitation of the Reform Bill in 1832, no movement has ever been so immediate, so spontaneous, or so effective, as that which was excited by this proposal. The unexampled calamities of the year 1847 had impoverished the commercial classes, and the classes engaged in retail trade, to an extent unparalleled in living memory ; and their distress was all the more keenly felt, because it succeeded the over-charged exuberance of prosperity in which they had permitted themselves to rejoice. Smarting under this intolerable pressure, they rose as one man against the imposition of an increased tax on incomes. After a very few days' time taken by the Minister for deliberation, and for ascertaining the real feelings of the country, the obnoxious Budget was withdrawn ; and the ministers contented themselves by asking for a



simple renewal of 3 per cent. for the well-accustomed period of three years.

But it is the nature of politics, that while *principles* are the real subjects in issue, very accidental circumstances are usually the occasion of battle. Twice had the Income Tax been passed with little opposition :—First, in 1842, at a period of distress ; and again in 1845, when the funds were at par, commerce active, retail trade brisk, the Public Exchequer full, and private persons prosperous. But its renewal in 1848, even after the proposed increase was withdrawn, excited considerable opposition in the House of Commons, and has given rise in the country to much and animated discussion upon the principles of taxation in general, and the proper scheme for levying an Income Tax in particular.

The principle, it is obvious, was the same in 1842, in 1845, and in 1848. But the accidental circumstances were different. In 1842, the Government of Sir R. Peel had just succeeded to office, and received, as their inheritance from those who had preceded them, a large deficiency, the result of considerable deficiencies accumulated in six successive years. The minds of men were prepared for some vigorous effort to readjust the *balance*, and during the downward course of his predecessors, on each succeeding budget, Sir Robert had warned the Chancellor of the Exchequer that a property tax was the painful but inevitable end to which increasing deficiency must come. The public, therefore, expected a decisive measure of that kind. It is true that when he brought it forward, the Whig leaders endeavoured to excite against it the same opposition which in the present year they have themselves experienced, and on the same grounds. But Sir Robert accompanied the proposal with a modification of the Corn Laws, a relaxation of protective duties generally—the admission of meat and cattle at a low duty ; and, in short, by a reform of the Tariff, very acceptable to those who are the ablest and most energetic enemies of Schedule D. He appealed therefore to their *hopes* : he appealed also to their *fears* ; or rather he impressed them with the conviction that resistance would be useless, and therefore indisposed them to attempt it. He had a majority in the House of Commons nearly one hundred strong. The country was with him ; and he distinctly announced, that his Financial measure was one by which he must stand or fall. Under these circumstances, notwithstanding the energetic opposition of the Whigs at every stage, the Income Tax was passed in 1842 without any real difficulty.

In 1845 everything was favourable. The results of the changes in 1842 were so triumphant, and the country was so prosperous, that no one was disposed seriously to resist a further movement in the same direction. But in 1848 everything has been adverse ;

not that if the original proposal had been 3 per cent., and that proposal had been justified on the obvious grounds of a financial necessity there would in all probability have been any serious opposition. But it so happened that Lord Ellesmere and Mr. Cobden, and many other persons less extreme in their views on the respective sides than Lord Ellesmere and Mr. Cobden, had been busily discussing in the recess, the questions of peace and war, of national defences, of expenditure, retrenchment, and so forth, and that an evil genius put it into Lord John Russell's mind to stir up, in moving for the Income Tax in the House of Commons, all the passions which this interesting controversy had excited in the country. The effect was electric. It was at once obvious that Lord John's proposal had aroused an opposition which would prove too strong for him. The bare thought of paying 5 per cent. in a time of distress, upon an assessment made on the previous years of prosperity, drove the trading community to madness. There was nothing in his Budget to allay the opposition—nothing in the way of opportune remission of taxes. The whole 5 per cent. was required to meet the current expenditure of the empire. The opponents of the tax were not deterred by any fear of the Minister, for he has not the general command of any certain majority—the aversion was general enough to assure them of success against him in the particular case; and there was no declaration expressed or understood, that he would retire if he were beaten. It was therefore the time at which those who disliked the tax itself could best expect to wage successful war against it. The former speeches of the Ministers too, were a convenient weapon wherewith their enemies could assail them; and the pages of Hansard were ransacked without mercy, by Mr. Osborne and other members, for the most telling paragraphs of the debates of 1842 and 1845.

But a storm is more easily raised than allayed. Lord John Russell did indeed allow his Chancellor of the Exchequer to withdraw the Budget which he, the First Minister of the Crown, had opened to the House. He submitted to have his Estimates referred to Committees, a step also unprecedented in respect of the mode in which it was taken; and lightening his ship by all these expedients, he rode safely through with what remained of his cargo, viz.:—the 3 per cent., and the three years.

But the withdrawal of the proposals did not withdraw the public mind from a scrutiny of the principles of the tax. Nor is it difficult to find inequalities and objections. The *principle* on which it ought to be levied is simple and very obvious. *Every* tax that is levied, be it direct or indirect—collected by the customs from the merchant, or by the tax-gatherer from the consumer—should, in its practical effect, come out of the *income*, and not out of the *capital* of the

country ; just as our private expenditure should be defrayed by our incomes, and not be permitted to exhaust our capital. Regarded, therefore, in its broad bearing upon the country at large, a general tax on *income* may be fair and politic. The Exchequer levies 7d. out of every £1 in the income of the whole country. It arrests that income *in transitu* in the hands in which it may chance to find it ; and returns to those hands 19s. 5d., having kept the 7d. for itself. The result of this operation upon the whole income of the whole community is exactly what was intended, (the returns being honestly made,) and neither more nor less. But the effect may be, and often is, very different, as regards particular individuals. Capital accounts and income accounts cannot be kept with such accuracy, that in all the transactions of life each particular item should be at once referable to its proper head ; and in practice, very numerous exceptions actually occur. For instance, to take the strongest case :—Two men have each £10,000, and they proceed respectively to invest it ; but the *form* in which they do so is different. The one purchases a life-annuity, to be paid him in the shape of income—the annual payment being, of course, much larger than the ordinary interest of £10,000. The other buys a reversionary interest in a sum, which will, at the time it is to fall into possession, be so much larger than £10,000, that it would sell at the present time for £10,000, and no more. Each has, in present value, £10,000. Each may consider himself owner of the interest of £10,000 as his income. The annuitant, who receives more in the shape of income, must save that surplus ; or else when his annuity ceases, his £10,000 will be gone. The reversioner may spend the interest now, though it is not paid him, because, when his reversion falls in, he will have so much more than £10,000 as will clear off the debt incurred by his expenditure in the interval. Each, therefore, has in substance a present capital of £10,000, neither more nor less, and each has the present power of spending the income of £10,000, without intrenching on his capital ; and neither more nor less. But though this be true in substance, the reverse is the case in form. In form, the annuitant has a much larger income than his real one ; and the reversioner has no present income at all. Now, in the imperfection of human legislation, the form, and not the substance, is followed by the tax ; the annuitant is charged upon the whole of his apparent income, and the reversioner, having no apparent income, is not charged at all. As between the whole country and the Exchequer, the thing is square ; the country's income pays the intended quota. But as between the individuals, one is a great loser, and the other is, to the same extent, a great gainer.

The gainer probably will not remonstrate. *Quieta non movere* will be the maxim of his politics, so far as the Income Tax is con-

cerned. But not so the great loser. Every man feels the pinch of his own shoe. The annuitant will turn round and look at the reversioner, and will say, "You have virtually an income equal to mine; you can properly afford as good a house, as many servants, as much plate, and as ample a share of good living as I, and yet you pay nothing to the State for Income Tax, while I pay not only 7d. in every £1 of my income, which is fair, and properly belongs to my lot, but also 7d. in every £1 of my savings, which is unfair, and is in reality paid to the Exchequer, in lieu of that contribution from which you escape." This is unanswerable; and as injustice is the most galling part of any suffering, the Income Tax does, under these circumstances, become particularly galling.

It is curious to observe how often in popular discussion, while the multitude of reasoners have in fact good sense at the bottom of their argument, they do, from inaptitude or want of skill in reasoning, depart from or even reverse the right principle in their forms of expression. Nothing is so common in regard to the Income Tax, for instance, as to hear people say, "It is not fair to have it an Income Tax: it ought to be a Property Tax—a tax upon realized property." This is what the Annuitant would be likely to say to the Reversioner in the case we have just supposed; and his real meaning would be right in the main, but his argument would be formally wrong.

Realized property is exactly what ought not to be taxed; and if we analyze the Annuitant's case, we shall find that his complaint is in truth not of that part of the tax which he has paid by virtue of his income; but of that part which he has paid in respect of his capital.

Realized property or capital ought not to be taxed; for taxes are paid to meet the annual expenditure of the country, and, as we have said, nations like individuals must meet their expenditure out of their income, and not intrench upon their capital. Mr. McCulloch uses a forcible and a just expression when he says that the statesman who taxes capital, which ought to be kept intact that it may produce income for future years, is like the savage who cuts down the tree in order to obtain the readier present access to the fruit. So much for the principle. Now for the application to the Annuitant. His apparently large income, as we have seen, was partly income, which he had a right to spend, and on that he pays and ought to pay; but it was partly the return of his capital, which he was bound to save, and on this he is made to pay though he ought not. This is his complaint, though, as we have before observed, in nine cases out of ten, in the popular discussions of the day, his real grievance, being felt, would be expressed in precisely opposite language. So, on the other hand, the Reversioner who escapes was justly

exempt from payment on that part of his property which is equal to his capital invested; but he is unjustly exempt on that which he has gained by adopting that particular mode of investment, because it is in truth not capital, but the income on which he is to live in the interval.

We have gone into this comparison at greater length, because it will be found, on careful investigation of any case in which a complaint is made of the Income Tax as affecting the individual unjustly, that the substance of his complaint is this and no other, viz., that he is required to pay not merely on his income, but on his capital also. The prudent annuitant who insures his life, considers the premium no part of his own income, but on the contrary regards it with complacency as a part of his children's capital. He therefore says, at least he means to say, "It is capital—don't charge it for the tax as income." The clergy are interested in this way in the question. The case of the medical practitioner is in substance the same; in degree stronger still. He cannot rely on insurance, for he has not any certain annuity, and does not know he may be able to pay premiums all his life. He must *save*. If, as is probable, the years in which he makes whatever fortune he does make, are but few, his savings in these few years must be large in proportion to the whole amount he is to leave behind him. Yet these savings, which he considers the capital of his children, are regarded by the Treasury as the mere income of the parent; and in proportion as they are large, so is his grievance great.

The instances we have quoted may be taken as fair samples of the grievances felt and complained of in the practical operation of the tax. The most energetic and best able to agitate and to influence Members of Parliament, of those who oppose it, are the commercial classes; and they adopt, as is natural, a phraseology and a style of argument suited to their own case. They reason thus:—*A* is a country gentleman, with an income of £1000 a year. *B* is a retail trader, with an equal income. *A* could sell the land which yields him his income at thirty years' purchase—he is therefore worth £30,000. *B* could sell his goodwill for three years' purchase—therefore he is worth £3000. Hence it follows that *A* is ten times the "*bet er man*" of the two, and yet he only contributes equally to the tax. The tradesman impatiently requires that "property shall be made to bear its burdens," and so forth—but while this is the ordinary form of his complaint, his real grievance is that he is taxed, or thinks he is taxed, not on his income only, but in some degree on his capital also. He says in substance this—"It is true I receive from my business £1000 a-year. The interest of my capital is *income*; but a portion of my profit in trade ought to be considered *capital*. I claim to deduct from what is called my income a certain part, and to carry it to my

Capital Account, for insurance against the risks to which capital engaged in trade is exposed. With respect to another part, it is the reward of my industry: my industry depends upon my health: I am therefore, in respect of this part, only an annuitant, holding by an uncertain tenure; and like other annuitants, I ought to save; and what I am bound to save, is no part of my income, and ought not to be taxed as income." And then, if we allow his argument to be so far sound, the next step follows of course. It is this. He resorts to the same test as to the value of his annuity in capital, to which we brought the annuitant in the first case put in these pages, viz., the market price. The tradesman's annuity depends on the continuance of his trade. The value of the continuance of his trade he estimates by the price he could obtain for it in the market—*i. e.*, the selling price of his good-will.

Having shewn that the principle of the Income Tax, as between the Exchequer on the one hand, and the public in the aggregate on the other, is a sound principle of taxation; and having shewn that each of the objections made against it by the parties on whom it presses unjustly, may be resolved into this one form of complaint, viz., that in the scheme under which the tax is actually levied, its operation upon the individual is not that which is intended by the framers of the Act, inasmuch as it taxes not only his income, but in part that also which he claims to regard as *capital*—we have done all which our present limits will permit on this part of the case. This observation should be made before we pass entirely away from it, viz., that the Income Tax, as now levied, reaches the whole annual income of the country: if all the exemptions to which we have alluded should, under any other system, be allowed, the effect, as regards the Exchequer, would be to diminish the produce of the tax. As between the Annuitant and the Reversioner in the first case discussed above, the simple effect would be to charge the Reversioner precisely as the Annuitant was relieved. There would, therefore, be no difference in the result, so far as the Treasury was concerned. But if the principle were so far extended as to allow that incomes derived from uncertain sources were to be regarded partly as incomes, and to be taxed to that extent, and partly as capital, the subject of saving or insurance, and to be to that extent exempted—the result would be that the tax would reach not the whole income of the country, but the whole disposable or expendible income only. In this respect it would follow the same rule with indirect taxation, which is levied only on expenditure. In this case that part of the national income which accumulates in any year, would, for the year it was accumulating, be exempted from the tax. As regards the particular individuals concerned, this might have its advantages, but

viewed as a question between the Exchequer and the Empire, there is no reason why the country should begin its savings before it has paid the obligations justly attaching to its income. The practical solution of the problem would evidently be a higher *rate* of Income Tax on that portion of the national income which was not exempted. The necessity for such an increase is, of course, no sufficient answer, if the exemption claimed be grounded on a solid foundation of justice between man and man.

The answer made in the House of Commons is not satisfactory to the public, for it admits the numerous cases of injustice which are alleged against the present operation of the tax. But there is nevertheless in its favour a remarkable array and force of authority. Mr. Pitt, and Mr. Addington, Lord Liverpool, and Lord Lansdowne, and Lord Grenville, in former times—and Sir Robert Peel, and Mr. Goulburn—and now, the present guardians of the Exchequer, Lord J. Russell, and Sir Charles Wood, stoutly maintain the present scheme. In 1799, Mr. Pitt introduced a tax upon incomes. The plan pursued was to compel every person to return the whole of his income, and then certain exemptions and allowances were admitted in exoneration. The measure was eminently inquisitorial, and eminently unproductive. It expired at the peace of Amiens. In 1803, Mr. Addington being Chancellor of the Exchequer, on the renewal of the hostilities with Bonaparte, it was necessary again to have recourse to some tax upon incomes. The objections against the former plan induced the Parliament to abandon it. The scheme then adopted was, in the main, the one which has been since pursued. The feature which distinguishes it from the ancient plan is this: no man is now called upon, as he was under the system of 1799, to return the whole of his income. All income which is in its own nature tangible for assessment, is taxed without reference to the party to whom it may belong. The income arising from land, is taxed in the hands of the occupier. The occupier deducts it from his landlord. The landlord, if he be in debt, deducts it again from the mortgagee. In this case the mortgagee pays in reality, but the Treasury does not know of his existence. The obvious effect is, that no man discloses to the collector his whole circumstances. The trader returns the amount of his profits in trade under Schedule D. This disclosure must of necessity be made, because the income does not arise from visible property, and is not in its nature tangible; but when the collector has received the return, he does not therefore know the whole of the trader's circumstances. Suppose a merchant to return £10,000 as the annual produce of his business, and to pay accordingly. He may, on the one hand, be trading with borrowed capital, for which he has to pay interest. No question is asked him on that

subject. He pays upon the whole amount sevenpence in the pound, and deducts sevenpence from every pound of interest he pays to the person whose capital he holds. On the other hand, he may have a larger capital than he requires, and have invested a portion of it on mortgage, or in land. The collector knows nothing about that. The single point with which he concerns himself, is the merchant's return of his profits in trade, and this being settled, the scrutiny on the one side, and disclosure on the other, are at an end. This is a very modified inquisition as compared with that which must necessarily exist under the other system; and the absence of a more rigid inquiry is one of the principal arguments on which the Income Tax in its present shape has been defended in the House of Commons.

With respect to the objections on the score of justice and equality, the answer given by those who maintain the present system has been this:—The inequality itself is admitted; but it is confidently stated as the result of former experience, of present official knowledge, and of reflection upon the complicated relations of human life, that it is quite impossible to avoid it under any conceivable scheme or plan. It is stated, and with much force of authority, that in order to do absolute justice, the State must begin by taking an accurate survey of the private affairs of every individual in the minutest detail; that this would require a great degree of disclosure on the part of the individual, and an expense of inspection on the part of the Government which would be quite intolerable; and that if it were supposed to have been successfully accomplished, it would be but the beginning of the task. The next step would be still more arduous. As soon as all this information was accurately known to Government, it would be necessary to form a perfectly wise appreciation of each different set of circumstances, and a perfectly just judgment; in other words, the tax-collector must have infinite wisdom as well as infinite knowledge. Granting, however, that this is obviously unattainable, and that the advocates of better adjustment could reply, "Make the attempt and carry your success as far as possible, we are not so unreasonable as to expect what is more than possible;" the official answer is, "Yes, but a system of taxation governed by no general rule or law, confessedly depending only on the judgment which the collectors may choose to form of each man's circumstances, and subject to all the imperfections of their judgment in forming it, would be a system so arbitrary, so manifestly unconstitutional and oppressive, that it could not be endured for a moment, and no Minister would have the hardihood to attempt it."

These considerations will have prepared our readers to understand what must be the nature of any scheme, by which the inequalities admitted to exist under the present Income Tax



could be avoided ; and will have enabled them to appreciate the confusion of ideas and the shortness of thought which characterized the proposal for that purpose recently submitted to the House of Commons. Nothing is more common in popular parlance, than to hear a distinction drawn between sources of income which are said to be in their nature permanent, *e. g.* land, the public funds, or money-capital ; and other sources which are said to be in their nature transitory, *e. g.* profits gained in trade, income derived from practice, stipend received as a minister, &c. &c. : and the scheme in question, founded on this rude distinction, proposed to tax income arising from the funds or land, at 8d., as being wholly permanent and certain ; income arising from trade at 6d., as being partly interest of capital, and partly fluctuating profits ; and income derived from practice at 4d., as being wholly transient and uncertain.

But a moment's reference to the example of the annuitant, (suppose an annuitant in the funds,) with which we commenced our observations, shows us that there must be somewhere some great fallacy in this new scheme. We have seen that the annuitant has a great inequality to complain of in the application to his particular circumstances of the equal rate of 7d., and yet the obvious operation of this plan will be to increase his grievance and his tax to 8d. Again, the country gentleman who draws his revenue from land would, under this scheme, pay 8d., but it may very well happen that he has only a life-interest in the estate. A moment's consideration shews that he will urge the same arguments as those to which we have before allowed their weight, and that he will urge them with the same justice. He will say, " It is true I have £1000 a-year, derived from land. I am tenant for life of an estate in tail-male, and I have daughters only ; the estate at my death passes to another family ; out of my £1000 a-year I must insure my life for the benefit of my daughters ; I ought to pay the same Income Tax with others on that which is my income, that which I have a right to spend—but I ought not to pay Income Tax at all on that which goes to the Insurance Company—for that is not my income, but my daughters' future capital." All this is very just, and is an unanswerable argument against the fairness of the present 7d. as regards its application to the circumstances of this particular individual. This unfairness the scheme proposed to meet by raising the grievance and the tax to 8d.

The truth is, that if we attempt to remove the inequalities of the present system, we must make up our minds to go boldly to the root of the evil. The real inequality is not to be got rid of by any rough application of a remedy to the source of the income ; the remedy will be no remedy at all, unless it be addressed specifically to the interest of the particular individual in the in-

come. The source may be permanent—land or 3 per cents. ; and yet, as we have just seen (in almost unnecessary detail) an annuity is but an annuity, and the individual who has only the life-interest, has no satisfaction in paying an increased Income Tax, because, when his life is over, the same source may yield the same income to some other person for whom he has no regard.

The true way of obtaining a right understanding of questions of this kind is to obtain—first, a sort of bird's-eye view of the whole subject, from those elevated points whence we can regard it in its general effect upon the whole community—dissociated and distinguished from its effect upon peculiar and special interests. Viewed from such a height the distinction we have spoken of between different sources of income will disappear or become comparatively insignificant. Of the whole revenue of a country some part in any year arises from land—some from external trade—some from the various services which different members of an active community are rendering to each other by the exercise of skill and learning in law, medicine, education, and so forth ; and comparing year with year, these different sources contribute, each its respective portion, to the increase of the public weal. Regarded in this general light, they are all constant and certain sources of advantage to the state—constant and certain sources of revenue to the particular individuals who may in each year be respectively engaged in their prosecution. When we have taken this general view, if we descend to a lower and a nearer point, and investigate each of these sources by itself, we shall find that very different sections of the whole community are interested in each respectively ; and as we prosecute our investigation, we shall find that activity and enterprise are the characteristics of those portions who are occupied in trade and in professions, and that large profits are made in them, and for a short time—each successful person who retires leaving a vacancy for some active and energetic successor, who in his turn occupies it for a short time and is successful, and then in his turn retires. In other branches, on the contrary, as in the perception of revenues from land, steadiness is the characteristic rather than enterprise, and the persons interested continue to retain their respective interests for a longer time.

This difference it is to which we are giving expression, when we call these latter sources permanent, and the former fluctuating ; more permanent, that is to say, or more fluctuating—in respect of many of the individuals from time to time concerned. But in respect of the individuals only are they thus distinguished. In their general aspect as regards the empire it is otherwise ; all are active streams of ever-flowing wealth. It is therefore to the true distinction, *i. e.*, to the individual case, that any

true remedy must of necessity be addressed ; in other words, a scheme like that recently discussed in Parliament, which follows the schedules of the Act, and attributes to the different sources of national income a difference of general relation towards the Exchequer, is based upon an erroneous conception, and will work out therefore an erroneous result. The true question is, whether or no we think the real remedy attainable, and if attainable, worth its price. Mr. Pitt and the Parliament of 1799 tried the experiment ; Mr. Pitt united with the other leaders of public opinion, and with the Parliament of 1803, in abandoning that experiment, because in practice it was unsuccessful.

The ground, then, is simply that of impossibility. A Chancellor of the Exchequer, be he Sir Charles Wood, or be he Mr. Goulburn, can only say, in general terms, that he is sorry inequalities exist ; that taxation levied under a constitutional Government must follow a general law ; that general laws cannot adapt themselves to all particular circumstances ; and that any attempt to make the particular circumstances the rule in each case would infringe the general law, and violate the Constitution itself. This may be a sound answer ; but to the medical practitioner, the barrister in practice, the man of letters, the clergyman, the annuitant, the merchant, or the retail tradesman, it is not at first sight satisfactory. Nor when times are bad, and losses great, do men like to pay Income Tax which they know to be unequal, assessed upon the income of a former and prosperous year, with no better comfort offered them at the Treasury than the Chancellor of the Exchequer's sympathy, and the expression of his great regret that the hardship under which he admits they labour is one which he and his predecessors have tried in vain to remedy.

The best apology for the Income Tax is to be found in the other taxes from which it has relieved the public, and the financial reformation it has enabled the Government to achieve. In 1842, when it was first introduced by Sir Robert Peel, the revenue of the then current year was deficient by nearly two millions and a half. The aggregate deficiency of six years amounted to ten millions. Trade was depressed, and the working population in a state of severe suffering. It was necessary to recruit the Exchequer, and to reanimate trade. The Income Tax was resorted to as the most certain and efficacious remedy for so serious a disorder. In 1840, Mr. Francis Baring had endeavoured to bring round his balance by an addition of 5 per cent. to the duties upon imports and upon articles of excise, and 10 per cent. upon the assessed taxes. The result of that experiment was a failure, so far as regarded the customs and excise. It was not a failure as regarded the assessed taxes. Sir Robert

Peel accepted this as an indication that indirect taxation seemed to have reached its limits : and that the measures necessary for replenishing the Exchequer must be found in the way of direct taxation. He therefore proposed, and Parliament adopted the proposition of, a Property and Income Tax for the period of three years. He accompanied the proposal by reductions upon timber, coffee, and other matters, amounting, in the years 1842, 1843, and 1844, to upwards of two millions of annual taxation ; and expressed a confident hope that when the three years should have expired, the relief thus given to the springs of industry would have added so largely to the producing and consuming powers of the country, and consequently to the revenue, that Parliament might be enabled to dispense with the further continuance of the tax.

Nor was he disappointed in this sanguine hope. When he made, in 1845, his celebrated Financial Statement, he was able to announce to the House of Commons, that not only had his reductions upon timber and other articles been replaced, but that there was no longer any deficiency in the ordinary revenue—that the five millions produced by the income-tax was a sheer surplus of five millions, which he was enabled to offer to the House to be dealt with according to its wisdom.

There were, however, circumstances which, in 1845, induced Sir Robert Peel to propose, and Parliament to adopt, a further continuance of the tax. The “*affaire Pritchard*” in the autumn of 1844, had called the attention of the Admiralty to the progress of steam-navigation, and the possibility of a descent by the Prince de Joinville upon Plymouth or Portsmouth. The days are indeed gone by when we should be afraid of seeing Van Tromp at Sheerness *animo morandi* ; but it would be quite a different thing for a dashing youth like the Prince de Joinville, at the head of a small fleet of steamers, to steal in the night to the neighbourhood of a naval arsenal, and throw some combustibles into the dock-yard. It was justly thought expedient to incur some expense upon steam navies and improved defences ; and a considerable increase was therefore made in the estimates. But this was not the only object with which, in 1845, the Income Tax was renewed for a further period of three years. The results of the commercial experiment made in 1842 had been so satisfactory as to whet the edge of the national appetite for further changes in the same direction. Cotton, dye-stuffs, and an innumerable quantity of smaller articles which incumbered the tariff, being principally the raw materials for various branches of domestic industry, together with the duties of excise on auctions and on glass, were swept away ; the duty upon sugar, the produce of our own colonies, or of foreign countries not employing slaves, was greatly reduced ; and, in short, during the two first leases

of the Income Tax, that is to say, between 1842 and 1846 inclusive, nearly eight millions of indirect taxation had been removed under the auspices of Sir Robert Peel's Government. When the general election came in the autumn of 1847, Sir Robert was able to address to the electors of Tamworth the following summary of his financial measures :—

\* “ The result of these two experiments has therefore been that, in the years 1842, 1843, and 1844, the whole amount lost to the revenue by reduced taxation was more than replaced. In the two years 1845 and 1846, nine-tenths of a far larger reduction had already been replaced. But the case does not rest here. Notwithstanding the disastrous circumstances of the late harvest, and the depression of trade, the revenue of 1847 again exhibits a considerable increase on that of the preceding year. The last published balance-sheet of the United Kingdom, is that for the year ending the 5th April 1847. If we compare the ordinary revenue of that year (after deducting the Property Tax) with the ordinary revenue of the year ending 5th April 1841, we find

Year ending 5th April 1841,	.	.	.	£47,218,178
Year ending 5th April 1847,	.	.	.	48,161,597
				<hr/>
Difference in favour of 1847,	.	.	.	£943,419
				<hr/>

“ This difference in favour of the latter year far exceeds any increased receipt from the admission of foreign sugar.

“ A statement published on the 6th instant carries the accounts for Great Britain down to the present time, viz., to 5th July 1847, those for Ireland being not yet complete. It exhibits for this portion of the empire a total increase of ordinary revenue, as compared with the year ending 5th July 1846, of no less than £2,615,871, of which (notwithstanding the remission of the Duties on Corn) £1,812,773 comes under the heads of Customs and Excise, or in other words, arises from increased consumption.

“ The whole effect, therefore, of the measures of the late Government has been to remove more than seven millions and a half of taxes; while the ordinary revenue of the last financial year for which they were called upon to provide, has considerably exceeded the ordinary revenue (derived from the same sources) of the financial year that immediately preceded their accession to office.”

Times since then have changed. The Irish Famine and the Irish Loan,—the excessive importations of corn,—the fall of the Mauritius and East Indian Houses,—the disordered state of Europe,—the war in Caffraria, and a certain general laxity in the financial administration, which somehow or other has uniformly characterized the Whigs, have thrown matters into a less favourable position ; but they have not by so doing tended to diminish

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\* Letter to the Electors of Tamworth, 1847. Bain : Haymarket.

the necessity which existed for the re-imposition of the Income Tax. With all its faults we could have loved it still:—Yes, even though Mr. Goulburn could we have said (though we never were Chancellor of the Exchequer, nor pretend to the sympathies which only official men can cherish) that we are “in love with the Income Tax”—if it had furnished the means, as it was by Mr. Goulburn made to furnish them, for large reductions of more oppressive taxes. The duty upon windows, shutting out by man’s device the light of heaven—the duty upon tea, prohibiting the use of a salubrious and invigorating stimulant, and interposing a barrier to our trade with one-third of the population of the globe:—these, and many other duties, we can so lovingly part company with, that, in comparison of their continuance, we could really have blessed the Income Tax. But, alas! the projects of the coming year were such as to require that the Income Tax should not only be re-imposed, but should be even increased to 5 per cent., not for the remission of other imposts, but simply that the public income might meet the public expenditure. Referring to the speech delivered by Lord John Russell on the 18th February, as it is reported by Hansard, the actual position of affairs is this:—

In the first place, the deficiency of income on the year now concluded, viz., the year ending 5th April 1848, has been 3,092,284. For the ensuing year—that, namely, which will expire 5th April 1849, the Minister gave the following estimate—that is to say:

Estimated Income, 5th April 1848, to 5th April 1849:—

Customs,	.	.	.	.	£19,750,000
Excise,	.	.	.	.	13,500,000
Stamps,	.	.	.	.	7,200,000
Taxes,	.	.	.	.	4,340,000
Property Tax,	.	.	.	.	5,200,000
Post Office,	.	.	.	.	900,000
Crown Lands,	.	.	.	.	60,000
Miscellaneous,	.	.	.	.	300,000
					<hr/>
					£51,250,000
					<hr/>

And for the Expenditure:—

Funded Debt	.	£27,778,000	
Unfunded Debt,	.	752,600	
		<hr/>	£28,530,600
Charges on Consolidated Fund,	.	.	2,750,000
Caffre War,	.	1,100,000	
Naval Excess for past year,	.	245,000	
		<hr/>	1,345,000
		<hr/>	<hr/>
Carry forward,			£32,625,600

	Brought forward,	£32,625,600
Estimates, viz.,		
Navy, . . .	7,726,610	
Army, . . .	7,162,996	
Ordnance, . . .	2,924,835	
Miscellaneous, . . .	4,006,000	
	<hr/>	21,820,441
		<hr/>
		54,446,041
Militia, . . . . .		150,000
		<hr/>
		£54,596,041
		<hr/>

These estimates appear to leave an avowed deficiency for the coming year of £3,346,041. But from this deficiency must be deducted the two sums of charge for the Caffre War, and for the Naval Excess, which have been already included in the Balance-Sheet for the year 1847-8. The total deficiency therefore of the coming year may be estimated in round numbers at Two Millions.

Nor do we stand fair with our creditors to begin with, while we have in prospect this downward course of deficiency. The Chancellor of the Exchequer had in the Bank of England on the 5th April 1848, a balance of £6,768,336. But some portion of this balance is pledged to Ireland, and consists of the amount yet unexpended of the Irish Loan. What remains may be regarded as the real balance possessed by the country, and lying in the hands of its bankers, disposable to meet the expenditure. The quarterly payments of the 5th April may be taken at nine millions, and for the amount by which the payments exceed the balance in hand the Treasury becomes a debtor to the Bank of England; which advances the required amount upon the security of Exchequer Bills, issued specially for the purpose and known by the name of "Deficiency Bills." These bills do not go into the open market, but are deposited with the Bank, and cancelled from time to time as the growing produce of the Revenue in the ensuing quarter enables the Treasury to take them up. We have seen then that the Chancellor of the Exchequer must have been somewhere about three millions short of the amount required to pay his way for the present Quarter-day, and that he proposes to increase this deficiency by two millions more, within the next twelve months.

It follows that on 5th April 1849, he will be under obligation to the Bank of England to the extent of nearly £5,000,000 at the least. This is a state of things most discreditable to any country in time of peace—and most unfortunate at a time when the disturbed state of affairs abroad renders it desirable

that we should be strong in our preparations, and at ease in our financial circumstances. It was the desire to avoid this unfortunate state of things which induced the Government to ask for the increase of the Tax. Disappointed in that expectation, they have for the present contented themselves with a simple renewal. The only hope yet held out to the country for an equalization of the income with the expenditure, is that hope which we believe every spendthrift holds out to himself and his friends in every year in which he exceeds his means, viz., a solemnly recorded, but not often solemnly observed, determination to make a corresponding saving in succeeding years.

Some important items of the expenditure incurred within the past twelve months, the Minister considers himself justified in regarding as wholly exceptional, and therefore to be charged upon the country as a permanent addition to the debt, rather than defrayed from current income. These items are the Votes for Ireland—the Expenses of the Caffre War—and the Naval Excess. This is always a suspicious mode of dealing with inconvenient charges; and the facility with which it has been adopted by Railway Directors has brought their system of financial administration into general discredit with the public. It may perhaps be admitted, that if the mode of dealing with the Irish Famine pursued by the Government, and detailed with so much ability by our contemporary the *Edinburgh Review*, in a paper since avowed to have been written by Mr. Trevelyan, can be justified at all, the first of the foregoing items, viz., the Votes for Ireland, might fairly be regarded as exceptional, and made a charge upon posterity. But no such case can be made out for the other items. It is true that we have not every year a Caffre war, because sometimes it is a rebellion in Canada—sometimes a China war—sometimes a New Zealand war—sometimes it is a grant of Parliament of £1,200,000 for Opium Compensation,—all which demands have actually occurred in the last ten years, and have in this particular year given way to the particular charge of this Caffre war. A country so extensive as ours in respect of its colonial possessions, must calculate upon some great and unexpected item of expenditure arising in almost every year. Then, as to the Naval Excess, that sum is neither more nor less than the sum by which the expenditure actually incurred by Lord Auckland and his colleagues, in the year 1846-7, has exceeded the expenditure estimated by their predecessors in office for the same year. It cannot therefore be admitted that these two items are upon any just principle to be regarded as exceptional cases, and, as such, to be excluded from the annual account.

It is however part of the Ministerial scheme, as it now stands before the House of Commons, to dispose of these several items,



by admitting that they are to increase the permanent charge of the debt, and are not to be provided for by payment out of Revenue. They amount together to about two millions, and deducted therefore from the five millions of deficiency, actually incurred in the two years from 5th April 1847 to 5th April 1849, they leave three millions to be reduced by the surplus Revenue, which it is hoped will accrue to the Treasury during the remainder of the period for which the renewed Income Tax has been now imposed; that is to say, in the two years between 5th April 1849 and 5th April 1851.

Three Committees have been appointed by the House of Commons—one to revise the estimates for the Army, Navy, and Ordnance—one the Miscellaneous Estimates—and a third to determine why it is that the Crown Lands, which in 1844 produced £155,000, should in the years 1848 and 1849 produce only £60,000.

From these Committees great results are expected; and we do not doubt that by a rigorous and judicious application of the knife, much unnecessary expenditure may be pruned, to the advantage of the public chest, without impairing the efficiency of the public service. An instance of this kind has been recently discussed in Parliament. The Railway Department of the Board of Trade, which consisted of a few clerks under the superintendence of Lord Dalhousie and Sir George Clerk, had been erected into a separate office, at an annual cost to the public of £12,000, but without any increase in the amount of its duties, or of the efficiency with which they were discharged. At the same time, the two offices held under the late Government by Sir George Clerk, and paid by the salary of one, were divided. It appears from the result of the debate highly probable that the Railway Board will be abolished, and while we write these pages, the retirement of Mr. Milner Gibson affords to the Government an opportunity of reuniting in one person the two offices of Master of the Mint and Vice-President of the Board of Trade. These two steps, involving only a return to the state of this single department, the Board of Trade, as it existed in 1846, would effect a permanent saving to the public of £14,000.

But while we entertain these sanguine hopes that much practical good may really be effected in the way of retrenchment, we must not shut our eyes to the necessity of maintaining in a state of great efficiency, the various departments of service connected with National Defence. Nor in considering what is likely to be the surplus of the two years 1849-50, and 1850-1, can we forget the statement of Lord John Russell, that a force of 5,000 men, now charged upon the East India Company, will arrive in England in the course of the present year, and will

form a great addition to the charge required to be provided for in the Army Estimates of the year 1849-50, and we suppose of 1850-51 also.

To the Reports which these Committees are to make we intend in due time to call the attention of our readers. We hope they may accomplish all, and more than all that the most sanguine persons have ventured to predict respecting them. Something is to be allowed for the hope of better times for trade, and better Revenue arising from increased activity; but after all that Parliament can accomplish, and all that hope itself can promise, it is in vain to suppose that the mere renewal of the Income Tax is sufficient for the financial exigencies. That was an ominous sentence in which Sir Charles Wood reserved to himself the right at a subsequent period of the Session, and after the Committees shall have reported, of coming down to the House with some farther measure of taxation—if circumstances shall appear to require it.

They will require it. The truth is, the Budget of Lord John Russell disappeared with the 5 per cent. The Income Tax has been renewed, but the Financial Statement of the year has not been made. It may be that Government will not make one. They may throw the disagreeable duty of making the income adequate to the expenditure over to another year. This is not improbable. But still, a Financial Statement does not deserve that name, which, basing itself upon an acknowledged deficiency of £3,092,284 in the past year, still leaves on the coming year an estimated additional deficiency of more than two millions sterling, and leaves it to future years to supply that void.

The years of deficiency and of surplus have succeeded one another, like the years of plenty and famine, the fat kine and the lean kine, in the dream interpreted by Joseph.

In 1837 the result was	.	.	.	£655,760 deficiency.
1838	...	...	.	345,228 ...
1839	...	...	.	1,512,792 ...
1840	...	...	.	1,593,970 ...
1841	...	...	.	2,101,369 ...
1842	...	...	.	3,979,538 ...

Aggregate deficiency,	£10,188,657
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In 1842 the financial reforms we have referred to received the sanction of the Legislature; and it is to the circumstance that the remissions upon the Tariff came into operation in the early part of that year, while the assessments for the Income Tax were not complete till towards its conclusion, that the deficiency of 1842 so largely exceeded that of the preceding year.

In 1843 the result was	.	.	.	£1,443,304 surplus.
1844 ... ..	.	.	.	3,356,106 ...
1845 ... ..	.	.	.	3,817,642 ...
1846 ... ..	.	.	.	2,846,308 ...

Aggregate surplus, £11,463,360

With the year 1847, we enter again upon a descending scale,—the two first years of which will undo one-half of the advantage that has accrued to us in the years of surplus, 1843-1846.

In the year 1837 the capital of the Debt was £786,319,738

Its annual charge was 29,489,571

In 1846 the capital was reduced to 782,918,984

The annual charge to 28,077,987

In the past twelve months we have seen an addition of £9,000,000 to the capital; and of £270,000 to the annual charge of the permanent debt.

At the close of the year 1837, the balances in the Exchequer were . . . £4,127,973

„ 1842, they were reduced to . 1,390,059

„ 1846, they were raised to . 9,131,282

On the 5th April, 1849, we have seen, there is good reason to expect they will have fallen back to £4,000,000: that is to say, an addition of £5,000,000 will have been made to the floating or unfunded debt, by the issue of deficiency bills, to supply the diminution of the Balance. The surplus revenue (if any such surplus there shall really prove to be) of the two succeeding years, viz., until 5th April, 1851, is, as we have seen, already mortgaged to reduce the deficiency which, in the current year 1848-9, we are about, with our eyes open, advisedly to add to the large deficiency that already stands in judgment against us upon the balance of 1847-8.

There is no provision here for a reduction of the Irish Loan—no prospect of any remission of duty upon windows—upon tea—upon tobacco. These hopes we cherished while our fortune was. We are now at sea in a gloomy night. The darkness is around us, and the danger near. The pilot at the helm can give us no better ground of comfort than the mere expression of his hopes and wishes. Where, then, shall we rest our confidence? In the spirit of a loyal and industrious people—in the superintending care of a merciful though chastising Providence—

Pater amisso fluitantem errare magistro  
Sensit, et ipse ratem nocturnis rexit in undis.

THE  
NORTH BRITISH REVIEW.

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AUGUST, 1848.

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ART. I.—*The Works of Alexander Pope, Esquire.* By W. ROSCOE, Esq. A New Edition. In eight vols. London, 1847.

EVERY great classic in our native language should from time to time be reviewed anew ; and especially if he belongs in any considerable extent to that section of the literature which connects itself with manners ; and if his reputation originally, or his style of composition, is likely to have been much influenced by the transient fashions of his own age. The withdrawal, for instance, from a dramatic poet, or a satirist, of any false lustre which he has owed to his momentary connexion with what we may call the *personalities* of a fleeting generation, or of any undue shelter to his errors which may have gathered round them from political bias, or from intellectual infirmities amongst his partizans, will sometimes seriously modify, after a century or so, the fairest *original* appreciation of a fine writer. A window, composed of Claude Lorraine glasses, spreads over the landscape outside a disturbing effect, which not the most practised eye can evade. The *idola theatri* affect us all. No man escapes the contagion from his contemporary bystanders. And the reader may see further on, that, had Pope been merely a satiric poet, he must in these times have laid down much of the splendour which surrounds him in our traditional estimate of his merit. Such a renunciation would be a forfeit—not always to errors in himself—but sometimes to errors in that stage of English society, which forced the ablest writer into a collusion with its own meretricious tastes. The antithetical prose “characters,” as they were technically termed, which circulated amongst the aristocracy in the early part of the last century, the style of the dia-

logue in such comedy as was then popular, and much of the occasional poetry in that age, expose an immoderate craving for glittering effects from contrasts too harsh to be natural, too sudden to be durable, and too fantastic to be harmonious. To meet this vicious taste, from which (as from any diffusive taste) it is vain to look for *perfect* immunity in any writer lying immediately under its beams, Pope sacrificed in *one* mode of composition, the simplicities of nature and sincerity; and had he practised no other mode, we repeat that *now* he must have descended from his pedestal. To some extent he is degraded even as it is; for the reader cannot avoid whispering to himself—what quality of thinking must *that* be which allies itself so naturally (as will be shewn) with distortions of fact or of philosophic truth? But, had his whole writings been of that same cast, he must have been degraded altogether, and a star would have fallen from our English galaxy of poets.

We mention this particular case as a reason generally for renewing by intervals the examination of great writers, and liberating the verdict of their contemporaries from the casual disturbances to which every age is liable in its judgments and in its tastes. As books multiply to an unmanageable excess, selection becomes more and more a necessity for readers, and the power of selection more and more a desperate problem for the busy part of readers. The possibility of selecting wisely is becoming continually more hopeless, as the necessity for selection is becoming continually more crying. Exactly as the growing weight of books overlays and stifles the power of comparison, *pari passu* is the call for comparison the more clamorous; and thus arises a duty, correspondingly more urgent, of searching and revising until everything spurious has been weeded out from amongst the Flora of our highest literature; and until the waste of time for those who have so little at their command, is reduced to a *minimum*. For, where the good cannot be read in its twentieth part, the more requisite it is that no part of the bad should steal an hour of the available time; and it is not to be endured that people without a minute to spare should be obliged first of all to read a book before they can ascertain whether it was at all *worth* reading. The public cannot read by proxy as regards the good which it is to appropriate, but it *can* as regards the poison which it is to escape. And thus, as literature expands, becoming continually more of a household necessity, the duty resting upon critics (who are the vicarious readers for the public) becomes continually more urgent—of reviewing all works that may be supposed to have benefited too much or too indiscriminately by the superstition of a name. The *prægustatores* should have tasted of every cup, and reported its quality, before the

public call for it; and, above all, they should have done this in all cases of the higher literature—that is, of literature properly so called.

What is it that we mean by *literature*? Popularly, and amongst the thoughtless, it is held to include everything that is printed in a book. Little logic is required to disturb *that* definition; the most thoughtless person is easily made aware that in the idea of *literature* one essential element is—some relation to a general and common interest of man, so that what applies only to a local—or professional—or merely personal interest, even though presenting itself in the shape of a book, will not belong to literature. So far the definition is easily narrowed; and it is as easily expanded. For not only is much that takes a station in books not literature; but inversely, much that really *is* literature never reaches a station in books. The weekly sermons of Christendom, that vast pulpit literature which acts so extensively upon the popular mind—to warn, to uphold, to renew, to comfort, to alarm, does not attain the sanctuary of libraries in the ten thousandth part of its extent. The drama again, as, for instance, the finest of Shakspeare's plays in England, and all leading Athenian plays in the noontide of the Attic stage, operated as a literature on the public mind, and were (according to the strictest letter of that term) *published* through the audiences that witnessed\* their representation some time before they were published as things to be read; and they were published in this scenical mode of publication with much more effect than they could have had as books, during ages of costly copying or of costly printing.

Books, therefore, do not suggest an idea co-extensive and interchangeable with the idea of literature; since much literature, scenic, forensic, or didactic, (as from lecturers and public orators,) may never come into books; and much that *does* come into books, may connect itself with no literary interest. But a far more important correction, applicable to the common vague idea of literature, is to be sought—not so much in a better definition of literature, as in a sharper distinction of the two functions which it fulfils. In that great social organ, which collectively we call literature, there may be distinguished two separate offices that may blend and often *do* so, but capable severally of a severe insulation, and naturally fitted for reciprocal repulsion. There is first the literature of *knowledge*, and secondly, the literature of *power*. The function of the first is—to *teach*; the

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\* Charles I., for example, when Prince of Wales, and many others in his father's court, gained their known familiarity with Shakspeare—not through the original quartos, so slenderly diffused, nor through the first folio of 1623, but through the court representations of his chief dramas at Whitehall.

function of the second is—to *move*: the first is a rudder, the second an oar or a sail. The first speaks to the *mere* discursive understanding; the second speaks ultimately it may happen to the higher understanding or reason, but always *through* affections of pleasure and sympathy. Remotely, it may travel towards an object seated in what Lord Bacon calls *dry* light; but proximately it does and must operate, else it ceases to be a literature of *power*, on and through that *humid* light which clothes itself in the mists and glittering *iris* of human passions, desires, and genial emotions. Men have so little reflected on the higher functions of literature, as to find it a paradox if one should describe it as a mean or subordinate purpose of books to give information. But this is a paradox only in the sense which makes it honourable to be paradoxical. Whenever we talk in ordinary language of seeking information or gaining knowledge, we understand the words as connected with something of absolute novelty. But it is the grandeur of all truth which *can* occupy a very high place in human interests, that it is never absolutely novel to the meanest of minds: it exists eternally by way of germ or latent principle in the lowest as in the highest, needing to be developed but never to be planted. To be capable of transplantation is the immediate criterion of a truth that ranges on a lower scale. Besides which, there is a rarer thing than truth, namely, *power* or deep sympathy with truth. What is the effect, for instance, upon society—of children? By the pity, by the tenderness, and by the peculiar modes of admiration, which connect themselves with the helplessness, with the innocence, and with the simplicity of children, not only are the primal affections strengthened and continually renewed, but the qualities which are dearest in the sight of heaven—the frailty for instance, which appeals to forbearance, the innocence which symbolizes the heavenly, and the simplicity which is most alien from the worldly, are kept up in perpetual remembrance, and their ideals are continually refreshed. A purpose of the same nature is answered by the higher literature, viz. the literature of power. What do you learn from *Paradise Lost*? Nothing at all. What do you learn from a cookery-book? Something new, something that you did not know before, in every paragraph. But would you therefore put the wretched cookery-book on a higher level of estimation than the divine poem? What you owe to Milton is not any knowledge, of which a million separate items are still but a million of advancing steps on the same earthly level; what you owe—is *power*, that is, exercise and expansion to your own latent capacity of sympathy with the infinite, where every pulse and each separate influx is a step upwards—a step ascending as upon a Jacob's ladder from earth

to mysterious altitudes above the earth. All the steps of knowledge, from first to last, carry you farther on the same plane, but could never raise you one foot above your ancient level of earth: whereas, the very *first* step in power is a flight—is an ascending into another element where earth is forgotten.

Were it not that human sensibilities are ventilated and continually called out into exercise by the great phenomena of infancy, or of real life as it moves through chance and change, or of literature as it recombines these elements in the mimicries of poetry, romance, &c., it is certain that, like any animal power or muscular energy falling into disuse, all such sensibilities would gradually droop and dwindle. It is in relation to these great *moral* capacities of man that the literature of power, as contradistinguished from that of knowledge, lives and has its field of action. It is concerned with what is highest in man: for the Scriptures themselves never condescend to deal by suggestion or co-operation, with the mere discursive understanding: when speaking of man in his intellectual capacity, the Scriptures speak not of the understanding, but of "*the understanding heart*,"—making the heart, *i. e.*, the great *intuitive* (or non-discursive) organ, to be the interchangeable formula for man in his highest state of capacity for the infinite. Tragedy, romance, fairy-tale, or epopee, all alike restore to man's mind the ideals of justice, of hope, of truth, of mercy, of retribution, which else, (left to the support of daily life in its realities,) would languish for want of sufficient illustration. What is meant for instance by *poetic justice*?—It does not mean a justice that differs by its object from the ordinary justice of human jurisprudence; for then it must be confessedly a very bad kind of justice; but it means a justice that differs from common forensic justice by the degree in which it *attains* its object, a justice that is more omnipotent over its own ends, as dealing—not with the refractory elements of earthly life—but with elements of its own creation, and with materials flexible to its own purest preconceptions. It is certain that, were it not for the literature of power, these ideals would often remain amongst us as mere arid notional forms; whereas, by the creative forces of man put forth in literature, they gain a vernal life of restoration, and germinate into vital activities. The commonest novel, by moving in alliance with human fears and hopes, with human instincts of wrong and right, sustains and quickens those affections. Calling them into action, it rescues them from torpor. And hence the pre-eminency over all authors that merely *teach*, of the meanest that *moves*; or that teaches, if at all, indirectly *by* moving. The very highest work that has ever existed in the literature of knowledge, is but a *provisional* work: a book upon trial and sufferance, and *quamdiu*



*bene se gesserit.* Let its teaching be even partially revised, let it be but expanded, nay, even let its teaching be but placed in a better order, and instantly it is superseded. Whereas the feeblest works in the literature of power, surviving at all, survive as finished and unalterable amongst men. For instance, the *Principia* of Sir Isaac Newton was a book *militant* on earth from the first. In all stages of its progress it would have to fight for its existence: *1st*, as regards absolute truth; *2dly*, when that combat is over, as regards its form or mode of presenting the truth. And as soon as a La Place, or anybody else, builds higher upon the foundations laid by this book, effectually he throws it out of the sunshine into decay and darkness; by weapons won from this book he superannuates and destroys this book, so that soon the name of Newton remains, as a mere *nominis umbra*, but his book, as a living power, has transmigrated into other forms. Now, on the contrary, the *Iliad*, the Prometheus of Æschylus, —the Othello or King Lear,—the Hamlet or Macbeth,—and the Paradise Lost, are not militant but triumphant for ever as long as the languages exist in which they speak or can be taught to speak. They never *can* transmigrate into new incarnations. To reproduce *these* in new forms, or variations, even if in some things they should be improved, would be to plagiarize. A good steam-engine is properly superseded by a better. But one lovely pastoral valley is not superseded by another, nor a statue of Praxiteles by a statue of Michael Angelo. These things are not separated by imparity, but by disparity. They are not thought of as unequal under the same standard, but as differing in *kind*, and as equal under a different standard. Human works of immortal beauty and works of nature in one respect stand on the same footing: they never absolutely repeat each other: never approach so near as not to differ; and they differ not as better and worse, or simply by more and less: they differ by undecipherable and incommunicable differences, that cannot be caught by mimicries, nor be reflected in the mirror of copies, nor become ponderable in the scales of vulgar comparison.

Applying these principles to Pope, as a representative of fine literature in general, we would wish to remark the claim which he has, or which any equal writer has, to the attention and jealous winnowing of those critics in particular who watch over public morals. Clergymen, and all the organs of public criticism put in motion by clergymen, are more especially concerned in the just appreciation of such writers, if the two canons are remembered, which we have endeavoured to illustrate, *viz.*, that all works in this class, as opposed to those in the literature of knowledge, *1st*, work by far deeper agencies; and, *2dly*, are more permanent; in the strictest sense they are *κτῆματα ἐς αἰεῖ*:

and what evil they do, or what good they do, is commensurate with the national language, sometimes long after the nation has departed. At this hour, 500 years since their creation, the tales of Chaucer,\* never equalled on this earth for tenderness, and for life of picturesqueness, are read familiarly by many in the charming language of their natal day, and by others in the modernizations of Dryden, of Pope, and Wordsworth. At this hour, 1800 years since their creation, the Pagan tales of Ovid, never equalled on this earth for the gaiety of their movement and the capricious graces of their narrative, are read by all Christendom. This man's people and their monuments are dust: but *he* is alive: he has survived them, as he told us that he had it in his commission to do, by a thousand years; "and *shall* a thousand more."

All the literature of knowledge builds only ground-nests, that are swept away by floods, or confounded by the plough; but the literature of power builds nests in aerial altitudes of temples sacred from violation, or of forests inaccessible to fraud. *This* is a great prerogative of the *power* literature: and it is a greater which lies in the mode of its influence. The *knowledge* literature, like the fashion of this world, passeth away. An Encyclopædia is its abstract; and, in this respect, it may be taken for its speaking symbol—that, before one generation has passed, an Encyclopædia is superannuated; for it speaks through the dead memory and unimpassioned understanding, which have not the *rest* of higher faculties, but are continually enlarging and varying their phylacteries. But all literature, properly so called—literature *κατ' ἐξοχὴν*, for the very same reason that it is so much more durable than the literature of knowledge, is (and by the very same proportion it is) more intense and electrically searching in its impressions. The directions in which the tragedy of this planet has trained our human feelings to play, and the combinations into which the poetry of this planet has thrown our human passions of love and hatred, of admiration and contempt, exercises a power bad or good over human life, that cannot be contemplated when seen stretching through many generations, without a sentiment allied to awe.† And of this

\* The Canterbury Tales were not made public until 1380 or thereabouts: but the composition must have cost 30 or more years; not to mention that the work had probably been finished for some years before it was divulged.

† The reason why the broad distinctions between the two literatures of power and knowledge so little fix the attention, lies in the fact, that a vast proportion of books—history, biography, travels, miscellaneous essays, &c., lying in a middle zone, confound these distinctions by interblending them. All that we call "amusement" or "entertainment," is a diluted form of the power belonging to passion, and also a mixed form; and where threads of direct *instruction* intermingle in the texture with these threads of *power*, this absorption of the duality into one repre-

let every one be assured—that he owes to the impassioned books which he has read, many a thousand more of emotions than he can consciously trace back to them. Dim by their origination, these emotions yet arise in him, and mould him through life like the forgotten incidents of childhood.

In making a revaluation of Pope as regards some of his principal works, we should have been glad to examine more closely than we shall be able to do, some popular errors affecting his whole intellectual position; and especially these two, *first*, That he belonged to what is idly called the *French School* of our literature; *secondly*, That he was specially distinguished from preceding poets by *correctness*. The first error has infected the whole criticism of Europe. The Schlegels, with all their false airs of subtlety, fall into this error in discussing every literature of Christendom. But, if by a mere accident of life any poet *had* first turned his thoughts into a particular channel on the suggestion of some French book, *that* would not justify our classing what belongs to universal nature, and what *inevitably* arises at a certain stage of social progress, under the category of a French creation. Somebody must have been first in point of time upon every field: but this casual precedency establishes no title whatever to authority, or plea of original dominion over fields that lie within the inevitable line of march upon which nations are moving. Had it happened that the first European writer on the higher geometry was a Græco-Sicilian, *that* would not have made it rational to call geometry the Græco-Sicilian Science. In *every* nation first comes the higher form of passion, next the lower. This is the mere order of nature in governing the movements of human intellect, as connected with social evolution; this is therefore the universal order, that in the earlier stages of literature, men deal with the great elementary grandeurs of passion, of conscience, of the will in self-conflict; they deal with the capital struggles of the human race in raising empires, or in overthrowing them—in vindicating their religion, (as by crusades,) or with the more mysterious struggles amongst spiritual races allied to our own, that have been dimly revealed to us. We have an *Iliad*, a *Jerusalem Delivered*, a *Paradise Lost*. These great subjects exhausted, or exhausted in their more inviting manifestations, inevitably, by the mere endless motion of society, there succeeds a lower key of passion. Expanding social intercourse in towns, multiplied and crowded more and more, banishes those gloomier and grander phases of human history from literature. The understanding is quickened:

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sentative *nuance* neutralises the separate perception of either. Fused into a *tertium quid*, or neutral state, they disappear to the popular eye as the repelling forces, which in fact they are.

the lower faculties of the mind—fancy and the habit of minute distinction, are applied to the contemplation of society and manners. Passion begins to wheel in lower flights, and to combine itself with interests that in part are addressed to the insulated understanding—observing, refining, reflecting. This may be called the *minor* key of literature in opposition to the *major*, as cultivated by Shakspeare, Spenser, Milton. But this key arises spontaneously in *every* people, and by a necessity as sure as any that moulds the progress of civilisation. Milton and Spenser were *not* of any Italian school. Their Italian studies were the result and not the cause of the determination given to their minds by nature working in conjunction with their social period. It is equally childish to say of Dryden and Pope—that they belonged to any French school. That thing which they did, they *would* have done though France had been at the back of China. The school to which they belonged, was a school developed at a certain stage of progress in all nations alike by the human heart as modified by the human understanding: it is a school depending on the peculiar direction given to the sensibilities by the reflecting faculty, and by the new phases of society. Even as a fact, (though a change as to the fact could not make any change at all in the philosophy of the case,) it is not true that either Dryden or Pope was influenced by French literature. Both of them had a very imperfect acquaintance with the French language. Dryden ridiculed French literature; and Pope, except for some purposes connected with his Homeric translations, read as little of it as convenience would allow. But, had this been otherwise, the philosophy of the case stands good; that, after the primary formations of the fermenting intellect, come everywhere—in Thebes or Athens, in France or England, the secondary: that, after the creating passion comes the reflecting and recombining passion: that after the solemnities and cloistral grandeurs of life—solitary and self-conflicting, comes the recoil of a self-observing and self-dissecting stage, derived from life social and gregarious. After the Iliad, but doubtless many generations after, comes a Batrachomyomachia: after the gorgeous masque of our forefathers came always the anti-masque, that threw off echoes as from some devil's laughter in mockery of the hollow and transitory pomps that went before.

It is an error equally gross, and an error in which Pope himself participated, that his plume of distinction from preceding poets consisted in *correctness*. Correctness in what? Think of the admirable qualifications for settling the scale of such critical distinctions which that man must have had who turned out upon this vast world the single oracular word “correctness” to shift for itself, and explain its own meaning to all generations. Did he mean

logical correctness in maturing and connecting thoughts? But of all poets that have practised reasoning in verse, Pope is the one most inconsequential in the deduction of his thoughts, and the most severely distressed in any effort to effect or to explain the dependency of their parts. There are not ten consecutive lines in Pope unaffected by this infirmity. All his thinking proceeded by insulated and discontinuous jets: and the only resource for *him*, or chance of even seeming correctness, lay in the liberty of stringing his aphoristic thoughts like pearls—having no relation to each other but that of contiguity. To *set* them like diamonds was for Pope to risk distraction: to systematize was ruin.—On the other hand, if this elliptical word *correctness* is to be understood with such a complementary qualification as would restrict it to Pope's use of *language*, that construction is even more untenable than the other—more conspicuously untenable—for many are they who have erred by illogical thinking, or by distracted evolution of thoughts: but rare is the man amongst classical writers in any language who has disfigured his meaning more remarkably than Pope by imperfect expression. We do not speak of plebeian phrases, of exotic phrases, of slang, from which Pope was not free, though *more* free than many of his contemporaries. From vulgarism indeed he was shielded, though imperfectly, by the aristocratic society which he kept: *they* being right, *he* was right: and he erred only in the cases where they misled him; for even the refinement of that age was oftentimes coarse and vulgar. His grammar, indeed, is often vicious: preterites and participles he constantly confounds, and registers this class of blunders for ever by the cast-iron index of rhymes that never *can* mend. But worse than this mode of viciousness is his syntax, which is so bad as to darken his meaning at times, and at other times to defeat it. But these were errors cleaving to his times; and it would be unfair to exact from Pope a better quality of diction than belonged to his contemporaries. Still it is indisputable that a better model of diction and of grammar prevailed a century before Pope. In Spenser, in Shakspeare, in the Bible of King James' reign, and in Milton, there are very few grammatical errors.\* But Pope's defect in language was

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\* And this purity of diction shews itself in many points arguing great vigilance of attention, and also great anxiety for using the language powerfully as the most venerable of traditions, when treating the most venerable of subjects. For instance, the Bible never condescends to the mean colloquial preterites of *chid* for *did chide*, or *writ* for *did write*, but always uses the full-dress word *chode*, and *wrote*. Pope might have been happier had he read his Bible more: but assuredly he would have improved his English. A question naturally arises—How it was that the elder writers—Shakspeare in particular, (who had seen so little of higher society when he wrote his youthful poems of *Lucrece* and *Adonis*,) should have maintained so much purer a grammar! Dr. Johnson

almost peculiar to himself. It lay in an inability, nursed doubtless by indolence, to carry out and perfect the expression of the thought which he wishes to communicate. The language does not realize the idea: it simply suggests or hints it. Thus to give a single illustration,—

“ Know, God and Nature only are the same :  
In man the judgment shoots at flying game.”

The first line one would naturally construe into this : that God and Nature were in harmony, whilst all other objects were scattered into incoherency by difference and disunion. Not at all ; it means nothing of the kind ; but that God and Nature only are exempted from the infirmities of change. *They* only continue uniform and self-consistent. This might mislead many readers ; but the second line *must* do so : for who would not understand the syntax to be—that the judgment, as it exists in man, shoots at flying game ? But, in fact, the meaning is—that the judgment, in aiming its calculations at man, aims at an object that is still on the wing, and never for a moment stationary. We give this as a specimen of a fault in diction—the very worst amongst all that are possible ; to write bad grammar or colloquial slang does not necessarily obscure the sense ; but a fault like this is a treachery, and hides the true meaning under the cloud of a conundrum : nay worse ; for even a conundrum has fixed conditions for determining its solution, but this sort of mutilated expression is left to the solutions of conjecture.

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indeed, but most falsely, says that Shakspeare's grammar is licentious. “ The style of Shakspeare,” (these are the exact words of the Doctor in his preface,) “ was in itself ungrammatical, perplexed, and obscure.” An audacious misrepresentation ! In the doctor himself, a legislator for the language, we undertake to shew more numerically of trespasses against grammar, but (which is worse still) more un-scholarlike trespasses. Shakspeare is singularly correct in grammar. One reason, we believe, was this : from the restoration of Charles II. decayed the *ceremonious* exteriors of society. Stiffness and reserve melted away before the familiarity and impudence of French manners. Social meetings grew far more numerous as towns expanded ; social pleasure far more began now to depend upon conversation ; and conversation, growing less formal, quickened its pace. Hence came the call for rapid abbreviations : the *'tis* and *'twas*, the *can't* and *don't* of the two post-Miltoic generations arose under this impulse ; and the general impression has ever since subsisted amongst English writers—that language, instead of being an exquisitely beautiful vehicle for the thoughts—a robe that never can be adorned with too much care or piety, is in fact a dirty high-road which all people detest whilst all are forced to use it, and to the keeping of which in repair no rational man ever contributes a trifle that is not forced from him by some severity of Quarter Sessions. The great corrupter of English was the conversational instinct for rapidity. A more honourable source of corruption lay in the growth of new ideas, and the continual influx of foreign words to meet them. Spanish words arose, like *reformado*, *privado*, *desperado*, and French ones past counting. But as these retained their foreign forms of structure, they reacted to vitiate the language still more by introducing a piebald aspect of books which it seemed a matter of necessity to tolerate for the interests of wider thinking. The perfection of this horror was never attained except amongst the Germans.

There are endless varieties of this fault in Pope, by which he sought relief for himself from half-an-hour's labour, at the price of utter darkness to his reader.

One editor distinguishes amongst the epistles that which Pope addressed to Lord Oxford some years after his fall, as about the most "*correct, musical, dignified, and affecting*" that the poet has left. Now, even as a specimen of vernacular English, it is conspicuously bad: the shocking gallicism, for instance, of "*attend*," for "wait his leisure," in the line "For *him, i. e.* on his behalf, thou oft hast bid the world attend," would alone degrade the verses. To bid the world attend—is to bid the world listen attentively; whereas what Pope means is, that Lord Oxford bade the world wait in his ante-chamber, until he had leisure from his important conferences with a poet, to throw a glance upon affairs so trivial as those of the human race. This use of the word *attend* is a shocking violation of the English idiom; and even the slightest would be an unpardonable blemish in a poem of only forty lines, which ought to be polished as exquisitely as a cameo. It is a still worse disfiguration of the very same class, viz. a silent confession of defeat, in a regular wrestling-match with the difficulties of a metrical expression, that the poem terminates thus—

"Nor fears to tell that *Mortimer* is he;"

why *should* he fear? Really there is no very desperate courage required for telling the most horrible of secrets about Mortimer. Had Mortimer even been so wicked as to set the Thames on fire, safely it might have been published by Mortimer's bosom-friend to all magistrates, sheriffs, and constables; for not a man of them would have guessed in what hiding-place to look for Mortimer, or who Mortimer might be. True it is, that a secondary earldom, conferred by Queen Anne upon Robert Harley, was that of Mortimer; but it lurked unknown to the public ear; it was a coronet that lay hid under the beams of *Oxford*—a title so long familiar to English ears, when descending through six and twenty generations of de Veres. Quite as reasonable it would be, in a birth-day ode to the Prince of Wales, if he were addressed as my Lord of Chester, or Baron of Renfrew, or your Grace of Cornwall. To express a thing in cipher may do for a conspirator; but a poet's *correctness* is shown in his intelligibility.

Amongst the early poems of Pope, the "*ELOISA TO ABELARD*" has a special interest of a double order: first, it has a *personal* interest as the poem of Pope, because indicating the original destination of Pope's intellect, and the strength of his native vocation to a class of poetry in deeper keys of passion than any which he systematically cultivated. For itself also, and abstracting from its connexion with Pope's natural destination, this

poem has a *second* interest, an intrinsic interest, that will always make it dear to impassioned minds. The self-conflict—the flux and reflux of the poor agitated heart—the spectacle of Eloisa now bending penitentially before the shadowy austerities of a monastic future, now raving upon the remembrances of the guilty past—one moment reconciled by the very anguish of her soul to the grandeurs of religion and of prostrate adoration, the next moment revolting to perilous retrospects of her treacherous happiness—the recognition by shining gleams through the very storm and darkness evoked by her earthly sensibilities, of a sensibility deeper far in its ground, and that trembled towards holier objects—the lyrical tumult of the changes, the hope, the tears, the rapture, the penitence, the despair—place the reader in tumultuous sympathy with the poor distracted nun. Exquisitely imagined, among the passages towards the end, is the introduction of a voice speaking to Eloisa from the grave of some sister nun, that, in long-forgotten years, once had struggled and suffered like herself,

"Once (like herself) that trembled, wept, and pray'd,  
Love's victim then, though now a sainted maid."

Exquisite is the passage in which she prefigures a visit yet to come from Abelard to herself—no more in the character of a lover, but as a priest, ministering by spiritual consolations to her dying hours, pointing her thoughts to heaven, presenting the Cross to her through the mists of death, and fighting for her as a spiritual ally against the torments of flesh. That anticipation was not gratified. Abelard died long before her; and the hour never arrived for *him* of which with such tenderness she says,—

"It will be *then* no crime to gaze on me."

But another anticipation *has* been fulfilled in a degree that she could hardly have contemplated; the anticipation, namely,—

"That ages hence, when all her woes were o'er,  
And that rebellious heart should beat no more,"

wandering feet should be attracted from afar

"To Paraclete's white walls and silver springs,"

as the common resting-place and everlasting marriage-bed of Abelard and Eloisa; that the eyes of many that had been touched by their story, by the memory of their extraordinary accomplishments in an age of darkness, and by the calamitous issue of their attachment, should seek, first and last, for the grave in which the lovers trusted to meet again in peace; and should seek it with



interest so absorbing, that even amidst the ascent of hosannahs from the choir, amidst the grandeurs of high mass, the raising of the host, and "the pomp of dreadful sacrifice," sometimes these wandering eyes should steal aside to the solemn abiding-place of Abelard and his Eloisa, offering so pathetic a contrast, by its peaceful silence, to the agitations of their lives; and that there, amidst thoughts which by right were all due and dedicated

"to heaven,  
One *human* tear should drop and be forgiven."

We may properly close this subject of Abelard and Eloisa, by citing, in English, the solemn Latin inscription placed in the last century—six hundred years after their departure from earth, over their common remains. They were buried in the same grave, Abelard dying first by a few weeks more than twenty-one years; his tomb was opened again to admit the coffin of Eloisa; and the tradition at Quincey, the parish near Nogent-sur Seine, in which the monastery of the Paraclete is situated, was—that at the moment of interment Abelard opened his arms to receive the impassioned creature that once had loved *him* so frantically, and whom *he* had loved with a remorse so memorable. The epitaph is singularly solemn in its brief simplicity, considering that it came from Paris, and from Academic wits: "Here, under the same marble slab, lie the Founder of this Monastery, Peter Abelard, and its earliest Abbess, Heloisa—once united in studies, in love, in their unhappy nuptial engagements, and in penitential sorrow; but now, our hope is, reunited for ever in bliss."

The SATIRES of Pope, and what under another name *are* satires, viz. his MORAL EPISTLES, offer a second variety of evidence to his voluptuous indolence. They offend against philosophic truth more heavily than the Essay on Man; but not in the same way. The Essay on Man sins chiefly by want of central principle, and by want therefore of all coherency amongst the separate thoughts. But taken *as* separate thoughts, viewed in the light of fragments and brilliant aphorisms, the majority of the passages have a mode of truth; not of truth central and coherent, but of truth angular and splintered. The Satires on the other hand were of false origin. They arose in a sense of talent for caustic effects, unsupported by any satiric heart. Pope had neither the malice (except in the most fugitive form) which thirsts for leaving wounds, nor on the other hand the deep moral indignation which burns in men whom Providence has from time to time armed with scourges for cleansing the sanctuaries of truth or justice. He was contented enough with society as he found it: bad it might be, but it was good enough for *him*:

and it was the merest self-delusion if at any moment the instinct of glorifying his satiric mission (the *magnifico apostolatum meum*) persuaded him that in *his* case it might be said—*Facit indignatio versum*. The indignation of Juvenal was not always very noble in its origin, or pure in its purpose: it was sometimes mean in its quality, false in its direction, extravagant in its expression: but it was tremendous in the roll of its thunders, and as withering as the scowl of a Mephistopheles. Pope having no such internal principle of wrath boiling in his breast, being really (if one must speak the truth) in the most pacific and charitable frame of mind towards all scoundrels whatever, except such as might take it into their heads to injure a particular Twickenham grotto, was unavoidably a hypocrite of the first magnitude when he affected (or sometimes really conceited himself) to be in a dreadful passion with offenders as a body. It provokes fits of laughter, in a man who knows Pope's real nature, to watch him in the process of brewing the storm that spontaneously will not come; whistling, like a mariner, for a wind to fill his satiric sails; and pumping up into his face hideous grimaces in order to appear convulsed with histrionic rage. Pope should have been counselled never to write satire, except on those evenings when he was suffering horribly from indigestion. By this means the indignation would have been ready-made. The rancour against all mankind would have been sincere; and there would have needed to be no extra expense in getting up the steam. As it is, the short puffs of anger, the uneasy snorts of fury in Pope's satires, give one painfully the feeling of a steam-engine with unsound lungs. Passion of any kind may become in some degree ludicrous, when disproportioned to its exciting occasions. But it is never entirely ludicrous, until it is self-betrayed as counterfeit. Sudden collapses of the manufactured wrath, sudden oblivion of the criminal, announce Pope's as *always* counterfeit.

Meantime insincerity is contagious. One falsehood draws on another. And having begun by taking a station of moral censorship, which was in the uttermost degree a self-delusion, Pope went on to other self-delusions in reading history the most familiar, or in reporting facts the most notorious. Warburton had more to do with Pope's satires, as an original suggestor,\* and not merely as a commentator, than with any other section of his works. Pope and he hunted in couples over this field: and those who know the absolute craziness of Warburton's mind, the perfect frenzy and *lymphaticus error* which possessed him for

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\* It was *after* his connexion with Warburton that Pope introduced several of his *living* portraits into the Satires.

leaving all high-roads of truth and simplicity in order to trespass over hedge and ditch after coveys of shy paradoxes, cannot be surprised that Pope's good sense should often have quitted him under such guidance.—There is, amongst the earliest poems of Wordsworth, one which has interested many readers by its mixed strain of humour and tenderness. It describes two thieves who act in concert with each other. One is a very aged man, and the other is his great-grandson of three years old :

“ There are ninety good years of fair and foul weather  
Between them, and both go a stealing together.”

What reconciles the reader to this social iniquity—is the imperfect accountability of the parties ; the one being far advanced in dotage, and the other an infant. And thus

“ Into what sin soever the couple may fall,  
*This* child but half-knows it, and *that* not at all.”

Nobody besides suffers from their propensities : since the child's mother makes good in excess all their depredations : and nobody is duped for an instant by their gross attempts at fraud : for

“ Wherever they carry their plots and their wiles,  
Every face in the village is dimpled with smiles.”

There was not the same disparity of years between Pope and Warburton as between old Daniel and his descendant in the third generation : Warburton was but ten years younger. And there was also this difference, that in the case of the two thieves neither was official ringleader : on the contrary, they took it turn about ; great grand-papa was ringleader to-day, and the little great grandson to-morrow :

“ Each in his turn was both leader and led :”

whereas, in the connexion of the two literary accomplices, the Doctor was latterly always the instigator to any outrage on good sense ; and Pope, from mere habit of deference to the Doctor's theology and theological wig, as well as from gratitude for the Doctor's pugnacity in his defence, (since Warburton really was as good as a bull-dog in protecting Pope's advance or retreat,) followed with docility the leading of his reverend friend into any excess of folly. It is true, that oftentimes in earlier days Pope had run into scrapes from his own heedlessness : and the Doctor had not the merit of suggesting the *escapade*, but only of defending it ; which he always does, (as sailors express it,) “ with a will :” for he never shows his teeth so much, or growls so ferociously, as when he suspects the case to be desperate. But in the satires, although the original absurdity comes forward in the text of Pope, and the Warburtonian note

in defence is apparently no more than an after-thought of the good Doctor in his usual style of threatening to cudgel anybody who disputes his friend's assertion, yet sometimes the thought expressed and adorned by the poet had been prompted by the divine. This only can account for the savage crotchets, paradoxes, and conceits, which disfigure Pope's later edition of his satires.

Truth, even of the most appreciable order, truth of history, goes to wreck continually under the perversities of Pope's satire applied to celebrated men; and as to the higher truth of philosophy, it was still less likely to survive amongst the struggles for striking effects and startling contrasts. But worse are Pope's satiric sketches of women, as carrying the same outrages on good sense to a far greater excess; and as these expose the false principles on which he worked more brightly, and have really been the chief ground of tainting Pope's memory with the reputation of a woman-hater, (which he was *not*), they are worthy of separate notice.

It is painful to follow a man of genius through a succession of inanities descending into absolute nonsense, and of vulgarities sometimes terminating in brutalities. These are harsh words: but not harsh enough by half as applied to Pope's gallery of female portraits. What is the key to his failure? It is simply that, throughout this whole satiric section, not one word is spoken in sincerity of heart, or with any vestige of self-belief. The case was one of those so often witnessed, where either the indiscretion of friends, or some impulse of erring vanity in the writer, had put him upon undertaking a task in which he had too little natural interest to have either thought upon it with originality, or observed upon it with fidelity. Sometimes the mere coercion of system drives a man into such a folly. He treats a subject which branches into A, B, and C. Having discussed A and B, upon which he really *had* something to offer, he thinks it necessary to integrate his work by going forward to C, on which he knows nothing at all, and, what is even worse, for which in his heart he cares nothing at all. Fatal is all falsehood. Nothing is so sure to betray a man into the abject degradation of self-exposure as pretending to a knowledge which he has not, or to an enthusiasm which is counterfeit. By whatever mistake Pope found himself pledged to write upon the characters of women, it was singularly unfortunate that he had begun by denying to woman any characters at all.

"Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,  
And best distinguished by black, brown, or fair."

Well for *him* if he had stuck to that liberal doctrine: "Least  
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said soonest mended." And *much* he could not easily have said upon a subject that he had pronounced all but a nonentity. In Van Troil's work, or in Horrebow's, upon Iceland, there is a well-known chapter regularly booked in the index—*Concerning the Snakes of Iceland*. This is the title, the running rubric; and the body of the chapter consists of these words—"There *are* no snakes in Iceland." That chapter is soon studied, and furnishes very little opening for footnotes or supplements. Some people have thought that Mr. Van T. might with advantage have amputated this unsnaky chapter on snakes; but at least nobody can accuse him of forgetting his own extermination of snakes from Iceland, and proceeding immediately to describe such horrible snakes as eye had never beheld amongst the afflictions of the island. Snakes there are none, he had protested; and, true to his word, the faithful man never wanders into any description of Icelandic snakes. Not so our satiric poet. He, with Mahometan liberality, had denied characters, *i. e.*, souls, to women. "Most women," he says, "have\* no character at all;" yet, for all that, finding himself pledged to treat this very subject of female characters, he introduces us to a museum of monsters in that department such as few fancies could create, and no logic can rationally explain. What was he to do? He had entered upon a theme concerning which, as the result has shewn, he had not one solitary thought—good, bad, or indifferent. Total bankruptcy was impending. Yet he was aware of a deep interest connected with this section of his satires; and to meet this interest he invented what was pungent, when he found nothing to record which was true.

It is a consequence of this desperate resource—this plunge into absolute fiction—that the true objection to Pope's satiric sketches of the other sex ought not to arise amongst women, as the people that suffered by his malice, but amongst readers generally, as the people that suffered by his fraud. He has promised one thing, and done another. He has promised a chapter in the zoology of nature, and he gives us a chapter in the fabulous zoology of

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\* By what might seem a strange oversight, but which in fact is a very natural oversight to one who was not uttering one word in which he seriously believed, Pope, in a prose note on verse 207, roundly asserts "that the particular characters of women are *more various* than those of men." It is no evasion of this insufferable contradiction, that he couples with the greater variety of *characters* in women a greater uniformity in what he presumes to be their *ruling passion*. Even as to this ruling passion he cannot agree with himself for ten minutes; generally he says, that it is the love of pleasure; but sometimes (as at verse 208) forgetting this monotony, he ascribes to women a dualism of passions—love of pleasure and love of power—which dualism of itself must be a source of self-conflict, and therefore of inexhaustible variety in character:

"Those only fix'd, they first or last obey—  
The love of pleasure and the love of sway."

the herald's college. A tigress is not much within ordinary experience, still there *is* such a creature; and in default of a better choice, that is, of a choice settling on a more familiar object, we are content to accept a good description of a tigress. We are reconciled; but we are *not* reconciled to a description, however spirited, of a basilisk. A viper might do; but not, if you please, a dragoness or a harpy. The describer knows, as well as any of us the spectators know, that he is romancing; the *incredulus odi* overmasters us all; and we cannot submit to be detained by a picture which, according to the shifting humour of the poet—angry or laughing, is a lie where it is not a jest, is an affront to the truth of nature, where it is not confessedly an extravagance of drollery. In a playful fiction, we can submit with pleasure to the most enormous exaggerations; but then they must be offered as such. These of Pope's are not *so* offered, but as serious portraits—and in that character they affect us as odious and malignant libels. The malignity was not real—as indeed nothing was real, but a condiment for hiding insipidity. Let us examine two or three of them, equally with a view to the possibility of the object described, and to the delicacy of the description.

“ How soft is Silia ! fearful to offend ;  
 The frail one's advocate, the weak one's friend.  
 To *her* Calista proved her conduct nice ;  
 And good Simplicius asks of *her* advice.”

Here we have the general outline of Silia's character; not particularly striking, but intelligible. She has a suavity of disposition that accommodates itself to all infirmities. And the worst thing one apprehends in her is—falseness: people with such honeyed breath for *present* frailties, are apt to exhale their rancour upon them when a little out of hearing. But really now this is no foible of Silia's. One likes her very well, and would be glad of her company to tea. For the dramatic reader knows who Calista is—and if Silia has indulgence for *her*, she must be a thoroughly tolerant creature. Where is her fault then? You shall hear—

“ Sudden she storms ! she raves !—You tip the wink :  
 But spare your censure ; Silia does *not* drink.  
 All eyes may see from what the change arose :  
 All eyes may see—(see what ?)—a pimple on her nose.”

Silia, the dulcet, is suddenly transformed into Silia the fury. But why? The guest replies to that question by *winking* at his fellow-guest; which most atrocious of vulgarities is expressed by the most odiously vulgar of phrases—he *tips* the wink—meaning to tip an insinuation that Silia is intoxicated. Not so, says the

poet—drinking is no fault of hers—everybody may see [why not the winker then?] that what upsets her temper is a pimple on the nose. Let us understand you, Mr. Pope. A pimple!—what, do you mean to say that pimples jump up on ladies' faces at the unfurling of a fan? If they really *did* so in the 12th of George II., and a lady, not having a pimple on leaving her dressing-room, might grow one whilst taking tea, then we think that a saint might be excused for storming a little. But how is it that the wretch who winks, does *not* see the pimple, the *causa teterrima* of the sudden wrath; and Silia, who has no looking-glass at her girdle, *does*? And then who is it that Silia “storms” at—the company, or the pimple? If at the company, we cannot defend her; but if at the pimple—oh, by all means—storm and welcome—she can't say anything worse than it deserves. Wrong or right, however, what moral does Silia illustrate more profound than this—that a particular lady, otherwise very amiable, falls into a passion upon suddenly finding her face disfigured? But then one remembers the song—“*My face is my fortune, sir, she said, sir, she said*”—it is a part of *every* woman's fortune, so long as she is young. Now to find one's fortune dilapidating by changes so rapid as this—pimples rising as suddenly as April clouds, is far too trying a calamity, that a little fretfulness should merit either reproach or sneer. Dr. Johnson's opinion was that the man, who cared little for dinner, could not be reasonably supposed to care much for anything. More truly it may be said that the woman who is reckless about her face must be an unsafe person to trust with a secret. But seriously, what moral, what philosophic thought can be exemplified by a case so insipid, and so imperfectly explained as this? But we must move on.

Next, then, let us come to the case of Narcissa:—

“Odious! in *woollen*?\* ”’Twould a saint provoke,”  
 Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke.  
 “No, let a charming chintz and Brussels lace  
 Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face;  
 One would not sure be frightful when one's dead:  
 And, Betty, give this cheek a little red.”

Well, what's the matter now? What's amiss with Narcissa, that a satirist must be called in to hold an inquest upon her corpse, and take Betty's evidence against her mistress? Upon hearing any such question, Pope would have started up in the character (very unusual with *him*) of religious censor, and demanded

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\* This refers to the Act of Parliament for burying corpses in woollen, which greatly disturbed the fashionable costume in coffins *comme il faut*.

whether one approved of a woman's fixing her last dying thought upon the attractions of a person so soon to dwell with darkness and worms? Was *that* right—to provide for coquetting in her coffin? Why no, not strictly right, its impropriety cannot be denied; but what strikes one even more is—the suspicion that it may be a lie. Be this as it may, there are two insurmountable objections to the case of Narcissa, even supposing it not fictitious—viz. first, that so far as it offends at all, it offends the religious sense, and not any sense of which satire takes charge; secondly, that without reference to the special functions of satire, *any* form of poetry whatever, or *any* mode of moral censure, concerns itself not at all with anomalies. If the anecdote of Narcissa were other than a fiction, then it was a case too peculiar and idiosyncratic to furnish a poetic illustration; neither moral philosophy nor poetry condescends to the monstrous or the abnormal; both one and the other deal with the catholic and the representative.

There is another *Narcissa* amongst Pope's tulip-beds of ladies, who is even more open to criticism—because offering not so much an anomaly in one single trait of her character as an utter anarchy in all. *Flavia* and *Philomedé* again present the same multitude of features with the same absence of all central principle for locking them into unity. They must have been distracting to themselves; and they are distracting to us a century later. *Philomedé*, by the way, stands for the second Duchess of Marlborough,\* daughter of the great Duke. And these names lead us naturally to Sarah, the original, and (one may call her) the *historical* Duchess, who is libelled under the name of *Atossa*. This character amongst all Pope's satiric sketches has been celebrated the most, with the single exception of his *Atticus*. But the *Atticus* rested upon a different basis—it was true; and it was noble. Addison really *had* the infirmities of envious jealousy, of simulated friendship, and of treacherous collusion with his friend's enemies—which Pope imputed to him under the happy parisyllabic name of *Atticus*; and the mode of imputation, the tone of expostulation—indignant as regarded Pope's own injuries, but yet full of respect for Addison, and even of sorrowful tenderness—all this in combination with the interest attaching to a feud between two men so eminent, has sustained the *Atticus* as a classic remembrance in satiric literature.

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\* The sons of the Duke having died, the title and estates were so settled as to descend through this daughter, who married the Earl of Sunderland. In consequence of this arrangement, *Spencer* (until lately) displaced the great name of *Churchill*; and the Earl became that second Duke of Marlborough, about whom Smollett tells in his *History of England* (Reign of George II.) so remarkable and to this hour so mysterious a story.



But the *Atossa* is a mere chaos of incompatibilities, thrown together as into some witch's cauldron. The witch, however, had sometimes an unaffected malignity, a sincerity of venom in her wrath, which acted chemically as a solvent for combining the heterogeneous ingredients in her kettle; whereas the want of truth and earnestness in Pope leave the incongruities in his kettle of description to their natural incoherent operation on the reader. We have a great love for the great Duchess of Marlborough, though too young by a hundred years\* or so to have been that true and faithful friend which, as contemporaries, we *might* have been.

What we love Sarah for, is partly that she has been ill-used by all subsequent authors, one copying from another a fury against her which even in the first of these authors was not real. And a second thing which we love is her very violence, qualified as it was. Sulphureous vapours of wrath rose up in columns from the crater of her tempestuous nature against him that *deeply* offended her, but she neglected petty wrongs. Wait, however—let the volcanic lava have time to cool, and all returned to absolute repose. It has been said that she did not write her own book. We are of a different opinion. The mutilations of the book were from other and inferior hands; but the main texture of the narrative and of the comments were, and must have been, from herself, since there could have been no adequate motive for altering them, and nobody else could have had the same motive for uttering them. It is singular that, in the case of the Duchess, as well as that of the Lady M. W. Montagu, the same two men, without concert, were the original aggressors amongst the *gens de plume*, viz., Pope, and subsequently Horace Walpole. Pope suffered more from his own libellous assault upon *Atossa*, through a calumny against himself rebounding from it, than *Atossa* could have done from the point-blank shot of fifty such batteries. The calumny circulated was, that he had been bribed by the Duchess with a thousand pounds to suppress the character—which of itself was bad enough; but as the consummation of baseness it was added, that after all, in spite of the bribe, he caused it to be published. This calumny we believe to have been utterly without foundation. It is repelled by Pope's character, incapable of any act so vile, and by his position, needing no bribes. But what we wish to add is, that the calumny is equally repelled by Sarah's character, incapable of any propitiation so abject. Pope

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\* The Duchess died in the same year as Pope, viz., just in time by a few months to miss the Rebellion of 1745, and the second Pretender; spectacles which for little reasons (vindictive or otherwise) both of them would have enjoyed until the spring of 1746.

wanted no thousand pounds; but neither did Sarah want his clemency. *He* would have rejected the £1000 cheque with scorn; but *she* would have scorned to offer it. Pope cared little for Sarah; but Sarah cared less for Pope.

What *is* offensive, and truly so, to every generous reader, may be expressed in two items: first, not pretending to have been himself injured by the Duchess, Pope was in this instance meanly adopting some third person's malice, which sort of intrusion into other people's quarrels is a sycophantic act, even where it may not have rested upon a sycophantic motive; secondly, that even as a second-hand malice it is not sincere. More shocking than the malice is the self-imposture of the malice: in the very act of puffing out his cheeks like Æolus, with ebullient fury, and conceiting himself to be in a passion perfectly diabolic, Pope is really unmoved, or angry only by favour of dyspepsy; and at a word of kind flattery from Sarah, (whom he was quite the man to love,) though not at the clink of her thousand guineas, he would have fallen at her feet, and kissed her beautiful hand with rapture. To enter a house of hatred as a junior partner, and to take the stock of malice at a valuation—(we copy from advertisements)—*that* is an ignoble act. But then how much worse in the midst of all this unprovoked wrath, real as regards the persecution which it meditates, but false as the flatteries of a slave in relation to its pretended grounds, for the spectator to find its malice counterfeit, and the fury only a plagiarism from some personated fury in an Opera.

There is no truth in Pope's satiric sketches of women—not even colourable truth; but if there were, how frivolous—how hollow, to erect into solemn monumental protestations against the whole female sex what, if examined, turn out to be pure casual eccentricities, or else personal idiosyncracies, or else foibles shockingly caricatured, but, above all, to be such foibles as could not have connected themselves with *sincere* feelings of indignation in any rational mind.

The length and breadth [almost we might say—the *depth*] of the shallowness, which characterizes Pope's Philosophy, cannot be better reflected than from the four well-known lines—

“ For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight,  
His can't be wrong, whose life is in the right :  
For forms of government let fools contest,  
Whate'er is best administer'd is best.”

In the first couplet, what Pope says is, that a life, which is irreproachable on a *human* scale of appreciation, neutralises and practically cancels all possible errors of creed, opinion, or theory. But this schism between the moral life of man and his moral

faith, which takes for granted that either may possibly be true whilst the other is entirely false, can wear a moment's plausibility only by understanding *life* in so limited a sense as the sum of a man's external actions, appreciable by man. He whose life is in the right, cannot, says Pope, in any sense calling for blame, have a wrong faith; that is, if his life *were* right, his creed might be disregarded. But the answer is—that his life, according to any adequate idea of life in a moral creature, *cannot* be in the right unless in so far as it bends to the influences of a true faith. How feeble a conception must that man have of the infinity which lurks in a human spirit, who can persuade himself that its total capacities of life are exhaustible by the few gross *acts* incident to social relations or open to human valuation. An act, which may be necessarily limited and without opening for variety, may involve a large variety of motives—motives again, meaning grounds of action that are distinctly recognised for such, may (numerically speaking) amount to nothing at all when compared with the absolutely infinite influxes of feeling or combinations of feeling that vary the thoughts of man; and the true internal *acts* of moral man are his thoughts—his yearnings—his aspirations—his sympathies—his repulsions of heart. This is the life of man as it is appreciable by heavenly eyes. The scale of an alphabet—how narrow is that! Four or six and twenty letters, and all is finished. Syllables range through a wider compass. Words are yet more than syllables. But what are words to thoughts? Every word has a thought corresponding to it, so that not by so much as one solitary counter can the words outrun the thoughts. But every thought has *not* a word corresponding to it: so that the thoughts may outrun the words by many a thousand counters. In a developed nature they *do* so. But what are the thoughts when set against the modifications of thoughts by feelings, hidden even from him that feels them—or against the intercombinations of such modifications with others—complex with complex, decomplex with decomplex—these can be unravelled by no human eye. This is the infinite music that God only can read upon the vast harp of the human heart. Some have fancied that musical combinations might be exhausted. A new Mozart might be impossible. All that he could do, might already have been done. Music laughs at *that*, as the sea laughs at palsy for its billows, as the morning laughs at old age and wrinkles for itself. But a harp, though a world in itself, is but a narrow world by comparison with the world of a human heart.

Now these thoughts, tintured subtly with the perfume and colouring of human affections, make up the sum of what merits *κατ' ἐξοχην* the name of *life*: and these in a vast proportion

depend for their possibilities of truth upon the degree of approach which the thinker makes to the appropriation of a pure faith. A man is thinking all day long, and putting thoughts into words: he is acting comparatively seldom. But are any man's thoughts brought into conformity with the openings to truth that a faith like the Christian's faith suggests? Far from it. Probably there never was one thought, from the foundation of the earth, that has passed through the mind of man, which did not offer some blemish, some sorrowful shadow of pollution, when it came up for review before a heavenly tribunal: that is, supposing it a thought entangled at all with human interests or human passions. But it is the *key* in which the thoughts move, that determines the stage of moral advancement. So long as we are human, many among the numerous and evanescent elements that enter (half-observed or not observed at all) into our thoughts, cannot *but* be tainted. But the governing—the predominant element it is which gives the character and the tendency to the thought: and this must become such, must become a governing element, through the quality of the ideals deposited in the heart by the quality of the religious faith. One pointed illustration of this suggests itself from another poem of Pope's, in which he reiterates his shallow doctrine. In his *Universal Prayer* he informs us, that it can matter little whether we pray to Jehovah or to Jove, so long as in either case we pray to the First Cause. To contemplate God under that purely ontological relation to the world would have little more operative value for what is most important in man than if he prayed to gravitation. And it would have been more honest in Pope to say, as virtually he has said in the couplet under examination, that it can matter little whether man prays at all to any being. It deepens the scandal of this sentiment, coming from a poet professing Christianity, that a clergyman, (holding preferment in the English Church,) viz., Dr. Joseph Warton, justifies Pope for this Pagan opinion, upon the ground that an ancient philosopher had uttered the same opinion long before. What sort of philosopher? A Christian? No: but a Pagan. What then is the value of the justification? To a Pagan it could be no blame that he should avow a reasonable Pagan doctrine. In Irish phrase, it was "true for *him*." Amongst gods that were all utterly alienated from any scheme of moral government, all equally remote from the executive powers for sustaining such a government, so long as there was a practical anarchy and rivalry amongst themselves, there could be no sufficient reason for addressing vows to one rather than to another. The whole pantheon collectively could do nothing for moral influences, *a fortiori*, no separate individual amongst

them. Pope indirectly confesses this elsewhere by his own impassioned expression of Christian feelings, though implicitly denying it here by his mere understanding. For he reverberates elsewhere, by deep echoes, that power in Christianity which even in a legendary tale he durst not on mere principles of good sense and taste have ascribed to Paganism. For instance, how could a God, having no rebellion to complain of in man, pretend to any occasion of large forgiveness to man, or of framing means for reconciling this forgiveness with his own attribute of perfect holiness? What room, therefore, for ideals of mercy, tenderness, long-suffering, under any Pagan religion—under any worship of Jove! How again from Gods, disfigured by fleshly voluptuousness in every mode, could any countenance be derived to an awful ideal of purity? Accordingly we find, that even among the Romans, (the most advanced, as regards moral principle, of all heathen nations,) neither the deep fountain of benignity, nor that of purity, was unsealed in man's heart. So much of either was sanctioned as could fall within the purposes of the magistrate, but beyond that level neither fountain could have been permitted to throw up its column of waters, nor could in fact have had any impulse to sustain it in ascending; and not merely because it would have been repressed by ridicule as a delirium of the human mind, but also because it would have been frowned upon gravely by the very principle of the Roman polity, as wandering away from *civic* objects. Even for so much of these great restorative ventilations as Rome enjoyed, she was indebted not to her religion but to elder forces that acted *in spite of* her religion, viz., the original law written upon the human heart. Now, on the other hand, Christianity has left a separate system of ideals amongst men, which (as regards their development) are continually growing in authority. Waters, after whatever course of wandering, rise to the level of their original springs. Christianity lying so far above all other fountains of religious influence, no wonder that its irrigations rise to altitudes otherwise unknown, and from which the distribution to every level of society becomes comparatively easy. Those men are reached oftentimes—choosing or not choosing—by the healing streams, who have not sought them, nor even recognised them. Infidels of the most determined class talk in Christian lands the morals of Christianity, and exact that morality with their hearts, constantly mistaking it for a morality co-extensive with man; and why? Simply from having been moulded unawares by its universal pressure through infancy, childhood, manhood, in the nursery, in the school, in the market-place. Pope himself, not by system or by affectation an infidel, not in any coherent sense a doubter but a careless and indolent assenter to such doctrines of Christianity as

his own Church prominently put forward, or as social respectability seemed to enjoin,—Pope therefore, so far a very lukewarm Christian, was yet unconsciously to himself searched profoundly by the Christian types of purity. This we may read in his

“Hark, the herald angels say,  
— Sister spirit, come away !”

Or again, as some people read the great lessons of spiritual ethics more pathetically in those that have transgressed them than in those that have been faithful to the end—read them in the Magdalen that fades away in penitential tears rather than in the virgin martyr triumphant on the scaffold—we may see in his own Eloisa, and in her fighting with the dread powers let loose upon her tempestuous soul, how profoundly Pope also had drunk from the streams of Christian sentiment through which a new fountain of truth had ripened a new vegetation upon earth. What was it that Eloisa fought with? What power afflicted her trembling nature, that any Pagan religions *could* have evoked? The human love, “the nympholepsy of the fond despair,” might have existed in a Vestal Virgin of ancient Rome: but in the Vestal what counter-influence could have come into conflict with the passion of love through any operation whatever of religion? None of any ennobling character that could reach the Vestal’s own heart. The way in which religion connected itself with the case was through a traditional superstition—not built upon any fine spiritual sense of female chastity as dear to heaven—but upon a gross fear of alienating a tutelary goddess by offering an imperfect sacrifice. This sacrifice, the sacrifice of the natural household\* charities in a few injured women on the altar of the goddess, was selfish in all its stages—selfish in the dark deity that could be pleased by the sufferings of a human being simply *as* sufferings, and not at all under any fiction that they were voluntary ebullitions of religious devotion—selfish in the senate and people who demanded these sufferings as a ransom paid through sighs and tears for *their* ambition—selfish in the Vestal herself, as sustained altogether by fear of a punishment too terrific to face, sustained therefore by the meanest principle in her nature. But in Eloisa how grand is the collision between deep religious aspirations and the persecuting phantoms of her undying human passion! The Vestal feared to be walled up alive, abandoned to the pangs of hunger—to the trepidations of darkness—to the

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\* The Vestals not only renounced marriage, at least for those years in which marriage could be a natural blessing, but also left their fathers’ houses at an age the most trying to the human heart as regards the pangs of separation.

echoes of her own lingering groans—to the torments perhaps of frenzy rekindling at intervals the decaying agonies of flesh. Was *that* what Eloisa feared? Punishment she had none to apprehend: the crime was past, and remembered only by the criminals: there was none to accuse but herself: there was none to judge but God. Wherefore should Eloisa fear? Wherefore and with what should she fight? She fought by turns against herself and against God, against her human nature and against her spiritual yearnings. How grand were the mysteries of her faith, how gracious and forgiving its condescensions!—How deep had been her human love, how imperishable its remembrance on earth!—“What is it,” the Roman Vestal would have said, “that this Christian lady is afraid of? What is the phantom that she seems to see?” Vestal! it is not fear, but grief. She sees an immeasurable heaven that seems to touch her eyes: so near is she to its love. Suddenly, an Abelard—the glory of his race—appears, that seems to touch her lips. The heavens recede, and diminish to a starry point twinkling in an unfathomable abyss; they are all but lost for *her*. Fire, it is in Eloisa that searches fire: the holy that fights with the earthly: fire that cleanses with fire that consumes; like cavalry the two fires wheel and counterwheel, advancing and retreating, charging and counter-charging through and through each other. Eloisa trembles, but she trembles as a guilty creature before a tribunal unveiled within the secrecy of her own nature: there was no such trembling in the heathen worlds, for there was no such secret tribunal. Eloisa fights with a shadowy enemy: there was no such fighting for Roman Vestals; because all the temples of our earth, (which is the crowned Vesta,) no, nor all the glory of her altars, nor all the pomp of her cruelties, could cite from the depths of a human spirit any such fearful shadow as Christian faith evokes from an afflicted conscience.

Pope therefore, wheresoever his heart speaks loudly, shows how deep had been his early impressions from Christianity. That is shown in his intimacy with Crashaw, in his Eloisa, in his Messiah, in his adaptation to Christian purposes of the Dying Adrian, &c. It is remarkable also, that Pope betrays, in all places where he has occasion to *argue* about Christianity, how much grander and more faithful to that great theme were the subconscious perceptions of his heart than the explicit commentaries of his understanding. He, like so many others, was unable to read or interpret the testimonies of his own heart, which is a deep over which diviner agencies brood than are legible to the intellect. The cipher written on his heaven-visited heart was deeper than his understanding could interpret.

If the question were asked, What ought to have been the best

among Pope's poems? most people would answer, the *Essay on Man*. If the question were asked, What *is* the worst? all people of judgment would say, the *Essay on Man*. Whilst yet in its rudiments this poem claimed the first place by the promise of its subject: when finished, by the utter failure of its execution, it fell into the last. The case possesses a triple interest—first, as illustrating the character of Pope modified by his situation; secondly, as illustrating the true nature of that "didactic" poetry to which this particular poem is usually referred; thirdly, as illustrating the anomalous condition to which a poem so grand in its ambition has been reduced by the double disturbance of its proper movement; one disturbance through the position of Pope, another through his total misconception of didactic poetry. First, as regards Pope's situation, it may seem odd—but it is not so—that a man's social position should overrule his intellect. The scriptural denunciation of riches, as a snare to any man that is striving to rise above worldly views, applies not at all less to the intellect, and to any man seeking to ascend by some aerial arch of flight above ordinary intellectual efforts. Riches are fatal to those continuities of energy without which there is no success of that magnitude. Pope had £800 a-year. *That* seems not so much. No, certainly not, with a wife and six children; but by accident Pope had no wife and no children. He was luxuriously at his ease: and this accident of his position in life fell in with a constitutional infirmity that predisposed him to indolence. Even his religious faith, by shutting him out from those public employments which else his great friends would have been too happy to obtain for him, aided his idleness, or sometimes invested it with a false character of conscientious self-denial. He cherished his religion confessedly as a plea for idleness. The result of all this was; that in his habits of thinking and of study, (if *study* we can call a style of reading so desultory as *his*,) Pope became a pure *dilettante*; in his intellectual eclecticism he was a mere epicure, toying with the delicacies and varieties of literature; revelling in the first bloom of moral speculations, but sated immediately; fastidiously retreating from all that threatened labour, or that exacted continuous attention; fathoming, throughout all his vagrancies amongst books, no foundation; filling up no chasms; and with all his fertility of thought expanding no germs of new life.

This career of luxurious indolence was the result of early luck which made it possible, and of bodily constitution which made it tempting. And when we remember his youthful introduction to the highest circles in the metropolis, where he never lost his footing, we cannot wonder that, without any sufficient motive for resistance, he should have sunk passively under his



constitutional propensities, and should have fluttered amongst the flower-beds of literature or philosophy far more in the character of a libertine butterfly for casual enjoyment, than of a hard-working bee pursuing a premeditated purpose.

Such a character, strengthened by such a situation, would at any rate have disqualified Pope for composing a work severely philosophic, or where philosophy did more than throw a coloured light of pensiveness upon some sentimental subject. If it were necessary that the philosophy should enter substantially into the very texture of the poem, furnishing its interest and prescribing its movement, in that case Pope's combining and theorizing faculty would have shrunk as from the labour of building a pyramid. And wo to him where it did *not*, as really happened in the case of the *Essay on Man*. For his faculty of execution was under an absolute necessity of shrinking in horror from the enormous details of such an enterprise to which so rashly he had pledged himself. He was sure to find himself, as find himself he did, landed in the most dreadful embarrassment upon reviewing his own work. A work which, when finished, was not even begun; whose arches wanted their key-stones; whose parts had no coherency; and whose pillars, in the very moment of being thrown open to public view, were already crumbling into ruins. This utter prostration of Pope in a work so ambitious as an *Essay on Man*—a prostration predetermined from the first by the personal circumstances which we have noticed, was rendered still more irresistible in the *second* place by the general misconception in which Pope shared as to the very meaning of "didactic" poetry. Upon which point we pause to make an exposition of our own views.

What is didactic poetry? What does "didactic" mean when applied as a distinguishing epithet to such an idea as a poem? The predicate destroys the subject: it is a case of what logicians call *contradictio in adjecto*—the unsaying by means of an attribute the very thing which in the subject of that attribute you have just affirmed. No poetry can have the function of teaching. It is impossible that a variety or species should contradict the very purpose which contradistinguishes its *genus*. The several species differ partially; but not by the whole idea which differentiates their class. Poetry, or any one of the fine arts, (all of which alike speak through the genial nature of man and his excited sensibilities,) can teach only as nature teaches, as forests teach, as the sea teaches, as infancy teaches, viz., by deep impulse, by hieroglyphic suggestion. Their teaching is not direct or explicit, but lurking, implicit, masked in deep incarnations. To teach formally and professedly is to abandon the very differential character and principle of poetry. If poetry

could condescend to teach anything, it would be truths moral or religious. But even these it can utter only through symbols and actions. The great moral, for instance, the last result of the *Paradise Lost*, is once formally announced: but it teaches itself only by diffusing its lesson through the entire poem in the total succession of events and purposes: and even this succession teaches it only when the whole is gathered into unity by a reflex act of meditation; just as the pulsation of the physical heart can exist only when all the parts in an animal system are locked into one organization.

To address the *insulated* understanding is to lay aside the Prospero's robe of poetry. The objection, therefore, to didactic poetry, as vulgarly understood, would be fatal even if there were none but this logical objection derived from its definition. To be in self-contradiction is, for any idea whatever, sufficiently to destroy itself. But it betrays a more obvious and practical contradiction when a little searched. If the true purpose of a man's writing a didactic poem were to teach, by what suggestion of idiocy should he choose to begin by putting on fetters? wherefore should the simple man volunteer to handcuff and manacle himself, were it only by the encumbrances of metre, and perhaps of rhyme? But these he will find the very least of his encumbrances. A far greater exists in the sheer necessity of omitting in any poem a vast variety of details, and even capital sections of the subject, unless they will bend to purposes of ornament. Now this collision between two purposes, the purpose of use in mere teaching and the purpose of poetic delight, shows, by the uniformity of its solution, which is the true purpose, and which the merely ostensible purpose. Had the true purpose been instruction, the moment that this was found incompatible with a poetic treatment, as soon as it was seen that the sound education of the reader-pupil could not make way without loitering to gather poetic flowers, the stern cry of "duty" would oblige the poet to remember that he had dedicated himself to a didactic mission, and that he differed from other poets, as a monk from other men, by his vows of self-surrender to harsh ascetic functions. But, on the contrary, in the very teeth of this rule, wherever such a collision does really take place, and one or other of the supposed objects must give way, it is always the vulgar object of *teaching* (the pedagogue's object) which goes to the rear, whilst the higher object of poetic emotion moves on triumphantly. In reality not one didactic poet has ever yet attempted to use any parts or processes of the particular art which he made his theme, unless in so far as they seemed susceptible of poetic treatment, and only *because* they seemed so. Look at the poem of *Cyder*, by Philips, or the *Fleece* of Dyer, or (which is a still weightier example) at the *Georgics* of Virgil,—does any of these poets show

the least anxiety for the correctness of your principles, or the delicacy of your manipulations in the worshipful arts they affect to teach? No; but they pursue these arts through every stage that offers any attractions of beauty. And in the very teeth of all anxiety for teaching, if there existed traditionally any very absurd way of doing a thing which happened to be eminently picturesque, and, if opposed to this, there were some improved mode that had recommended itself to poetic hatred by being dirty and ugly, the poet (if a good one) would pretend never to have heard of this disagreeable improvement. Or if obliged, by some rival poet, not absolutely to ignore it, he would allow that such a thing could be done, but hint that it was hateful to the Muses or Graces, and very likely to breed a pestilence.

This subordination of the properly didactic function to the poetic, which, leaving the old essential distinction of poetry [*viz.*, its sympathy with the genial motions of man's heart] to override all accidents of special variation, and showing that the essence of poetry never *can* be set aside by its casual modifications,—will be compromised by some loose thinkers, under the idea that in didactic poetry the element of instruction is in fact one element, though subordinate and secondary. Not at all. What we are denying is—that the element of instruction enters *at all* into didactic poetry. The subject of the Georgics, for instance, is Rural Economy as practised by Italian farmers: but Virgil not only *omits* altogether innumerable points of instruction insisted on as articles of religious necessity by Varro, Cato, Columella, &c.; but, even as to those instructions which he *does* communicate, he is careless whether they are made technically intelligible or not. He takes very little pains to keep you from capital mistakes in *practising* his instructions; but he takes good care that you shall not miss any strong impression for the eye or the heart to which the rural process, or rural scene, may naturally lead. He pretends to give you a lecture on farming, in order to have an excuse for carrying you all round the beautiful farm. He pretends to show you a good plan for a farm-house, as the readiest means of veiling his impertinence in shewing you the farmer's wife and her rosy children. It is an excellent plea for getting a peep at the bonny milk-maids to propose an inspection of a model dairy. You pass through the poultry-yard, under whatever pretence, in reality to see the peacock and his harem. And so on to the very end, the pretended instruction is but in secret the connecting tie which holds together the laughing flowers going off from it to the right and to the left; whilst if ever at intervals this prosy thread of pure didactics is brought forward more obtrusively, it is so by way of foil, to make more effective upon the eye the prodigality of the floral magnificence.

We affirm therefore that the didactic poet is so far from seek-

ing even a secondary or remote object in the particular points of information which he may happen to communicate, that much rather he would prefer the having communicated none at all. We will explain ourselves by means of a little illustration from Pope, which will at the same time furnish us with a miniature type of what we ourselves mean by a didactic poem, both in reference to what it *is* and to what it *is not*. In the Rape of the Lock there is a game at cards played, and played with a brilliancy of effect and felicity of selection, applied to the circumstances, which make it a sort of gem within a gem. This game was not in the first edition of the poem, but was an after-thought of Pope's, laboured therefore with more than usual care. We regret that *ombre*, the game described, is no longer played, so that the entire skill with which the mimic battle is fought cannot be so fully appreciated as in Pope's days. The strategics have partly perished, which really Pope ought not to complain of, since he suffers only as Hannibal, Marius, Sertorius, suffered before him. Enough however survives of what will tell its own story. For what is it, let us ask, that a poet has to do in such a case, supposing that he were disposed to weave a didactic poem out of a pack of cards, as Vida has out of the chess-board? In describing any particular game he does not seek to *teach* you that game—he postulates it as *already* known to you—but he relies upon separate resources. *1st*, he will revive in the reader's eye, for picturesque effect, the well-known personal distinctions of the several kings, knaves, &c., their appearances and their powers. *2dly*, he will choose some game in which he may display a happy selection applied to the chances and turns of fortune, to the manœuvres, to the situations of doubt, of brightening expectation, of sudden danger, of critical deliverance, or of final defeat. The interest of a war will be rehearsed—*lis est de paupere regno*—that is true; but the depth of the agitation on such occasions, whether at chess, at draughts, or at cards, is not measured of necessity by the grandeur of the stake; he selects, in short, whatever fascinates the eye or agitates the heart by mimicry of life; but so far from *teaching*, he presupposes the reader already *taught*, in order that he may go along with the movement of the descriptions.

Now, in treating a subject so vast, indeed so inexhaustible, as man, this eclecticism ceases to be possible. Every part depends upon every other part: in such a *nexus* of truths to insulate is to annihilate. Severed from each other the parts lose their support, their coherence, their very meaning; you have no liberty to reject or to choose. Besides, in treating the ordinary themes proper for what is called didactic poetry—say, for instance, that it were the art of rearing silk-worms or bees—or suppose it to be

horticulture, landscape-gardening, hunting, or hawking, rarely does there occur anything polemic; or, if a slight controversy *does* arise, it is easily hushed asleep—it is stated in a line, it is answered in a couplet. But in the themes of Lucretius and Pope, *every* thing is polemic—you move only through dispute, you prosper only by argument and never-ending controversy. There is not positively one capital proposition or doctrine about man, about his origin, his nature, his relations to God, or his prospects, but must be fought for with energy, watched at every turn with vigilance, and followed into endless mazes, not under the choice of the writer, but under the inexorable dictation of the argument.

Such a poem, so unwieldy, whilst at the same time so austere in its philosophy, together with the innumerable polemic parts essential to its good faith and even to its evolution, would be absolutely unmanageable from excess and from disproportion, since often a secondary demur would occupy far more space than a principal section. Here lay the impracticable dilemma for Pope's *Essay on Man*. To satisfy the demands of the subject, was to defeat the objects of poetry. To evade the demands in the way that Pope has done, is to offer us a ruin for a palace. The very same dilemma existed for Lucretius, and with the very same result. The *De Rerum Naturá*, (which might, agreeably to its theme, have been entitled *De omnibus rebus*,) and the *Essay on Man*, (which might equally have borne the Lucretian title *De Rerum Naturá*,) are both, and from the same cause, fragments that could not have been completed. Both are accumulations of diamond-dust without principles of coherency. In a succession of pictures, such as usually form the materials of didactic poems, the slightest thread of interdependency is sufficient. But, in works essentially and everywhere argumentative and polemic, to omit the connecting links, as often as they are insusceptible of poetic effect, is to break up the unity of the parts, and to undermine the foundations, in what expressly offers itself as a systematic and architectural whole. Pope's poem has suffered even more than that of Lucretius from this want of cohesion. It is indeed the realization of anarchy; and one amusing test of this may be found in the fact, that different commentators have deduced from it the very opposite doctrines. In some instances this apparent antinomy is doubtful, and dependent on the ambiguities or obscurities of the expression. But in others it is fairly deducible: and the cause lies in the elliptical structure of the work: the ellipsis, or (as sometimes it may be called) the chasm may be filled up in two different modes essentially hostile: and he that supplies the *hiatus*, in effect determines the bias of the poem this way or that—to a religious or to a sceptical result. In this edition the commentary

of Warburton has been retained, which ought certainly to have been dismissed. The Essay is, in effect, a Hebrew word with the vowel-points omitted: and Warburton supplies one set of vowels, whilst Crousaz with equal right supplies a contradictory set.

As a whole, the edition before us is certainly the most agreeable of all that we possess. The fidelity of Mr. Roscoe to the interests of Pope's reputation, contrasts pleasingly with the harshness at times of Bowles, and the reckless neutrality of Warton. In the editor of a great classic, we view it as a virtue, wearing the grace of loyalty, that he should refuse to expose frailties or defects in a spirit of exultation. Mr. Roscoe's own notes are written with peculiar good sense, temperance, and kind feeling. The only objection to them, which applies however still more to the notes of former editors, is the want of compactness. They are not written under that austere instinct of compression and verbal parsimony, as the ideal merit in an annotator, which ought to govern all such ministerial labours in our days. Books are becoming too much the oppression of the intellect, and cannot endure any longer the accumulation of undigested commentaries, or that species of diffusion in editors which roots itself in laziness: the efforts of condensation and selection are painful; and they are luxuriously evaded by reprinting indiscriminately whole masses of notes—though often in substance reiterating each other. But the interests of readers clamorously call for the amendment of this system. The principle of selection must now be applied even to the *text* of great authors. It is no longer advisable to reprint the whole of either Dryden or Pope. Not that we would wish to see their works mutilated. Let such as are selected, be printed in the fullest integrity of the text. But some have lost their interest;\* others, by the elevation of public morals since the days of those great wits, are felt to be now utterly unfit for general reading. Equally for the reader's sake and the poet's, the time has arrived when they may be advantageously retrenched: for they are painfully at war with those feelings of entire and honourable esteem with which all lovers of exquisite intellectual brilliancy must wish to surround the name and memory of POPE.

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\* We do not include the DUNCIAD in this list. On the contrary, the arguments by which it has been generally undervalued, as though antiquated by lapse of time and by the fading of names, are all unsound. We ourselves hold it to be the greatest of Pope's efforts. But for that very reason we retire from the examination of it, which we had designed, as being wholly disproportioned to the narrow limits remaining to us.

ART. II. — *Expository Discourses on the First Epistle of the Apostle Peter*. By JOHN BROWN, D.D., Senior Minister of the United Presbyterian Congregation, Broughton Place, Edinburgh, and Professor of Exegetical Theology to the United Presbyterian Church. 3 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh, 1848.

It cannot but be regarded as a somewhat singular circumstance that Dr. Brown now almost for the first time becomes a theological author. He has obtained by universal consent the first place in the denomination to which he belongs, and will probably be regarded by most competent judges as not second to any living Scottish theologian; and yet his publications up to this period have been nothing more than a succession of scattered essays and fugitive sermons. We do not except his invaluable tract on "Religion and the Means of its Attainment," nor his able work on the "Law of Christ respecting Civil Obedience." The one is still confined to the dimensions of a pamphlet, and the other is but a pamphlet grown to a book by a superfœtation of notes in its second and third editions. Such reserve is at least worthy of notice for its rarity; and the theological world has not been altogether insensible to the value of the scattered leaves which have been dropped, and sometimes almost torn from the hand of their author.

There are, however, other channels of influence than the press, and through these Dr. Brown has acted more or less directly on the public mind. As a preacher of distinguished power and popularity unabated by the vicissitudes of forty years, he has, in a situation of great prominence, developed the resources of a very peculiar and original style of pulpit instruction. As a leading mind in the public movements of his own denomination, and in more catholic enterprises, he has shown himself, though slow to speak, yet weighty in counsel, and ever on the side of liberality and progress. And above all, as a theological professor, he has lodged in the minds of the rising ministry under his care the most valuable results of a life-long study of the sacred oracles, and has left upon them a marked and distinguishable impress, by which, to a great extent, the whole denomination is affected. Other able and accomplished men, some of them no more in the field of labour, have contributed in their own departments to mould the character of this large section of Scottish Presbyterianism; but there can be no question that its present attitude and bearing in relation to Biblical literature is mainly due to the author of these Discourses. If there be a rising standard of scholarship

in the department of Biblical Criticism, he has been the patron and exemplar of this species of lettered lore—if there be a kind of exegetical conscience pretty widely diffused, and more sensitive than in former days both to what is required and to what is forbidden, he has been its chief awakener and mentor—and if there be an increase of devout reverence for the word of revelation, and a growing preference of a Biblical to a symbolical theology, he has led the way in this desirable reformation. When the full cycle of his labours is completed, posterity, we apprehend, will regard him as the greatest interpreter which his Church during the century of its existence has produced, and as worthy to rank with the most distinguished of the age; and will, we hope, have reason to point to his teaching and writings as marking an era in the Scripture exposition of Scotland.

It is a matter of just lamentation, however unpatriotic it may seem, that for half a century, if not more, our country has contributed little or nothing to the applied interpretation of Scripture. We have had occasional treatises on separate hermeneutical questions, such as Dr. Alexander's "Connexion and Harmony of the Old and New Testaments," and Mr. Fairbairn's "Scripture Typology;" and the large volumes of Kitto's Cyclopædia, which is partly Scottish in its authorship, and wholly so in its place of publication, contain a great deal of similar matter; but as for commentary proper, the country seems almost to have bid farewell to it since the days of Macknight, and has satisfied its scanty demands in that way through the imported stores of "Biblical Cabinets" and "Continental Translation Societies," or through the painful and solid labours of Moses Stuart, or the more rapid and flimsy compilations of Albert Barnes.

It cannot surely but be accounted an extraordinary phenomenon, that in a country which numbers its religious teachers by hundreds and even thousands—which regards the Bible with a veneration not surpassed, if equalled, by any people in the Christian world—and in which the regular exposition of Scripture by the method of lecturing occupies a full half of the time devoted to religious instruction, there should be found so exceeding few who publish their labours to the world, and fewer still who thereby do the public any service. This cannot be attributed to any abatement of the *cacoethes scribendi* on the part of religious authors; for in other branches of popular theological authorship, such as sermons and doctrinal pamphlets, the supply is still abundant; indeed, by some mysterious contravention of the economic maxim, larger than the demand. Nor can we doubt, that if valuable exegetical results had been generally obtained by the Scottish clergy in their preparations for the pulpit during the last fifty years, they would have been given to the



world ; and hence our only explanation of their non-appearance is, that they have not been obtained, and that this branch of our theological literature has been all but stationary. We limit the inquiry for convenience' sake to half a century : though we have no evidence that the ratio of contribution was ever much greater than during this last period. How comes it to pass then, that as the result of the whole mental activity of the theologians of this period, we have not half-a-dozen of exegetical works that have continued to be spoken of half-a-dozen of years after their publication ? For this untoward issue some may have one explanatory hypothesis, some another : and it may be as well to glance at some of these in passing.

Many will point to the low state of Greek and Hebrew learning in our country as a sufficient account of the phenomenon, building on the principle that interpretation is but "an applied grammar." And no doubt it must be confessed that this has been a mighty hindrance. Hebrew has been all but dead even to the roots ; and Greek has barely existed on an ungenial soil. If both are reviving it is only by an impulse from without : for our northern authorship has not aspired to any original researches in either language, or attempted any enterprise greater than the preparation of text-books. Only a very small proportion of those on whom the interpretation of Scripture devolved have been able to read Isaiah as readily as Virgil, or to grope their way through the darkness of the Pauline epistles by any other than the reflected light of the English translation. The philological insight which brings fresh meaning out of Scripture—the philological taste which gives an interest to the critical interpretations of others, must in such cases have been altogether wanting ; and thus neither writers nor readers in the higher department of exegesis could be expected among the clergy. For this the Scottish ministry have not been greatly to blame. The stream could not ascend higher than the fountain : and the universities, besides neglecting to supply the philological instruments, omitted to teach the use of them : for the art of interpretation did not enter into the theological curriculum ; and there are even yet Scottish universities without chairs of exegetical theology. All this is true and deeply to be deplored, and we trust the stigma will not rest for another half century on our colleges, and the body of our clergy. But we greatly question if this cause is so adequate, as many imagine, to account for the paucity and unimportance of our expository literature. It may explain the absence of grammatical commentary, but not of logical ; of commentary like that of Fritzsche pursuing every clause through a labyrinth of learning : but not of commentary like that of Olshausen, intent chiefly on the development of the sense

and the catching of the general spirit of the passage. The learning of men like the latter is no doubt great and of immense service. But we believe that even without it altogether, and with nothing but the data of the translated Bible before them, or assisted by the scanty modicum of Scottish scholarship, such minds would not have left the Word of God where they found it, but struck into new and interesting paths. Why then have men of natural power and vigour of intellect, conversant all the while with the body and substance of Scripture, though they have touched and handled it with the gloved hand of ignorance and not with the finer tact of scholarship, left so little the impress of their fingers upon it, and done so little to mould it into shape and order? Why have there not arisen interpreters like Andrew Fuller and Archibald Maclean, whose success in defect of all critical helps must ever excite astonishment, and who were far more unfavourably situated than the great majority of the Scottish clergy, who are chargeable with this defalcation? Besides, if the defect of scholarship in Scotland has been the grand impediment, why has the presence of it not called forth a host of commentaries, both popular and scientific, in England, which is, on all hands, admitted to be superior at least in Greek literature? The poverty of the south is almost as great as that of the north. The most valuable recent contributions are, perhaps, those of Dissenters, such as Dr. Henderson "On Isaiah," and "The Minor Prophets;" and the Church of England, since the days of Magee, whose works are not formally exegetical, has added but little to the common stock. The desideratum of Arnold—a Scripture Commentary, has not been supplied, though his own sermons form interesting fragments; and there is nothing in the present theological horizon in England that looks even like the rising of a little cloud to pour forth in a decade as large a shower of scholia, notes, and expositions as falls every year in Germany. If scholarship were of such paramount influence in this matter, it would not be so; and England would occupy a position much more nearly intermediate between the continental advanced guard and our own rear.

Again, another plausible reason which may be urged in extenuation of our defects, is the busy professional life of our divines, which allows little or nothing of the learned leisure in which great works come to maturity. The round of ecclesiastical duties is great and increasing; and amid the multifarious detail of sacred and sometimes secular business, there is hardly time found for written preparation for the pulpit, much less for independent researches in Scripture criticism and exposition. What first occurs must be first taken. There is no time for weighing and disceptation of various senses. The Sabbath-bell

rising by anticipation on the ear, brings the matter to a speedy close, and rings the knell of scientific commentary. Nor is there a large staff of reserve-theologians posted in our universities, like the host of teachers—ordinary, extraordinary, and *privatim docentes* of the German colleges, who would carry on the whole operation though the working clergy entirely neglected it. We have neither the *otium cum dignitate* of the English system, nor the *otium inquietum* of the German. The one plants some hundreds of fellows of colleges, deans, and prebends in university and cathedral towns, to take their rest: the other scatters a still larger number over the length and breadth of Germany in the seats of its manifold seminaries, to disturb the rest of others by perpetual novelties and alarms of heresy. The one class live first and work afterwards: the others must struggle hard, not only for a position, but for their daily bread, and live like the Balearic children on the produce of their sling, or like Ishmael in the wilderness, on the fruit of their bow. We have dispensed with this class of literary producers and critics almost entirely, and have not a dozen of theological tutors whose studies lie in this department in all Scotland; and even of those some are oppressed besides with the weight of the pastoral office. It is unquestionable that this defect, and the consequent throwing of the burden upon the ordinary Gospel ministry, goes a considerable way in accounting for the backwardness of our exegetical as of all our higher literature; and that neither can greatly flourish until the number who are set apart to it as a business largely increase. Nevertheless, this cause cannot be regarded as adequate; and in other circumstances, the working clergy might be expected to produce far more, and more valuable matter. In past ages they have furnished many a stone to the sacred edifice of interpreted Scripture, and have often equalled the others as master-builders. If Origen wrote many of his commentaries in academic circumstances, as the head of a school in Alexandria; Augustine composed most of his amid the distractions of a turbulent bishopric in the north of Africa. If Jerome pursued his profoundly learned researches in the cave of Bethlehem; Chrysostom contributed not less perhaps to the understanding of the Word by his homilies to the crowds of Constantinople. Calvin, who preached almost without ceasing, did unspeakably more for interpretation than Beza; and Luther's services in this department (though some circumstances may appear to make the contrast unfair) eclipse those of Melancthon. Not to speak of other great names among the non-conformists, Baxter and Owen, who both wrote commentaries, though the former in very unequal proportion to his other works, were both pastors of churches: while it may be added, that Campbell and Macknight, the two great-

est of our countrymen in this department in the last century, occupied the ministerial office, and there laid the foundation of their most important works; and that the men who, in the present day, have done most to uphold our Biblical reputation, and the author of the volumes before us among them, belong to the most faithful of the working ministry. In Germany, indeed, the professorial body occupy the most distinguished place: and no names among the pastoral class can be mentioned beside those of Tholuck, Lücke, Hengstenberg, Harless, and not a few more; but the others vindicate for themselves a very respectable position as contributors to the most scientific of the theological journals; and one of these, and not the least valuable, "The Studies of the Würtemberg Clergy," is entirely in their hands. Why, indeed, should professional studies in exposition not tend to generate the taste and give some measure at least of talent for the work, though they may not develop both in the highest degree? Why should the list of authorship among practising commentators be so much scantier, as it unquestionably is, than among practising lawyers and physicians? It seems then that we have hardly reached the true solution of the phenomenon, and that we must venture one guess more before we give it up in despair.

It seems to us then, that the main cause of our little exegetical progress is to be found in the exclusively practical character of our Scottish religion, combined with our veneration for the past. No impartial observer can deny that these qualities prevail in Scotland to a degree in which they exist in no other country in the world. Our religion was decided for us by the Reformation, and consolidated by the Westminster Assembly; and everything still bears the mark of these epochs. The foundation of our dogmatical theology has never since been seriously disturbed; but generation after generation has been contented to accept it, and to build upon it, as already laid. The authority of Scripture, and the great outlines of its interpretation, have been handed down together and gratefully received by a believing posterity. The great aim and struggle of the national religion has been to bring the nation really, as it was nominally, under the prevailing system, and to convert theoretical orthodoxy into living faith. The Bible has not been so much studied from fresh and novel points of view, supplied by antagonism to hostile systems, as in one unvarying spirit of tranquil contentment with its first results. The collision of opposing parties has elicited but few and transient flashes of light in the department of interpretation. In the 17th century, the Church constitution was attacked by Episcopacy: in the 18th the Church doctrine by Infidelity, and the Church administration by Moderatism. The three great struggles or re-actions that arose in consequence did

but little to enlarge the topics or increase the stores of interpretation. The contest with Episcopacy added only to the illustration of the *loci classici* of the rival system ; and during its continuance, far more books were added to the Presbyterian armory than have been cast ever since into the treasury of exposition. The contest with Infidelity, chiefly under the leadership of Hume, did still less ; for his antagonists within the Church—Reid, Campbell, and Beattie—necessarily conducted the defence not on theological but on metaphysical grounds : and Hume, with all his faults, had more modesty than with recent German nihilists to endeavour to entrench himself within the pale of Revelation, and to wrest Scripture to his and its own destruction. The scientific refutation of scepticism was the great and only service of Moderatism to Scottish religion ; but it left the Bible where it found it, and raised no discord in the harmony of traditional interpretation. We may except indeed the Arminian tinge given to the Pauline Epistles in the commentaries of Macknight, and in the fashionable expositions of that school ; but there was nothing in them which was not borrowed from English or Remonstrant sources ; and they gave no impulse to fresh exegetical researches on the orthodox side. Then came the grand struggle with Moderatism, both from within the Establishment and without—a contest which has lasted to our own times ; but the light which it has cast on Scripture has respected only questions of discipline and order ; and the great body of Scripture is still seen through the medium of the old dogmatic interpretation. It has not been with us as in Germany. The tide of rationalism has not flowed over into the Church. We have had no Semler, Michaelis, Eichorn, and Paulus all the while professing to stand on the footing of positive Christianity, and yet not only discarding the symbolical books, but unsettling the Canon, truncating the word of God, and extorting from the maimed and mutilated volume, by the rack of a false interpretation, a complete recantation of the doctrine of Christ. God, in his mercy, spared our Scottish Church this fearful trial. But then, almost as a necessary consequence, we have not shared in the advantages which such a trial was fitted to evoke. We have not been cast back upon our Bibles, laying the symbolical books for a time aside. We have not been driven to the question of interpretation as one of life and death. We have not replaced our traditional confidence in the Canon by a faith growing out of elaborate researches, and established beyond the power of learned cavils to shake. And we see not our national orthodoxy, like the nascent evangelism of Germany, renewing its youth, and drinking purer and purer draughts from the fountain of Scripture. We cannot have the incompatible fruits of two opposite courses of training. We can-

not have the products of bold and independent inquiry, unless the field has been swept clear by something like a revolution. We cannot have the virgin soil without the previous disintegration of the rock. We cannot have the fresh shoots, unless the tree "*durus ut ilex tonsa bipennibus*," has first been lopped or cut over. It is thus we account for the paucity and monotony of our commentaries in comparison of those of the evangelical school of Germany. Ours has been in many respects a happier lot; unspeakably happier. Instead of defending the Canon, and extricating from the grasp of the spoiler the essence of Scriptural Christianity, we have carried abroad an unchallenged Bible, and sounded in the ears of a nation an equally unchallenged interpretation. But it is plain that our circumstances have been the less favourable of the two for the deep and many-sided study of the word we preached: that we have been in danger of believing our message just because there was none to controvert it; and that we have too much laid up the Bible in an unapproached ark, as having spoken its last word to us, rather than carried it about as the Urim and Thummim, which had still fresh oracles to utter in answer to every friendly prayer, and in defiance of every blasphemy of the enemy! Our Religion has not been centripetal but centrifugal. We have rushed out to the circumference of Christianity, exploring the outlying regions of church polity and organization; and have spent all our strength in seeking to realize the external ideal of a Church as it ought to be, while the interior mysteries of the Gospel have been too much neglected; allowed to lie safe in their hidden shrine, or if contemplated with earnest gaze, seen not so much in the light of their own holy place, as from the outer court of ecclesiastical tradition. But surely we have carried this deference to the authority of our fathers in interpretation too far. Surely there is room for a vigorous bound in an onward direction, which shall leave us still in the narrow way of orthodoxy. There is a fulness in Scripture which no Church, however great its achievements in exposition, has yet exhausted. A firm belief in this, and a humble yet steadfast resolution to do justice to the immensity of the word of God, is the first condition of progress. Let us want this, and no amount of learning, no application on the part of our ministry to those researches can carry us beyond the magic circle of the past. Let us receive this as a gift from on high, worthy of Him who has taught us to call no man master on earth; and our country will again take its place in the development of Protestantism, and hasten forward the advent of the Church of the Future, when a Bible understood and believed shall be all in all.

In the volumes before us, which are chiefly occupied with Expository Discourses on the First Epistle of Peter, we have

the first important accession which has been made for many years to the stock of commentary, in the strict and proper sense. We hail it as a production independent and autochthonal—"a fruit-tree yielding fruit after its kind, whose seed is in itself." It is neither Scottish nor German, but sprung from the high and rare union of the best qualities of both schools in a single mind. It has the Scottish clearness, precision, orthodoxy, practicality; the German learning, minuteness of investigation, and disregard of tradition; and for certain qualities—too rare in both—resolute adherence to the very truth of the passage—(*indagatio non divinatio*),—unforced development of the connexion,—and basing of edification on the right meaning of Scripture, we have not met with anything in either country which surpasses it. The peculiar nature of the author's plan required high qualifications to render it even moderately successful. His aim was not to furnish a body of edifying discussions and reflections, built on selected words and doctrines of Peter, in which department the immortal work of Leighton was sufficient; nor to present a dry and scholastic explication of the sense, in the manner of Steiger; but to lay the foundation in the one style, and to build the superstructure upon it in the other: to bring out the sense, the whole sense, and nothing but the sense, in the manner of a scientific commentary, and then to clothe and vivify this for popular impression and edification. But this was not all. The epistle was not only to be thus expounded with the rigour of the one method, and the richness of the other; Dr. Brown increased his difficulty by resolving to have it broken up into its internal divisions, organically separate; so that however long or short any of its paragraphs, if the subject were one, it must be comprised in a single discourse. There were thus to be combined the unity of sermon-writing with the unfettered textuality of lecturing; and this in addition to the difficulty of harmonizing in the lecture the scientific element and the popular. We give, then, an exact idea of the peculiarities of this Commentary, when we say that it contemplates *four* objects: 1. The fixing of the landmarks of each separate subject in the epistle; 2. The farther subdivision of this subject in such a manner as to unite the style of the sermon and the lecture; 3. The scientific determination of the exact and full sense; 4. The popular expression of this in the form of Christian doctrine or Christian morality. It would not be easy, we think, to form a more just and happy conception of satisfactory and exhaustive commentary writing. And we do not believe we can do a better service to the great cause of Scripture interpretation than to make a few remarks on the peculiarities of this method in the hands of Dr. Brown, with examples from the work before us.

We have been greatly struck with the felicity with which the leading ideas of the Epistle are seized and marked off from each other,—a process analogous to the laying down on a map of the physical boundaries of mountain, river, desert, forest, or estuary, by which a kingdom is partitioned off into provinces. This leading idea is the title and subject of each expository discourse; and there is often more light cast on a paragraph by the title thus prefixed than in pages of ordinary illustration. We may say there is a kind of military eye here apparent, in reconnoitring a passage from a distance, and taking its bearings by the context. This gives a singular degree of precision and distinctness of relief to what, in the eye of the ordinary reader of the apostolic epistles, is too apt to appear a continuous or confused expanse. There is a great deal more, however, than clear definition of boundaries executed in this precognition of a passage. There is often an originality in the view of the subject itself, and that accomplished, not by the minuter criticism, but by the first bird's-eye view. Thus, in the *fourth* paragraph of the epistle, (chap. i. 10-12; and our readers will pardon us for requesting them to turn up the passage,) it is shown by the author that the great subject of discussion is *the final happiness of Christians*, as nothing else than this suits the preceding paragraph, or the design of the apostle to comfort the disciples of the Saviour under trials. He thus discards at the very outset the idea that the *Christian system of salvation*, as a whole, is the subject of discourse, which is the ordinary traditional interpretation; and puts a new and more consistent meaning on the words—"the sufferings of Christ, and the glory that should follow;" explaining them, not as denoting the vicarious sufferings and mediatorial glory of Jesus Christ, which is the common and time-hallowed view, but as expressing the sufferings of Christians for Jesus Christ in this life, together with the succeeding reward.

This general division is in every case followed by the subdivision of the selected paragraph into its minor fragments, as the separate members of a body once broken up are again dissected according to their internal structure. This is generally, in what is called textual preaching, a very easy process,—the clauses of a paragraph being taken up bodily, in the order in which they stand; a procedure which more resembles that of the surgeon, cutting through bone, muscle, and nerve by one rude incision, than that of the anatomist, carefully separating the one from the other, and tracing their entire course and mutual relations. For example, doctrine and duty may run together through a passage, but they must be separated as bone and muscle; or exhortation and motive, but they must be kept clear as muscle and nerve. And even where the system of mere truncation is practicable as a species



of division, there are various degrees of elegance with which it may be executed. Thus, in the analysis of the paragraph above referred to, hardly any blundering could miss the three subdivisions; but few could have expressed them so elegantly as Dr. Brown, in this simple sentence—"The final happiness of Christians the subject of Old Testament prediction, New Testament revelation, and angelic study." It is not, however, on this kind of subdivision that we lay much stress as an exegetical gain. Exegesis is concerned with the discovery of the sense more than the expression of it; just as Mathematics is more concerned with the correctness than the elegance of the demonstration. It is to the innumerable subdivisions in this commentary, conducted in what we have called the anatomical style in contradistinction from the surgical, that we attach the highest value. Of these we extract a most masterly specimen, in the treatment of the long, complex, and, to an ordinary eye, unconnected paragraph, which succeeds that already noticed. Let any one read it over as it stands, (chap. i. 13-21,) and then say whether a flood of light is not cast upon it by the following outline of a division and subdivision:—

"In this admirable paragraph we have a most instructive view—I. Of Christian duty; II. Of the means of performing it; and III. Of the motives to its performance. Of CHRISTIAN DUTY—described first generally, as obedience, Christians being expected to act 'as obedient children,' *i. e.*, rather children of obedience; and then described more particularly—first negatively, 'Not fashioning yourselves according to your former lusts in your ignorance;' and then positively—'Be holy in all manner of conversation.' Of the MEANS OF PERFORMING CHRISTIAN DUTY; first, determined resolution—'Gird up the loins of your mind;' secondly, moderation in all our estimates, and desires, and pursuit of worldly objects—'Be sober;' thirdly, hope—'Hope to the end,' hope perfectly; fourthly, fear—'Pass the time of your sojourning here in fear.' Of the MOTIVES TO THE PERFORMANCE OF CHRISTIAN DUTY; first, the grandeur and excellence and security of the Christian inheritance, the full possession of which we can attain only by Christian obedience—'Wherefore,' referring to the whole of the preceding description of the final state of happiness which awaits the saints; secondly, the holiness of God—'Be ye holy, for I am holy;' thirdly, the equity of God—'The Father on whom we call, without respect of persons, judgeth every man according to his works;' and fourthly, the wonderful provision which had been made for securing this holiness, in their having been redeemed, or bought back to God, by the blood of his Son—'Forasmuch as ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ,'" &c.—"Such is the outline I shall attempt to fill up in the subsequent illustrations."—Vol. i. pp. 99, 100.

We cannot too strongly call the attention of readers of this

work to these organic filaments of the structure of the Epistle. They are totally different from the invented plans of ordinary sermon-writing, or the loosely accepted groundwork of ordinary lecturing. These bear too often to their contents the relation of a frame to a picture, or of rows of stakes to a fruitful field. Here, on the contrary, the divisions are the veritable framework of the Epistle, taken down with wonderful tact and penetration; and put up again with equal judgment and skill. We cannot doubt that this part of the work has cost the author the greatest labour; and it has not been bestowed in vain. Whoever does not appreciate these subdivisions, can have little taste for the logic of exegesis. They give indeed to the work somewhat of a scholastic appearance; and the present age abhors scholastic division. But this is just to prefer the vague and popular in conception to the exact and scientific. The infinite multiplicity of Scripture demands a manifold division, as much as that of Nature. All true knowledge proceeds in this direction; and if the division is only just, and is gathered up again under general heads, it cannot be too minute, for this is only to track the footsteps of Him who binds multiformity in unity, both in His works and His word. There is great truth in the remark of Coleridge, in apologizing for the needless articulation of the divines of the 17th century—to which, however, there is here no resemblance. “Show me one error that has arisen from separating the identical, and I will show you ten which have arisen from confounding the diverse.”

It is obvious how this preliminary settlement of the subject and its divisions, must pave the way for the bringing of the full and exact sense out of the sacred words. This is, indeed, the great business of exposition; and with it the largest part of these volumes is occupied. The three qualities which are generally regarded as essential to successful interpretation everywhere appear to great advantage. These are the knowledge of history,—for which, in the case of a doctrinal and epistolary part of Scripture, ought rather to be substituted the power of sympathy with the mental idiosyncrasy of the writer,—which in this case is the historical base of his style; the discernment of the scope of the context; and acquaintance with the usage of the words, or *usus loquendi*. While distinguished by all three qualifications, we should say that Dr. Brown is pre-eminent in the second; and that his analytic turn of mind disposes and enables him to pore with searching and patient eye upon the complexities of a paragraph, and especially upon the particles of inference, and other hooks and eyes of sentences, until all becomes connected and transparent. He is a logical interpreter in the highest sense of the term, and we affirm, without fear of

contradiction, that there is no one who more fully realizes this difficult ideal, whether in detecting the drift of an argument, or laying bare the nerve of a demonstration, or tracing out its subsidiary illustrations and applications. In writings so parenthetical and involved and so encumbered with their own richness, as the apostolical epistles, this is the first and leading quality, and the whole procedure of Dr. Brown, resting upon the supposition that there is method in this overflow of matter, is a continued and successful effort to explore and display it. The only one of the evangelists who offers the same field, and perhaps a more difficult one to exegetical sagacity, is John; and we believe that the same qualities which thus bare the linked argument of the apostles, when hidden amid wreaths of eloquence and illustration, would also bring to view the bands and ligaments of the discourses of the beloved disciple, buried though they be like portions of a chain under water. No one can read these discourses, and not feel satisfied that he understands a great deal better the object of the apostle in every paragraph, and the tendency of all that he says to gain this object; which is just to say, that he has acquired a rational comprehension of the whole. This, we take it, is the common sense view of the business of interpretation; and it is here executed chiefly by the above-mentioned gift of discovering, dwelling on, and making prominent the connexion between every one part and every other. We instance a remarkable example in which Dr. Brown, by a rigid application of this principle, seems to us to have set at rest the interpretation of one of the *loci reatissimi* of the New Testament, that respecting the preaching to the spirits in prison, (1 Pet. iii. 18, 19, 20, 22.) Having rejected on philological grounds the common Protestant interpretation, which assigns a preaching by the spirit of Christ in the days of Noah,—and also the Patristic, Romish, and Lutheran view, which fixes this preaching to the period of the Saviour's descent to Hades, he adds these decisive textual objections:—

“ And what will weigh much with a judicious student of Scripture is, that it is impossible to perceive how these events, supposing them to have taken place, were, as they are represented by the language to be, the effects of Christ's suffering for sins in the room of sinners, and how these statements at all serve to promote the apostle's practical object, which was to persuade persecuted Christians patiently and cheerfully to submit to sufferings for righteousness' sake, from the consideration exemplified in the case of our Lord, that suffering in a good cause and in a right spirit, however severe, was calculated to lead to the happiest results. No interpretation, we apprehend, can be the right one, which does not correspond with the obvious construction of the passage, and with the avowed design of the writer.”—Vol. ii. p. 349.

He then proceeds to give an interpretation which satisfies these conditions : That the Saviour put to death in the flesh, *i. e.* in the body, was quickened in the spirit ; *i. e.* spiritually quickened, became the reservoir and fountain of a new spiritual life to man ; and in consequence of this spiritual quickening, went and preached to the spirits in prison, *i. e.* went by his apostles to depraved men, who are spirits in prison under the bondage of Satan—the same kind of spirits that had been disobedient in the days of Noah ; but who were now set free, and that in a manner and to a degree of which there had been no previous example. It is easy to see how this interpretation saves the unity of the passage ; for this spiritual deliverance of men is an obvious consequence of the Saviour's sufferings ; and it is an example of suffering not sustained in vain, a proof that damage cannot come to Christians as it did not come to their Master, from death itself in a good cause. Many similar examples might be pointed out of clear and satisfactory light cast even on dubious passages by resolute adherence to the unity and scope of the whole ; and on this, were there no other quality, we would rest the merit of this performance, as something far higher than any collection of historical apparatus, and as better than whole cartloads of musty German learning. There is abundant knowledge, however, of all collateral sources of illustration ; and a very considerable amount of well-digested critical and verbal discussion in the notes which are affixed to the separate discourses. We give this all due praise, since it is far from a common feature in English works of the kind. But the essence of this learning is, as it ought to be, absorbed into the structure of the exposition ; and we thank the author for not having overloaded his treatise with more than the brief scholia which he has given. We are right glad to miss the lumber of the wheels ; the long and useless lists of absurd opinions from the Fathers downwards, which swell so many works of continental growth, and for which it would be better to die than to live. It is hard to say which is more tiresome, the repetition of these or the refutation of them. It is time that many of these senseless interpretations were put in the same category with the hunting Welshmen's hypotheses respecting the moon.

We have only to add here, that while there is the most resolute and pertinacious attempt to determine the very sense of the passage, there is a careful endeavour to bring out the full sense. It is not the first taste of the grapes with which the author is satisfied. All must go impartially through the wine-press ; and the last drop of liquid must be yielded up. Thus the greatest honour is done to Scripture, which is all worthy of thorough investigation ; and there is often a real gain to truth, since the Word of God, like a river, though most rapid in its main stream,

is not always most deep ; but runs often into dark pools and side eddies, which are also worthy of being explored for hidden treasure. Dr. Brown sometimes brings out of a "wherefore" or a "forasmuch," a large store of interesting truth ; and thus teaches that the words of the Lord are pure words, and are more precious than gold or silver, of which the smallest grains are not wont to be cast away.

Without going into tedious details, we may simply remark of the doctrinal and practical portions of the work, which partake more of the character of the *concio ad populum* than the exegetical, that they have the great merit of being elicited from the Epistle itself, and of being nothing more than the full expansion of the apostolic sentiment. There is of necessity the tinge of an individual mind given to the whole ; but of a mind submitting itself to the guidance of Scripture, and careful only to repeat and prolong the notes of inspiration. There is also a ready use of that reference to parallel passages and to the generalized sense of Scripture, commonly called the analogy of faith, which even rigid exegesis and much more popular illustration warrants. But the most independent discussions and largest contributions from the rest of Scripture do not interfere with the thoroughly *Petrine* character of the whole work ; and both these elements are employed to illustrate and bring out into the strongest relief the distinctive theology and ethics of the First of the Apostles. The original finished statue is unrolled limb by limb, rather than melted down and recast in the mould of the author's own mind. This seems to us a proceeding as rare as it is admirable, and contrasts very favourably with that style of illustration of Scripture doctrine and practice which consists simply in reiterating Scripture truth in Scripture forms : and still more with that other style which does nothing more than make Scripture the starting point of its own theorizings or declamations. The one of these leaves the statue swathed up in its original folds ; the other superinduces the trickery of a human dress through which the beauty of the natural outline can hardly be discerned. Indeed, the style of Dr. Brown's thinking and expression partakes very much of a statuesque character,—of the severe simplicity of Scripture itself ; and this, with his total disregard of the technicalities of system and the peculiarities of oratorical preaching, has contributed, in a great degree, to give his views that fresh and interesting character which they wear, as an immediate reflection of the mind of the sacred writers. The only ornament which he seems to covet in his illustration of Scripture truth is, the language of Scripture itself, which fits most gracefully into his own style, and so abundantly and curiously inlays it, that it might seem the work of art, were it not too obvious

that, like the veined strata of rocks, the different materials have been fused together in the very act of conception. There is something very becoming in an interpreter disdaining any other ornament than well-selected Scripture; and in the way in which innumerable sentences from all parts of the Bible are thus set together like rows of brilliants, there are a thousand incidental lights scattered by them upon each other which often disclose unexpected beauties.

It should not be forgotten that these Discourses were written, and are now published, not as exegetical studies, but as expository lectures for a mixed congregation. We may be permitted a word regarding them as pulpit exercises. Their power in this respect, we think, consists in the clearness with which Scripture truth is reproduced, in the pious earnestness with which it is embraced, and in the reverent manner in which a strong and masculine mind is seen to surrender itself with all its energies to the impulse that comes from the spirit of the inspired writers. Nothing, not even the eloquence of creative imagination, has a greater hold over the mind of men than the exhibition of the grand realities of revealed truth in their naked elements as they come from the mind of God; and when this is done with clear sight, strong realization, and impassioned conviction, the effect cannot but be powerful. We do not envy the feelings of the man who can read without profound emotion such discourses as that on "Honouring all men," "On sanctifying the Lord God in the heart," or on the "Devil as a roaring lion." The last especially is most startlingly impressive: and this power of minting afresh defaced truth, and sending it forth with its native image and superscription, runs through the entire work. The simplicity, pathos, and energy of many of the appeals to conscience raise them to a very high rank in this difficult species of pulpit eloquence.

Our remarks would leave a false impression did they seem to imply that there was little of independent effort of mind in these volumes, save in the explication and application of the sense of the Apostle Peter. There is a very considerable amount of theological and moral discussion, which, in strictness of speech, has no exegetical hold in the epistle, and which a rigid enforcement of the law of the marches might exclude. But these materials are not the least interesting: and to some they will be not a little welcome, as bringing out the author's system of theology at greater length than the severe restraints of commentary would have permitted. For example, there are many important fragments of generalization in the introductions: and here and there a lengthened consideration of some vital doctrine, such as the Atonement, on the words, "Christ also suffered for

us ;"—Christian freedom on the words "As free : " and the connexion between the Atonement and Holiness, on the words, "He that hath suffered in the flesh hath ceased from sin." Indeed, the length of many of these discussions is indispensable to their gaining the end of popular teaching ; and there are some, such as the beautiful lectures on Relative Duties, that we would have wished to have seen still farther extended. There is hardly an important position in theology to which the author has not occasion at least to allude : and we have remarked no peculiarities of view, with this exception, that all other views are coloured by that general theory of the relation of Christianity to our mental faculties (if indeed it be a peculiarity in anything but the stress laid upon it), which was first propounded in the work on "Religion, and the Means of its Attainment." This has had the fortune to excite objection in some quarters, as making faith too much an affair of the understanding, and the more unworthy fate of being neglected in others ; and has never yet secured half the attention which its importance and interest demand.

As specimens of the clear and ripe thinking, and terse and luminous style, which pervade these more independent exertations, we subjoin two extracts. The first is on the origin of civil government :—

"Civil government is farther described as an 'ordinance of man,' or a 'human institution' for this purpose. It is indeed the doctrine of the New Testament, that civil government in one sense—and that an important one—is of divine institution, 'an ordinance of God ;' but that doctrine rightly understood is in no way inconsistent with the doctrine that in another sense it is a human institution, the ordinance of man. Civil government is so of God, as to lay a foundation for a divine moral obligation on those subject to it to yield obedience. Some have held that magistracy is of God merely as all things are of God, as the famine and pestilence, as slavery and war are of him. Those who take this view err by defect, for this could lay no foundation for a claim on obedience. Others err by excess, who hold that magistracy is a direct express divine institution. It does not stand on the same foundation as the priesthood under the law, or the Christian ministry under the gospel. The magistracy of the Jews under the law was the result of a direct divine appointment, but not the magistracy of any other people. It does not stand even on the same ground as marriage, which was formally instituted. It occupies similar ground with the social state, agriculture or commerce. It naturally rises out of the constitution of men's minds, which is God's work, and the circumstances of their situation, which are the result of his Providence ; and it is highly conducive to the security and well-being of mankind, which we know must be agreeable to the will of Him, whose nature as well as name is Love, and whose tender mercies are over all his works,"—Vol. i. pp. 348, 349.

The other extract refers to a still more important subject,—the connexion of the Atonement with Sanctification. The remarks occur on chap. iv. 1-6, which is a peculiarly difficult and apparently incoherent paragraph of the epistle. The author regards it as an exhortation to holiness, founded on the doctrine of the atonement, and thus translates its leading clause, “Forasmuch as Christ hath suffered for us in the flesh, arm yourselves with this thought, that he who hath suffered in the flesh hath been made to rest from sin”—a thought which is intended to identify Christ and his people in their dying to sin, or settling their account with it. By this striking and in a great measure original view, he makes this exhortation parallel to the sixth chapter of the Romans, that wonderful apex of Christian theology in which justification and sanctification, like the two sides of a triangle, meet in union to Christ. He then breaks away into this profound and truly philosophical exposition of the whole subject. Its importance must excuse the length of the citation :—

“The superior efficacy of Christianity as an instrument of ameliorating the moral condition of mankind, to every other means employed for this purpose, will not be questioned by any enlightened and unprejudiced thinker; but the true cause of this efficacy, and the manner in which it is put forth, are overlooked by most, misapprehended by many, and rightly understood by comparatively few.

“The efficacy of Christianity, as a transformer of human character, is attributed even by many of its teachers to the purity, extent, and spirituality of its moral requisitions; and to the plainness with which they are stated, and the energy with which they are enforced in the law, and by the example of Christ. It is impossible to speak too highly of the Christian morality, unless you exalt it, as has often been done, to the disparagement of the atoning sacrifice and quickening spirit of its author; and we willingly admit, that, on the formation of Christianly good character, the law of Christ occupies an important though still a subordinate place.

“But he ill understands the principles of human nature who expects that a being such as both revelation and experience tell us that man is, wholly depraved, alienated from the life of God, strongly inclined to forbidden indulgence, equally strongly disinclined to the restraints of religious and moral obligation, should merely by a statement and enforcement of duty, however clear and cogent, be made to undergo a radical change in his principles and habits. Who, indeed, does not know that the attempts to urge on a person a mode of conduct to which he is strongly disinclined, if you do not at the same time employ appropriate and adequate means for altering the inclination, usually ends in increasing the indisposition it was intended to remove, aggravating the disease it was meant to cure? The morality of Christianity far exceeds any other morality the world has ever seen.



Where is to be found anything to be compared with the Sermon on the Mount, or the moral part of the apostolical epistles? Yet the transforming power of the system does not lie here. The morality of Christianity may be useful in convincing a bad man that he is bad, and in helping a good man to become better; but constituted as human nature is, it cannot convert a bad man into a good man.

“Another class of Christian teachers, in much greater harmony with the principles both of the Scriptural revelation and a sound mental philosophy, have held that the power of Christianity to make men new creatures resides in its peculiarities as a doctrinal system: that the clear, well-established disclosures it makes of the grandeur and the grace of the Divine character, of the infinite venerableness, and estimableness, and loveliness, and kindness of the Supreme Being, in the accounts it gives us of the incarnation and sacrifice of His only begotten Son, and of the inappreciably valuable blessings which, through his mediation, are bestowed on mankind, when apprehended in their meaning and evidence, that is, when understood and believed, naturally and necessarily produce such a revolution in man’s mode of thinking and feeling in reference to God as naturally and necessarily leads to a revolution in his mode of conduct; and that then, and not till then, the moral or preceptive part of Christianity begins to tell on the amelioration of character.

“These sentiments, especially when connected, as they usually are, with a persuasion of the necessity of supernatural influence, the influence of the Holy Spirit, to bring the mind and keep the mind under the moral influence of evangelical truth, appear to us just, as far as they go; but still they exhibit but an imperfect view of the manner in which Christianity produces, what nothing else can, a radical, permanent, ever-progressive improvement of the human character, leading a man ‘to live the rest of his time in the flesh not to the lusts of men, but to the will of God.’

“Fully to understand this most important subject, it is necessary to bear in mind that Christianity, in the most extensive sense of the term, is something more than a revelation either of moral or religious truth. It is the development of a Divine economy, a system of Divine dispensations in reference to a lost world; and it is in these dispensations, the incarnation and sacrifice of the only Begotten of God, dispensations having for their direct object the change of man, the sinner’s relation to the Supreme Being as the moral Governor of the world, that the true origin of man’s moral transformation is to be found; and it is as a development of these dispensations chiefly that the Christian revelation conduces to the sanctification of man.

“Nothing is more obvious than that a man’s state, relations, and circumstances have a powerful influence on the formation of his character. The same individual, if placed in infancy in the state of slavery or in the state of royalty, would in mature life be distinguished by very different and, in many respects, directly opposite dispositions and habits. A certain set of relations and circumstances may be quite incongruous with a certain character; and every species of

moral means may be employed in vain to produce that character till these relations and circumstances be changed. Let a slave receive every advantage of the most accomplished education, if he is not enfranchised, there is little probability of his being formed to the generous character of a freeman. Let me know a man to be my enemy, or even suspect him to be so, and no exhibition of his good qualities, though I should be brought to credit them, which I will be very slow to do, can induce me to put confidence in him. Let the relation of hostility be changed into one of friendship, and let me be persuaded of this, and the same moral means, which were formerly utterly inefficacious, will produce a powerful effect. These plain, common-sense principles, transferred to the subject before us, lead us into the truth respecting the origin of the transforming, sanctifying influence of Christianity.

“The relations of man as a righteously condemned sinner are incompatible with a holy character. While man is condemned, and knows that he is condemned, how can he be holy, how can he become holy? How can God consistently bestow the highest token of his complacent regard on one who is the proper object of his moral disapprobation and judicial displeasure in making him holy; and how can man love or trust or affectionately obey Him whom he knows he has offended, whom he has reason to consider as his omnipotent enemy? It is by meeting and removing these difficulties that Christianity secures the holiness of man. It is in the securing, by a set of Divine arrangements, the change of a state of hostility into a state of friendship, the rendering the pardon and salvation of the guilty consistent with, nay, illustrative of, the perfections of the Divine character and the principles of the Divine government, that Christianity lays broad and deep and sure the foundation of man’s deliverance, not only from misery but from sin, not only of his endless happiness but of his moral perfection. In the vicarious sacrifice of the incarnate Son, in His suffering for us in the flesh for sin, the just in the room of the unjust, so suffering as that He found rest from sin, provision is made for a most happy change in our relations. We, united to Him, suffering for sin in our room, are made to rest from sin, and in this change of relations is necessarily implied and indubitably secured a complete change of moral dispositions and habits. It is this which leads to no longer living to the lusts of men, but to the will of God. It is this chief of the works of God that, like the main-spring or moving power of a complicated piece of machinery, gives resistless energy and un-failing efficacy in the case of the saved, to the moral influence of the doctrines and precepts of the Gospel. The better the connexion between the atonement and sanctification is understood, the more firmly it is believed, the more habitually it is meditated on, the greater progress will the individual Christian make in practical godliness; and he who would comply with the apostle’s exhortation, to ‘live no longer the rest of his time to the lusts of men, but to the will of God,’ must arm himself with this thought, ‘He that hath suffered in the flesh is made to rest from sin.’”—Vol. ii. pp. 447-451

Before parting company with this Commentary, it may be noticed, that it is preceded by a new translation of the Epistle, intended to embody the results of the author's investigations. This is so clear and pointed, as, while perfectly faithful so far as we have examined it, to serve in a greatly better form the ends of a paraphrase. We can hardly reconcile ourselves, in some cases, to the dismissal of the time-hallowed phraseology of the common version where the sense did not seem absolutely to require it.

Appended to the Discourses on Peter there are several others of a miscellaneous character; two on the "Son of Man and His going," where that Messianic title is handled in a more satisfactory manner than we have ever seen it, and the style rises to the highest eloquence: four on "Keeping ourselves in the Love of God," which are somewhat abstruse and didactic, though solidly instructive; and an Inaugural Theological Lecture on "Our Lord's ministry," in which, among other things, the nexus between the working of a miracle and the proof of a doctrine is laid open with much skill and clearness.

It only remains to notice, with great brevity, the relation which such a work as this holds to the general development of Christianity in our country, especially through the pulpit. The pulpit must ever be the grand instrument of the diffusion of Christianity, and the efforts to supersede it, either by the press or any other agency, proceed on entire ignorance of the social nature of Christianity, and its adaptation to be transmitted not by solitary reading but by public impulse. At the same time it cannot be questioned that there is a general dissatisfaction abroad in the educated mind of the country with the present state of the pulpit. There is a critical temper of uncertainty, which may result either in an entire break with it or a more firm conciliation than before. There is a disposition to cast off the shackles of tradition and to regard the popular Christianity of the pulpit as a system of effete and barren commonplaces, beyond which the literary intellect of the age has shot far a-head. Some well-meaning Christians are disposed to yield too much deference to this feeling. They would accommodate themselves to the educated taste by fraternizing to the utmost with the philosophy, science, literature, or politics to which the antagonists of the pulpit all point as casting it into the shade, and by struggling to import into the pulpit the more interesting products of these several fields of living thought and speculation. Thus, one is all for christianized transcendentalism, another for spiritualized astronomy or geology, a third for the gospel in its bearing on social questions, and the progress of the people. This seems to us a mere weakness on the part of these innovators; a going down to Egypt for help, not because there is a famine in the

land, but because their own husbandry is bad and unproductive. The attitude which the pulpit should assume towards other living and self-developing forces of thought in the country, is neither that of obeisance nor defiance. It should ignore their existence as objects either of attack or homage, and leave them to the sober and equitable criticism of the Christian press. The pulpit has work enough in the proclamation of the grand positive doctrines of Christianity. To push these aside, and to look to other topics either as substitutes or important auxiliaries, is virtually to give up Christianity as an antiquated dispensation, and to place the Bible beneath the records of science and the philosophy of history. The stem of Christianity, we fear, is much decayed in the Church or individual whose preaching displays a profusion of such parasitical ornaments. The true remedy is not to cast aside positive Christianity, but to bring it forth again in its own majesty. This, it appears to us, can best be done by applying to it the same methods of illustration which have given all their interest and fascination to philosophy and science. The perpetual freshness and life of these circles of speculation, consists in a constant return to their original fields of observation, in order to make new researches and experiments. If the Christianity of the pulpit is to compete with them and bear off the palm, it must stand in living communication with the Bible, and eternally renew its youth from its ancient spring. It must divest itself of the hard and unbending dogmatic shape by which the class of educated minds are repelled, and catch more of that spontaneity, freshness, and variety, in which Scripture itself so wonderfully abounds. It is the great service of Dr. Brown to have accomplished this in one important book of Scripture, and to have set the example of discarding that repetition of dogmatic commonplace which is the weakness of the pulpit, and returning to that near dependence upon the very mind of the Spirit which is its strength. How much is thus found to re-attach the educated and reflecting to the pulpit;—the keen intellectual interest of tracing the very sense of the word of God; and the surprise and gratification of finding how comprehensible a thing Christianity is; how full of order and coherence the epistolary parts of the New Testament, which appear to many so irregular and rhapsodical; how grand, novel, and affecting their disclosures; and above all, how powerful the contagion of direct intercourse with them for devout and holy impression, when the middle wall of partition is, by the successful interpreter, broken down! We hope very much then, in the way of reconquering the speculating minds of the community to allegiance to the pulpit, from such labours; partly, because God will honour his own word more than all the inventions of human

eloquence; and partly, because from the very nature of things, truth from the fountain-head is likely to be more powerful and salutary than from the lower streams. And hence we deliberately think that no well-wisher of the progress of Christianity among the educated classes can do better than help on the multiplication of such books, and the gradual shifting of popular religious instruction from a dogmatic to an exegetical basis.

What is thus the best means of retaining or recovering the educated classes, is likely to be most effectual also with the great mass of the population. The testimony of all ministers of the Gospel is, that the word of God has been more successful in their history than any words of their own. To expect the opposite would be almost a libel on the form in which it has pleased the all-wise God to give his Revelation to the world. But this is just to admit that the exposition of Scripture has more of the power of God unto salvation, than any other mode of exhibiting truth. There may not be, as the result of this style, the same immediate temporary impression; though we do not see why a Christian minister may not be as fervent and earnest in bringing out and enforcing the mind of the Spirit in a particular passage, as in using a more free and discursive method of teaching: but the ultimate issue must be to elevate the tone of Christian intelligence, and to promote a deeper and juster appreciation of the truths of the Bible. If it be said, as is often said, that the tendency of exegetical studies is to cramp the free course of pious thought, to fetter the eloquence of the pulpit, and to give birth to a dry, rigid, and pedantic style of preaching, it is easy to reply, that this proceeds on a mistaken view of the range allowed to interpretation as a pulpit auxiliary. The day it is to be hoped is far distant, when grammatical comments or philological processes, or logical outlines, shall usurp the place of Christian teaching. This were to convert the ministers of the sanctuary, whose business it is to offer sacrifice, into mere hewers of wood and drawers of water, with no fire, but only heaps of fagots; no water, but only store of buckets to draw with. We are far enough from any such danger. The most exegetical nation in the world does not find this spirit at all threaten to infest the pulpit. On the contrary, the German evangelical pulpit is more lax and rhetorical than the British. This is not more true of a great preacher like Krummacher, who is a child in exegesis, than of a great preacher like Tholuck, who is a master. Everything will depend on the good sense and discrimination of those who occupy the sacred place; and since we cannot regard ourselves as inferior to our continental neighbours in these qualities, we do not think the temptation will be more formidable in our case than in theirs. In truth, to affirm that a complete familiarity

with the sense of Scripture, and with all the technical processes that have led to its discovery, must tend to fetter the eloquence of the pulpit, and to denude it of its popular character, is not more absurd than it would be to assert that a thorough acquaintance with all the legal points of a case, and a command of all the terminology of law, would impair the eloquence of an advocate in addressing a jury, or divest his speaking of popular attractions. If men will be found hammering and sharpening their weapons when they should be using them to smite the enemy, the fault is their own ; but let not the anvil and the grindstone bear the blame. Earnest and zealous combatants will still know when to strike ; and the blow will come with none the less force surely that every measure has been previously taken to give the sword of the Spirit its native edge. What we want is a ministry more studious of the sense of Scripture, and not less, but, if possible, more devout and fervent than now ; and then we need not fear that the simplicity that is in Christ will suffer from any such scholastic parade, or that the stream of religious zeal will lose itself in the sandy desert of verbal criticism. Let us add here, that while by such an exegetical style, at once exact and popular, both the literary and uneducated classes would be interested and attracted, by no other style could such a double good be achieved. Great genius, like that of Chalmers, might awaken a transient interest for astronomy even in the hands of inferior men. But how soon must the educated recoil from the tameness of such repetitions ; and how little could they lay hold of the Christian masses ! It would be a still less hopeful experiment with any other scientific or philosophical application of Christianity. But it is quite otherwise with the expository preaching of the fundamental principles of the Gospel, according to the boundlessly varied groundwork of Scripture. Moderate talents are competent to reproduce the annotations of master-intellec[t]s in a way which shall be pleasing and profitable to all classes ; and thus the Divine word in its prolonged and dispersed echoes, shall be equally the power of God to the Jew and to the Greek, to the wise and to the unwise.

We do not sympathize in the gloomy forebodings of some worthy theologians respecting an importation and wide diffusion in this country of German heresy. We have had already sufficient introduction of it to abate the fascination of novelty ; and our British Christianity is still unpetrified by the Gorgon head, dreadful though it be. We have faith under God in two things ; our veneration for the Bible, and that experimental sense of the divinity of the Gospel system, which is the result of our living piety. It is by the latter of these influences chiefly that Germany has begun to recover from the wounds of philosophy and

vulgar rationalism,—a reaction commenced but not completed by Schleiermacher; and now a returning veneration for Scripture is we trust perfecting the cure. Our country is unspeakably better provided with both of these safeguards; and hence, with far less than the learning and intellectual panoply of Germany, we may expect to stand in the evil day. It is of immense importance, however, that our veneration for Scripture should be enlightened, and that our impression of the self-evidencing power of Christianity should be quickened by just exhibitions of its pristine loveliness, strength, and grandeur. It is the rare merit of such works as those of Dr. Brown to accomplish these ends, and thus to strengthen the foundations of our national orthodoxy. That theology alone is safe which is based on the Bible; that Church alone is putting herself in a posture of defence against heresy, which returns to the Bible determined to stand or fall beneath its shadow. *In hoc signo vinces.* If a struggle with philosophical infidelity awaits us, our dogmatic systems, even those which like the Calvinism of Scotland, rank among the most just and philosophical, will avail us little; and the combat must be fought as it has been on the Continent on the field of the Gospels and the Epistles. May we hope that the distinguished author of these volumes, though he speaks with affecting tone of the close of his labours, and as one already *ἐπὶ γῆρας ὄνδρ*, will not permit himself to claim a discharge from the office of girding up the loins of the Church for this contest, but will help us to prepare for it by a series of similar commentaries, which shall equally prove the Gospel its own witness. If not required for warfare, they may serve as well for peace. The defences of the Church in a revolutionary age become again, like the barricades of a great metropolis, the materials and ornaments of its daily life; and never so easily as after the conflict which Truth has waged with Scripture-arms in her own defence, does the sword become a ploughshare and the spear a pruning-hook, when men learn war no more.

ART. III.—*The Physical Atlas—a Series of Maps and Notes, illustrating the Geographical Distribution of Natural Phenomena.*  
By ALEXANDER KEITH JOHNSTON, F.R.G.S., F.G.S., Geographer at Edinburgh in ordinary to Her Majesty; Honorary Member of the Geographical Society, Berlin; F.G.S., Paris; Editor of the National Atlas, &c.; based on the *Physikalischer Atlas* of Professor H. Berghaus, with the co-operation, in their several departments, of Sir David Brewster, K.H., &c., Professors J. D. Forbes, Edward Forbes, and J. P. Nichol, Dr. Ami Boué, G. R. Waterhouse, Esq., J. Scott Russell, Esq., and Dr. Gustav Kombst. Edinburgh, 1848.

THE construction of an Atlas exhibiting to the eye in a series of maps the geographical distribution of the principal phenomena of Physical Geography, was first suggested by the illustrious Baron Alexander von Humboldt, whose profound and varied researches have contributed, more than those of any other individual, to the advancement of this interesting department of knowledge. Availing himself of this happy suggestion, Professor Berghaus of Potsdam undertook, in 1827, the construction of a Physical Atlas, and, with the advice and assistance of Baron Humboldt, he produced a work of very great merit, which had an extensive circulation wherever the German language was known. In Great Britain, whose ships of war and of commerce navigated every sea, and were exposed to all the hazards of wind and tide, and to all the convulsions of the elements, a work of this kind was pre-eminently wanted, and Mr. A. K. Johnston, Geographer to the Queen in Edinburgh, undertook to supply the defect. His first idea was to republish the Atlas of Berghaus in an English dress; and in order to ascertain how far such a work would receive encouragement from the public, he inserted, at the end of his NATIONAL ATLAS, four of Berghaus's maps, namely, a map of the isothermal lines of Humboldt,—a map showing the distribution of the currents of air,—a map showing the distribution and cultivation of the most important plants used for the food of man,—a map of the mountain chains in Asia and Europe, and an ethnological map of Europe by Dr. Kombst. These five maps, which were described and explained in several sheets of letterpress, excited such an interest as to induce Mr. Johnston to undertake a complete Physical Atlas on a large scale.

Having learned that Baron Humboldt had expressed a desire to see an English Physical Atlas executed in a style suited to the taste of the British public, and on a scale admitting of details of



physical phenomena which could not be introduced into the small maps of the German work, Mr. Johnston visited Germany in the summer of 1842, and made arrangements with Professor Berghaus for the publication of an English edition of his *Physical Atlas*, in conformity with the views of so competent a judge.

In entering upon this Herculean task, involving a large outlay of capital, Mr. Johnston has spared neither expense nor labour in giving to his *Atlas* the character of a new work, not merely by enlarging and improving the maps and letterpress, which were communicated to him by the Prussian Professor, but by engaging competent persons to supply materials for new maps, illustrating new departments of Physical Geography, and exhibiting to the eye new phenomena, which had never previously been graphically represented. In this manner, he has succeeded in completing a new *Physical Atlas*, based on the previous work of Berghaus, which reflects honour upon Scotland, and is highly creditable to his own talents and enterprise.

It is scarcely necessary for us to point out the value and utility of such a work, or to recommend it to the especial patronage of our readers. In our Review of Mrs. Somerville's "*Physical Geography*," we have afforded them the means of estimating the importance of this branch of knowledge, and those who have neither patience nor leisure to read and study the interesting details which that work contains, may acquire a general knowledge of them by the mere inspection of the maps in which they are graphically exhibited. The eye thus becomes our instructor. It communicates knowledge without any mental effort. It exhibits to us individual facts which, without the exercise of memory, every fresh glance will fix more and more in our mind; and it combines them all together in one vivid panorama, embodying principles and laws which, without laborious study, could not otherwise become portions of our knowledge. In this manner the ignorant may become wise, almost against their will,—the indolent may be allured to habits of study by the *sight* of truths which may perchance please or interest them;—and the intellectually idle, who seldom open a book, or open it but for amusement, may receive in their manhood, or even in their old age, some impression of those wonderful arrangements of Divine wisdom which may lead them to the knowledge of truths that still more nearly concern them.

The *Physical Atlas* embraces four classes of phenomena, namely, GEOLOGY, HYDROGRAPHY, METEOROLOGY, and NATURAL HISTORY.

I. The *Geological* division contains *ten* maps, and thirty-four closely printed folio pages of descriptive and explanatory letterpress.

In one of these maps is exhibited the *Geological structure of the Globe*, according to Dr. Ami Boué, who submitted it to the reunion of the Savans at Grätz in September 1844. The map, as now published, contains the corrections and additions made by its author up to September 1846. On the same map there is exhibited separately Elie de Beaumont's chart of the elevation of mountains,\* and a very interesting delineation of the principal mountains of the globe, arranged according to geographical longitude, with their elevations and latitudes annexed. In the principal map, "revised afresh by Dr. Boué," he has indicated by different colours the distribution and arrangement of "six grand formations or groups of rocks, including in each formation a long series of products or changes, connected by artificial if not natural relations."

1. The crystalline schistus formation, comprehending all the granitoid rocks.

2. The primary stratifications, or the transition series, including the carboniferous formation.

3. The secondary formation, extending from the close of the carboniferous series to the close of the cretaceous.

4. The tertiary formation.

5. The alluvial or modern detritus.

6. Volcanoes; — igneous rocks of the tertiary and alluvial epochs; and some extra-European porphyries and diorites.

The *eight folio* pages of letterpress, descriptive of this map, have been drawn up by Professor Nichol, and embrace explanations of the map itself, explanations of the elevation of mountains, and of the contemporaneity of parallel chains, together with theoretical considerations relative to the elevation of mountains. The details which they contain are of a highly popular and interesting nature, and cannot fail to be acceptable to the general reader.

In the Palæontological map of the British Isles, occupying two separate sheets, and beautifully coloured, the author has exhibited the geology of Britain, which, from its varied nature, has been regarded as a type of the geology of the earth. The geology of Britain presents almost all the rocks characteristic of the successive geological epochs; and from its having been more minutely investigated than that of any other equal portion of the earth's surface, the nomenclature of descriptive geognosy is, to a great extent, constituted out of terms locally applied in Great Britain. The descriptive letterpress of this valuable map has been ably drawn up by Professor Edward Forbes. It contains an extensive account of the fossiliferous formations in the British islands, and their relations to those of other countries, together with a system-

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\* This chart, or rather the researches which it illustrates, has been fully described in this *Journal*, vol. vi., pp. 249-254.

atic outline of the distribution and development of the various classes of organized being during the successive geological periods.

The plan of the map differs essentially from that of any published geological map of Great Britain and Ireland. The names of places on the map are important geological localities. Places very productive in fossils are marked with asterisks, or signs indicating the nature of the organic remains. The more remarkable phenomena of the distribution of life during the pleistocene or glacial epoch, are indicated in the places where they occur. Lines showing the different zones of depth are traced round the coast. Figures of the most remarkable fossils, especially those of vertebrate animals, are engraven on the upper margin of the map, and types of the groups of Ammonites on the lower margin;—and the whole map is elucidated by extensive tables in the letterpress, and by notes upon the maps themselves.

In other two maps, exhibiting the phenomena of volcanic action, and comparative views of remarkable geological phenomena, with their description, we find a mass of interesting information, which we should seek for in vain in any published work. The *first* of these maps exhibits the regions of earthquakes, and the distribution of active and extinct volcanoes, and the letterpress contains extensive tables of volcanoes, and notes on the rising and sinking of continents, &c. The *second*, with its letterpress, represents and describes the island of Teneriffe, the volcanoes of Pichincha and Antisana, the craters and sections of Vesuvius and *Ætna*, the singular coral island of South Keeling,\* a plan and view of Graham's Island, a plan of Arthur's Seat, and other interesting objects.

In connexion with the geological structure of the earth,† Mr. Johnston has given an interesting map, entitled "Illustrations of the glacier systems of the Alps, and of glacial phenomena in general, from the surveys and sketches of Professor Forbes, and the maps of Raymond and Wiess," including "a map of the limits of the erratic deposit of the valley of the Rhone, by Charpentier;" and in explanation of this map we have a valuable chapter of letterpress by Professor Forbes, embracing an account of his own ingenious theory of the motion of glaciers.

The other three maps in the Geological department represent the mountain chains of Asia‡ and Europe, and also those of North and South America; and in a separate map we have exhibited the mountain systems of Europe from the drawings of Berghaus, constructed on the ingenious plan of contour lines,

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\* See this *Journal*, vol. vi. p. 247.

† See this *Journal*, vol. i. pp. 31-34.

‡ See our Review of Humboldt's *Central Asia*, vol. v. p. 454.

each of which represents an elevation of 1000 feet. The map of the European and Asiatic chains contains likewise a geological map of Java, a map of the volcanic kingdom of Luzon, and also a representation of the upheaving of the island of Reguain, and is accompanied with explanatory notes, and with Baron Humboldt's essay on the mean height of continents.\*

II. The *Hydrographical* department of the Physical Atlas, or that which relates to the waters of the globe, contains *seven* maps and sixteen folio pages of letterpress.

Three of these maps, or physical charts of the Atlantic, Indian and Pacific Oceans, are full of the most interesting details. That of the Atlantic shows the form and direction of its ocean currents,—the distribution of heat at its surface,—its fucus banks,—the appearances of volcanic eruptions,—its icebergs and doubtful islands, and all the tracks of ships from Europe to North and South America, and backwards. The section of the letterpress, entitled, "*Line and Steam Packet Navigation*," contains some curious facts which cannot fail to interest the reader.

In the Line Packet Navigation from Liverpool to New York, the average length of passage along the different lines was  $33\frac{3}{4}$ ,  $30\frac{1}{2}$ , and 35 days; the longest being 48, and the shortest 22 days, while from New York to Liverpool the lines were  $22\frac{1}{2}$ , 24, and  $22\frac{1}{2}$ , the longest being 36, and the shortest 17 days.

In the Steam Ship Navigation, from different English ports to New York, the following were the lengths in days of the outward and homeward voyages:—

	Outward.			Homeward.		
	Longest.	Shortest.	Average.	Longest.	Shortest.	Average.
Great Western from Bristol,	$21\frac{1}{2}$	13	16	15	12	$13\frac{1}{2}$
Royal William ... Liverpool,	$21\frac{1}{2}$	$18\frac{1}{2}$	20	$17\frac{1}{2}$	$14\frac{1}{2}$	$15\frac{3}{4}$
Liverpool ... Liverpool,	$18\frac{1}{2}$	16	17	$17\frac{1}{2}$	$13\frac{3}{4}$	15
British Queen ... Portsmouth	$20\frac{1}{2}$	14	$17\frac{1}{4}$	$22\frac{1}{2}$	$13\frac{1}{2}$	16

The comparative safety of Steam Navigation is well exhibited in the following interesting details furnished by Mr. Redfield of New York, and relating to the voyages of steamers connected with the port of that city:—

Periods of 5 Years.	Miles Navigated.	No. of Passengers.	No. of Accidents.	Lives Lost.	Proportion of lives lost to No. of Passengers.
Ending 31st Dec. 1824,	2,827,750	4,796,000	12	38	1 in 126,211
... „ Dec. 1833,	4,216,200	9,419,700	5	62	1 in 151,931
... „ Dec. 1838,	5,467,450	15,886,300	2	8	1 in 1,985,787

\* See our Review of Humboldt's Central Asia, vol. v. p. 466.

The average number of miles to each explosion was, for the 1st period, 235,646 when the pressure of steam was 7 inches; for the 2d, 843,240 when the pressure of steam was 14 inches; and for the third period, 2,733,725 when the pressure of steam was 18 inches. Hence it follows from the average results in this table, that during even the first period of *five* years after the navigation was thrown open to public competition, such a degree of safety was attained for passengers by *steam*, that the number of accidents was only 1 for 20,000 trips or passages; and that the average loss of life was only 1 out of 126,000 passengers that were exposed; while in the last period only *one life was lost out of nearly two millions of passengers!*

The Physical chart of the Indian Ocean exhibits the temperature of the sea, the currents of the air and ocean, the northern, southern, and eastern limits of the typhoons, the trade winds and the monsoons; the districts and movements of the most important revolving hurricanes, and the trade routes round the Cape to India and China, with the principal routes of navigators, and of vessels employed in trade.

In the letterpress descriptive of this map, we find the following interesting information respecting the Mail Packet Steam Navigation on the Indian Ocean:—

	Nautical Miles.	Average No. of Days.
London to Marseilles <i>via</i> Paris, . . . . .	646	5
Marseilles to Malta by the Post Office Packets, . . . . .	660	4
Malta to Alexandria, . . . . .	856	4
Alexandria to Suez, (including stoppages,) . . . . .	216	3
Suez to Aden, (2 days' detention included,) . . . . .	1350	8
Aden to Bombay, . . . . .	1650	10
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London to Bombay, . . . . .	5378	34

The distance from Southampton to Bombay by Egypt is 6254 miles; the average time is from 2 to 8 days longer than by the mail route. The route to India by Trieste is 300 miles shorter than that by Marseilles, with the advantage of several hundred miles of railway.

The following are the distances to Madras and Calcutta:—

	Nautical Miles.	Average No. of Days.
Southampton to Aden, . . . . .	4604	24
Aden to P. de Galle, (2 days' detention included,) . . . . .	2150	11½
P. de Galle to Madras, . . . . .	540	3
Madras to Calcutta, . . . . .	730	4
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Southampton to Calcutta, . . . . .	8024	42½

	Nautical Miles.	Average No. of Days.
Southampton to P. de Galle, . . . .	6754	35½
P. de Galle to Pulo-Penang, . . . .	1200	7
Pulo-Penang to Singapore, . . . .	380	2½
Singapore to Hong Kong, . . . .	1440	10
	<hr/> 9774	<hr/> 55

In reference to the Steam Packet route to India by the Cape of Good Hope, our author observes:—

“ That the route by the Cape offers many advantages peculiar to itself, among which may be specified the freedom from interruption by pestilence or political change, and the direct benefit that will thereby be conferred on the Colonies, on the West Coast of Africa, the Cape, and the Mauritius. And it appears that by this route passengers and letters may reach the Presidencies of Calcutta and Madras nearly as soon as by the other, letters by the *Hindustan* direct from England (without stoppages) having arrived at the former place in 39, and at the latter place in 45 days. The distance from Falmouth to Calcutta by the Cape is calculated at 11,250 miles, and it is expected that the voyage, including stoppages, will be performed in from 60 to 65 days. The average passage of the fastest sailing ships between England and Calcutta, is, according to Mr. Little’s analysis, between 95 and 100 days.”

The Physical chart of the Pacific Ocean, with its descriptive letterpress, contains the same interesting details as that of the Atlantic and Indian Oceans, and exhibits the *nine* different currents which flow through that mighty extent of waters. The description of the first of these currents, called the Peruvian coast, or Humboldt’s current, which sometimes runs 18 miles in 24 hours, is described from a manuscript memoir on the subject, communicated by Baron Humboldt, the discoverer of its thermic properties. The great Equatorial current, which flows from the Antarctic ocean to the coast of America, and then turns in the 20th degree of south latitude back into the Equatorial region, moves westerly over a space of 50°. The other seven currents are, the Mexican coast current, Fleurieu’s whirlpool, the Carolinian Monsoon current, the Penschink current, the North Equatorial Counter Current, the ship Mentor’s Counter Drift, and Admiral Rossel’s Drift. The greatest ocean temperature of the Pacific is 84° 76’.

The tidal chart of the British seas, by John Scott Russell, Esq., showing the progress of the wave of high water through the English and Irish channels and round the British islands,

is a very interesting map. A tidal chart of the whole globe, on a smaller scale, is given in the letterpress.

These four maps, with the meteorological one, exhibiting the currents of air, have been bound up separately for the convenience of mariners. They have received the approbation of the Lords of the Admiralty, and having been ordered by them for use in the Royal Naval College, Portsmouth, we cannot doubt their immediate adoption by every vessel in the merchant service.

The two remaining hydrographical maps represent the river systems of Europe, Asia, and America. The river basins are divided by lines, and the declivities of the countries are so coloured as to show the different seas and basins into which they deliver their waters. In our last Number,\* we have already given a tabular view of the most important river systems taken from the letterpress of these maps.

III. The *Meteorological* department of the *Physical Atlas*, or that which relates to the phenomena of the atmosphere, contains five maps, and 10 folio pages of letterpress.

The *first* of these is a map of what is called the *isothermal lines* or *curves*, showing the distribution of heat over the globe, and exhibiting also the curves† of equal barometric pressure, a subject upon which much light has been recently thrown.

In another map is exhibited the geographical distribution of the currents of air, defining by colours the regions of the globe within which the constant or trade winds, and the periodical winds or monsoons, and local winds, prevail. The regions visited by hurricanes in the West Indies and in the Indian Ocean, and the Typhoon districts of the China sea, are also indicated, and in the descriptive letterpress are given notes and tables explanatory of the whole subject of aërial currents.

The *third* and *fourth* maps of this department are Hyetographic, or rain maps of the world and of Europe, which display by different degrees of shading the distribution of rain over the earth, the zone which bounds the fall of periodical rains, the desert regions on which no rain falls, and the equatorial limits of the fall of snow. In the rain map of Europe and in the descriptive letterpress, the different phenomena of rain and snow are more minutely detailed.‡

The last map of this department is one altogether new, exhibiting the polarising structure of the atmosphere. It has been constructed by Sir David Brewster, from his own observations on the polarisation of the sky, carried on for four successive years at

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\* See this *Journal*, vol. ix. pp. 178-180.

† These curves have been fully explained in this *Journal*, vol. v. p. 235.

‡ See this *Journal*, vol. iv. p. 250.

St. Andrews. The lines or curves of equal polarisation represented in these maps are related to what are called *neutral points*, or poles of no-polarisation. The neutral point most easily seen is situated about  $18\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  above the point of the sky directly opposite to the sun. It was discovered by M. Arago, and at St. Andrews, it is above the horizon all the day from the middle of November till the end of January, never rising in the rest of the year till the sun is within  $11^{\circ}$  or  $12^{\circ}$  of the horizon, and never setting till the sun is  $11^{\circ}$  or  $12^{\circ}$  above the horizon. A secondary neutral point, accompanying this neutral point, was discovered by Sir David Brewster. Another neutral point, about  $18\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  above the sun, was discovered by M. Babinet, and is of course always visible when the sun is seen, though sometimes within the arctic circle when the sun is not seen. A third neutral point, and one very difficult to be seen, was discovered by Sir David Brewster in 1841. It is situated about  $12^{\circ}$  or  $13^{\circ}$  at an average beneath the sun. When the sun is in the zenith, this neutral point, and that of M. Babinet, coincide in the sun's centre. After treating in the letterpress of these three neutral points, and of the secondary neutral point, the author discusses in three sections the subject of the *maximum* polarisation of the sky, and the form of the lines of equal polarisation, which are lemniscates, and of the construction of the map.

IV. The *Natural History* department of the Physical Atlas, contains *nine* maps and thirty-three folio pages of letterpress, illustrative of the geographical distribution of plants, animals, and the different races of men.

The *first* map presents to us two separate charts, in one of which the globe is divided into twenty-five regions, each of which is inhabited by different classes of plants, according to Humboldt and Schouw, while in the others are given the profiles of the great mountain chains in five different zones, showing the distribution of plants in a perpendicular direction.

The *second* map exhibits the distribution and cultivation of the most important plants which are used as food for man, including the sugar-cane, the tea and coffee plants, and spices; and in the letterpress we have a description of the species which have their origin in the old world, and also those which have their origin in the new world. On this map the author has inscribed the curves of equal summer and of equal winter temperature, to which Humboldt has given the names of Isothermal and Isocheimal lines.

The *five* maps which exhibit the geographical distribution of mammiferous animals, of the orders Quodrumana and carnivorous animals, of animals of the orders Rodentia and Ruminantia, of birds and reptiles, convey to us much curious information



respecting their predominance in different regions of the globe, as indicated by the number of species,—each class of animals having its appropriate climate suitable for their full development. The perpendicular distribution of many of these animals is also given, and the margins of the maps are occupied with fine engravings of the more interesting species. The copious letter-press which illustrates these maps, abounds in the most interesting zoological details, and cannot fail to gratify every general reader.

The *two* Ethnographic maps, representing the distribution of different races of men in Europe and in the British Islands, present us with many curious and instructive details respecting the physical, moral, and intellectual condition of our species.\*

Although we have thus endeavoured to give our readers a general idea of the valuable contents of the *Physical Atlas*, yet we are persuaded that it is only by an examination and study of the work itself, that they can form anything like an accurate estimate of the amount of instruction and even amusement which it affords. In public libraries and reading-rooms the *Physical Atlas* will be of inestimable value, and in our public, and even private schools, the teacher can scarcely perform his duties to the youth under his charge, unless he gives them the advantage of studying the phenomena of the material universe through the medium of their graphic representation.

He who studies the phenomena of nature and their physical laws, as deduced from observation, by means of graphic delineations, is somewhat in the threefold position—of the mariner who circumnavigates the globe, running into its estuaries and harbours, driven by its gales, and drifted by its currents;—of the traveller climbing its mountains, threading its forests, gazing over its deserts, now in dread of the savage, now of the brute;—and of the aeronaut floating in his magical balloon, surveying the aerial domains, taking a bird's eye view of his terraqueous footstool, and occasionally descending in his parachute, to sound the depths of the gaseous ocean, and ponder on the wonders over which he has passed. He occupies, moreover, the position of the philosopher, for he sees at one glance the combined results obtained by all the navigators and travellers that have surveyed the scenes he has been contemplating, and by all the sages who have reduced and generalized their observations. In such a survey of nature, clouds and vapours disperse in order to shew him the loftiest mountains with their roofs of snow, and their

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\* See this *Journal*, vol. ix. p. 182.

mouths of fire. The ocean becomes calm and transparent to display its mysterious depths—its coral palaces and its leviathan kings; and the opaque earth itself throws off its verdant drape, and casts even its epidermis of clay, to exhibit its gigantic osteology—its heart of granite—its limbs of basalt—and its abdominal stores of mineral wealth, held in bond for man.

By devoting, therefore, a single hour to the contemplation of our globe in the diorama of a Physical Atlas, the student will witness the grandeur of the tenement in which he dwells, and will not fail to appreciate the beautiful conception of Humboldt, when he speaks of the "Life of the Earth." He sees the mighty ocean in peaceful slumber upon its shores. The daily tide rolls over its breast. Currents hot and cold circulate through the aqueous mass, now rising and falling, now advancing and receding, now uniting and contending. The sunbeam lifts its waters in wreaths of vapour—the whirlwind sucks them upward into waterspouts. Here is its surface, variegated with vegetable life, growing and dying among its waves,\*—there it swarms with animalculæ, marking the ship's path with their phosphoric light;—and elsewhere it is ploughed by the polar icebergs—freighted with mineral, vegetable, and even animal existence. He looks at the earth, with its upheaved mountain chains—its erupted lavas and its rising plains—its disintegrating rocks, returning to their elements—and its thousand rills carrying back to the ocean the spoils which the ocean gave. He looks at the azure vault, now black with tempest, now red with the lightning's glare, now raging with the hurricane, now rattling with the thunder. He looks at Nature's bounties, scattered about in profuse supply, springing and flowering and decaying around him. He looks at life in its mortal and most restless phase—at the rational and irrational tyrants—possessing all—disturbing all—devouring all; and looking thus at the picture of Nature, all is alive—all in commotion—*matter* convulsed and agitated—*mind* hoping—fearing—trembling; while the Great Globe itself, thus instinct with life and motion, is the only object in the universe that seems in absolute repose.

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\* See this *Journal*, vol. iv. p. 248.

ART. IV.—*Memoirs of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, Bart.*  
By his Son. London.

THIS is a thoroughly good book—good in every sense of the word. There are many things which conspire to make it so. It is well and judiciously written. It contains the life of a man of great talents, great energy and ceaseless activity, who devoted himself with enthusiastic zeal to the most interesting and ennobling pursuits that can occupy the human mind. He was a successful competitor with the foremost men of his age on what he himself justly called “the greatest arena that ever existed.” He brought to that arena none of the arts by which politicians generally rise to eminence. He entered it, praying that he might be preserved from the snares that surrounded him, “from the power of personal motives, from interest or passion, prejudice or ambition.” His prayer was answered; he kept himself pure, guided in his arduous course by truth and integrity, labouring with a rare singleness of heart for the glory of God and the good of man. He was the chief instrument in winning one of the greatest victories for humanity which history has recorded, and to its achievement he devoted an amount of labour seldom paralleled. Yet so well regulated, so admirably balanced was his mind, that all the duties which devolved upon him as a member of society—as a brother, a husband, a father, an employer, a neighbour, were fulfilled with exemplary propriety, with a careful attention to the wants and feelings of others, and a sympathy in their concerns, which made him the object of universal esteem and of the strongest affection. We have here the Christian citizen and the Christian statesman combined in a manner so attractive as to make this book one of the very best a father can put into the hands of his son whom he wishes to be distinguished as the benefactor of mankind, while doing at the same time what is best for himself and his family.

It is instructive to mark the elements and influences which contributed to the formation of such a character. We can discern them in his childhood; for here, as in many other cases, the remark holds good—“the boy is the father of the man.” And the character of the boy, as has so often happened in the case of eminent men, was greatly influenced by the character of his mother.

Thomas Fowell Buxton, the subject of this memoir, was born on the first of April 1786, at Castle Hedingham. His father was descended from an honourable family, and was High Sheriff of the county of Essex. Being of a gentle and kindly disposi-

tion, devoted to field sports, and given to liberal hospitality, he was highly popular in his neighbourhood. He died at Earls' Colne in 1792, leaving his widow with three sons and two daughters, the eldest, Thomas Fowell, being at that time but six years old.

Mrs. Buxton's character has been thus briefly described by her son:—"My mother," he says, "was a woman of a very vigorous mind, and possessing many of the generous virtues in a very high degree. She was large-minded about everything—disinterested almost to an excess, careless of difficulty, labour, danger or expense, in the prosecution of any great object. With these nobler qualities were united some of the imperfections which belong to that species of ardent and resolute character."

She belonged to the Society of Friends; but her husband being a member of the Church of England, the children were all baptized in infancy, nor did she strive to alienate them from that communion. "She was more anxious to give them a deep regard for the Holy Scriptures, and a lofty moral standard, than to quicken their zeal about the distinctive differences of religious opinion." While maintaining an absolute authority over her children she was not always threatening to enforce it. There was in her system of education little indulgence, but much liberty. She early left them to their own judgment, and encouraged them to form the invaluable habit of self-government, so necessary to strength of character, and so rarely acquired if neglected in youth. Her eldest son was allowed to assume almost the position of a master in the house. One who knew him well when a boy said of him—"He never was a child; he was a man when in petticoats."

No doubt this precocious manhood was calculated to inspire wilfulness; and he described himself in more than one of his papers as having been in his boyhood "of a daring, violent, domineering temper." But this did not trouble his strong-minded mother:—"Never mind," she would say, "he is self-willed now, you will see it turn out well in the end."

Long afterwards, when actively employed in London, her son wrote to her:—"I constantly feel, especially in action and exertion for others, the effects of principles early implanted by you in my mind." She treated him as an equal, and led him to form and express his opinions without reserve. Hence his habitual decision, and his custom of thinking and acting for himself.—Those parents who dictate to their children in every trifle, and allow them to have no mind or will of their own, are little aware that they are thus destroying the foundation of stability of character and success in life.

Mr. Buxton acknowledged himself much indebted to a man in

humble life, Abraham Plaiston, the gamekeeper. He was entirely illiterate, but his memory was well stored with various rustic knowledge. He had much natural good sense, an inexhaustible flow of mother-wit, integrity and courage of the first order, and a strong love of truth.

"He always," says Mr. Buxton, "held up the highest standard of integrity, and filled our youthful minds with sentiments as pure as could be found in the writings of Seneca or Cicero. Such was my first instructor, and, I may add, my best; for I think I have profited more by the recollection of his remarks and admonitions than by the more learned and elaborate discourses of all my other tutors. He was our playfellow and tutor; he rode with us, fished with us, shot with us upon all occasions."

Mr. Buxton was not very fortunate in his early scholastic tutors. At the age of only four and a half years, he was sent to a school at Kingston, where he suffered severely from ill-treatment, and the want of sufficient food! He was then removed to the school of Dr. Charles Burney at Greenwich. There he found a kind master, but hardly a "judicious" one, if we may judge from the custom of compelling the boys "to learn the collect, epistle, and gospel as a punishment."—The association of the Word of God and prayer with punishment, was not the best mode of making the youthful mind love either the one or the other.

At the age of fifteen, after spending eight years at Dr. Burney's without any great advances in learning, he persuaded his mother to allow him to reside at home, where he remained for many months, devoting his time chiefly to sporting, desultory reading, and rambles in the country. At this time, the boyish roughness of his manners exposed him to annoying ridicule. This might have driven him to low company, to the companionship of the stable, the animalism of his nature might have become predominant—and in that case the best thing that might be written on his tomb would be, that he was a kind-hearted country gentleman, and an enthusiastic sportsman, familiar with the genealogy and merits of horses and dogs.

"It was, indeed," says his biographer, "a critical time for his character; but the germ of nobler qualities lay below—a genial influence was alone wanting to develop it; and through the kindness of Providence, as he used emphatically to acknowledge, that influence was at hand. Before this period, he had become acquainted with John the eldest son of Mr. Gurney, of Earlsam Hall, near Norwich, with whose family his own was distantly connected; and in the autumn of 1801, he paid his friend a visit at his father's house."

This was the turning point in his destiny. He found here a family circle possessing the charms of intellect and goodness in an extraordinary degree, which fascinated, assimilated, and en-

nobled all congenial minds that came within the sphere of its influence—an influence which has been widely extended, which has in fact reached to the ends of the earth, and is felt now, and will be felt to the end of time, in the freedom and happiness of distant tribes of mankind. Mr. Gurney had then been several years a widower, and his family consisted of eleven children, seven girls and four boys. Mr. Fowell Buxton was then in his 16th year, and was

“ charmed with the lively and kindly spirit which pervaded the whole party, while he was surprised at finding them all, even the youngest portion of the family, zealously occupied in self-education, and full of energy in every pursuit, whether of amusement or of knowledge. They received him as one of themselves, easily appreciating his masterly, though still uncultivated mind; while on his side their cordial and encouraging welcome seemed to draw out all his latent powers. He at once joined with them in reading and study, and from this visit may be dated a remarkable change in the whole tone of his character; he received a stimulus, not merely in the acquisition of knowledge, but in the formation of studious habits and intellectual tastes; nor could the same influence fail of extending to the refinement of his disposition and manners.”—P. 9.

How many gifted youths are lost for want of the inestimable advantages of such society—of the purifying and preserving influence of such a holy and happy home!—Who will not concur in Mr. Buxton’s own reflections upon the subject?

“ I know no blessing of a temporal nature (and it is not only temporal) for which I ought to render so many thanks, as my connexion with the Earlham family. It has given a colour to my life. They were eager for improvement—I caught the infection. I was resolved to please them; and in the College of Dublin, at a distance from all my friends and all control, their influence, and the desire to please them, kept me hard at my books, and sweetened the toil they gave. The distinctions I gained at College, (little valuable as distinctions—but valuable because habits of industry, perseverance, and reflection were necessary to obtain them,) these boyish distinctions were exclusively the result of the animating passion in my mind, to carry back to them the prizes which they prompted and enabled me to win.”—P. 13.

As there were reasons for expecting that her son would inherit considerable property in Ireland, Mrs. Buxton deemed it advisable that he should finish his education in Dublin; and accordingly, in the winter of 1802, he was placed in the family of Mr. Moore, of Donnybrook, who prepared pupils for the University. There he describes himself as studying morning, noon, and night. He gave up desultory reading, never looked into a novel or a newspaper. He had the liberty of going when he

pleased to a capital shooting-place ; he only went twice during the five years he was in Ireland. " I had," he says in a letter to his son, " been a boy fond of pleasure and idleness, reading books of unprofitable entertainment—I became speedily a youth of steady habits of application and irresistible resolution."

In October 1803, he entered the Dublin University as a Fellow Commoner. So successfully had he prosecuted his studies, that he obtained the second place at the entrance examination, and at the next he got the premium ; and he exulted in the fact that he was the first Englishman that had been so honoured. Soon after he won the Certificate from " tremendous antagonists," among whom was Mr. John Henry North, afterwards distinguished at the Irish Bar and in the House of Commons. Mr. Buxton, who formed a friendship for him that lasted through life, described him as a man of cheerful temper, elegant taste, and captivating manners. He was a Conservative, and fell a victim to his exertions in Parliament to prevent the passing of the Reform Bill. In 1805, he and his friend North became members of the " Historical Society," an institution connected with the University, in which the most exciting public questions were then seriously debated, and in which Plunket, Bushe, and other distinguished men cultivated the art of public speaking. Here Mr. Buxton succeeded so well, that he not only carried off several premiums, but the Silver Medal of the Society was awarded him. At College nothing but good fortune attended him. His industry and perseverance enabled him to win every prize for which he contended. He got the Certificate, and " Valde in Omnibus."

All this he ascribed to his Earlham visit and nothing else, and especially to one member of that happy circle, to whom he was engaged. At her feet he laid his thirteen premiums, and the gold medal, the highest honour of Trinity College, together with four silver medals from the Historical Society.

In the spring of 1807, when he had taken out his degree, he received the highest possible proof of esteem from his fellow-students. He was invited to represent the University in Parliament. This honour he declined, for reasons which are thus stated by himself:—

" On May 13, 1807, I obtained the object of my long attachment, [Hannah, fifth daughter of Mr. Gurney,] having refused, in consequence of the prospect of this marriage, a most honourable token of the esteem of the University of Dublin. The prospect was indeed flattering to youthful ambition—to become a member of Parliament, and my constituents men of thought and education, and honour and principle—my companions, my competitors—those who had known me and observed me for years."

Mr. Buxton's expectations in regard to the Irish property were disappointed, and he found that his fortunes must depend on his own exertions. After deliberate consideration, he relinquished the idea of following the profession of the law, and entered into negotiations in different quarters, with a view to establishing himself in business. In after life, when referring to this period, he said—"I longed for any employment that would produce me a hundred a-year, if I had to work twelve hours a-day for it."

After a year spent in anxiety, he was offered a situation in Truman's Brewery, with the prospect of becoming a partner after three years' probation. This offer he joyfully accepted, and devoted himself with great ardour to his new occupation. At the close of the year he succeeded Mr. Hanbury in the occupation of a house connected with the brewery in Spitalfields, where he resided for several years, and where, by his energy and talent for business, he greatly improved the establishment with which his name has been ever since connected. In 1811 he was admitted as a partner; and during the ensuing seven years, he was almost wholly devoted to his business. The success which crowned his exertions materially paved his way to public life. He was gradually relieved from the necessity of attending in person to the details of the management, but continued to take a part in the general superintendence of the concern.

His mother used to set before him the idea of *taking up some great cause*, by which he might promote the happiness of man. He did not forget her lessons; and he was now reminded of them by an acquaintance, which ripened into friendship, with the Quaker philosopher and philanthropist, William Allen, who initiated him into some of those questions to which his after life was so usefully devoted. Among these the Bible Society, and the condition of the poor weavers of Spitalfields, first occupied his attention.

Before entering on the consideration of his public labours, we may briefly advert to Mr. Buxton's religious character, that the reader may see with what principles and spirit he assumed his mission of philanthropy, for which he was so well fitted by temperament and education.

His reverence for the Word of God was imbibed from his mother, and he retained it in a remarkable degree through life. He read it habitually and prayerfully, and bowed implicitly to its authority. Indeed his Church friends complained that he was led by this feeling to disparage human teaching unduly, calling it "the Bible and Water." His views of religion had not become decided and clear till 1811, when he began to attend the ministry of the Rev. Josiah Pratt in Wheeler Chapel, Spital-



fields, to whose preaching he attributed his first real acquaintance with the doctrines of Christianity. He himself says—"It was much, and that of vast moment, that I here learned from Mr. Pratt." He wrote to that excellent clergyman thirty years afterwards—"Whatever I have done in my life for Africa, the seeds of it were sown in my heart in Wheeler Street Chapel."

Those seeds found in his mind a congenial soil. His strong love of truth, his susceptibility, his conscientiousness, his integrity, his dislike of show and pomp, and empty forms, his decided turn for the substantial, the practical, and the useful, his whole-hearted devotion to whatever cause he took up, and his power of vividly realizing the grand results of present labour in the distant future, all gave assurance that neither the "way-side," nor the "stony ground," nor the ground overrun with briars and weeds, would furnish a fit emblem of his heart—but rather the good ground where truth brought forth a hundred-fold. We are everywhere struck in these memoirs with the deeply religious feeling, the strong faith and fervent prayerfulness, which animated him in all his public labours. Whatever he did, he did earnestly as unto God. He acted throughout on his own motto—"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." A portion of another text expresses his habit of *concentrating* his energies on one object—bringing them with burning power to a focus—"This one thing I do." But when this one thing was done, he was ready to take up another, and pursue it with an all-absorbing zeal till it was finished. And then he was prompt, with the humility of a child, to ascribe all the glory to God; and to give more than the due share of honour to his fellow-labourers.

Let the reader who never saw Mr. Buxton imagine these principles—this noble character—embodied in a commanding person, [he was six feet four inches in height, with a powerful frame, and broad chest,] with a benevolent and highly intellectual expression of countenance, a full-toned voice, a manly and playful eloquence, carrying away with its current of earnest thought the most fastidious of audiences, and he will have before him the illustrious Emancipator of the Negroes.

In November 1816, Mr. Buxton made his first speech in public, in behalf of the Spitalfields weavers, who were then in great distress. It was at a meeting in the Mansion House. The statistics of misery, and the forcible appeals which it contained, produced a great impression. "By this one meeting at the Mansion House," says the Report of the Spitalfields Benevolent Society, "£43,369 were raised." The Prince of Wales was so pleased with the spirit of the meeting, that he sent £5000.

Mr. Buxton was now "launched upon that stream of labour

for the good of others, along which his course lay for the remainder of his life."

In 1817 he went over to France to assist in establishing a branch of the Bible Society at Paris. In the passage from Dover to Calais, he reflected on the enormous sums of money spent on fortifications by the two greatest nations in Europe, "not to promote civilisation or happiness, but for purposes of mutual hostility, defiance, aggression, and bloodshed." He wondered that the respective rulers should have found it expedient to keep the people for twenty-three years cutting each other's throats, and that we should so often have illuminated at the joyful intelligence that 10,000 of our lively neighbours were killed, and 20,000 wounded. He found religion in a low state in France—the Protestants sadly indifferent, and the Catholics either "quite philosophically careless, or thoroughly bigoted." The difficulties which the restraints of Government interposed in the establishment of the Bible Society, made him feel with Baxter, "how great a sin tyranny is."

About this time he published a work on *Prison discipline*, containing a painful exposure of the barbarous treatment of criminals in our jails; a subject to which his attention was more earnestly directed by the labours of his sister-in-law Mrs. Fry. The book went through six editions the first year, and gave a considerable impulse to the public feeling on the subject. It was praised in very strong terms in the House of Commons by Sir James Mackintosh, and called forth a congratulatory letter from Mr. Wilberforce. It was translated into French; it led to reformation in the wretchedly conditioned jails of Madras—and found its way even to Turkey.

At the general election in 1818, Mr. Buxton was returned for Weymouth, which he continued to represent for many years. On entering Parliament, Mr. J. J. Gurney wrote to him, and recommended him to stick to "*sound Whiggism*," to aid the great work of education and reform which was going on in the world, and to take special care to avoid "*the spirit of Toryism*,"—"which bears the worst things with endless apathy, because they are old; and with which reason and even humanity are nothing, and the authority of creatures as fallible as ourselves every thing."

He gives an interesting account of the first debate of importance at which he was present. The subject was the conduct of the Manchester Magistrates on the occasion of the riot at Peterloo.—

"We have had a wonderful debate. Really it has raised my idea of the capacity and ingenuity of the human mind. All the leaders spoke, and almost all outdid themselves. But Burdett stands first;

his speech was absolutely the first, and the clearest, and the finest display of masterly understanding that I ever heard; and with shame, I ought to confess it, he did not utter a sentence with which I could not agree. Canning was second; if there be any difference between eloquence and sense, this was the difference between him and Burdett. He was exquisitely elegant, and kept the tide of reason and argument, irony, joke, invective, and declamation flowing, without abatement, for nearly three hours. Plunkett was third: he took hold of poor McIntosh's argument, and gripped it to death, ingenious, subtle, yet clear and bold, and putting with the most logical distinctness to the House, the errors of his antagonist. Next came Brougham—and what do you think of a speech, in which the fourth man could keep alive the attention of the House from three till five in the morning, after a twelve hours' debate? Now what was the impression made on my mind, you will ask. First, I voted with Ministers, because I cannot bring myself to subject the Manchester Magistrates to a Parliamentary inquiry; but nothing has shaken my convictions that the Magistrates, Ministers, and all have done exceedingly wrong. I am clear I voted right; and indeed I never need have any doubts when I vote with Ministers, the bias being on the other side."—P. 81.

He further expresses his opinion on this subject in a letter to his uncle, C. Buxton, Esq. :—

"I quite agree with you in reprobating the Radicals. I am persuaded that their object is the subversion of religion and the constitution, and I shall be happy to vote for any measure by which the exertions of their leaders may be suppressed; but I fear we shall much differ as to the nature of those measures. I most strongly condemn the conduct of the Magistrates at Manchester; and I equally condemn the conduct of the Ministers, in giving them public thanks; and I think in future as well as in common prudence, that wretched affair ought to be strictly scrutinized, and it will be very awkward if these Magistrates, having been thanked, deserve to be punished."

These avowals seem hardly consistent with the vote for Ministers, and it is the only passage in his parliamentary course which needs explanation.

In the year 1819 he took up the question of the Criminal Code, having seconded a motion for a committee on the criminal laws made by Sir James Mackintosh. His speech on that occasion was very effective; and at the conclusion of it, many of the most distinguished members of the House came up and introduced themselves to him. His sterling sense, his good language, his strong facts and earnest manner, gave universal satisfaction, and greatly prepossessed the House in his favour.

"His speeches were not sparkling or splendid; their end was utility; their ornaments clearness, force, and earnest feeling. He

usually bestowed much care in preparation ; not in embellishing the style, but in bringing together supplies of facts, and marshalling them in one strong line of argument. Speaking as he did from the heart, and for the most part on subjects which appealed to the feelings as well as to the judgment, he sometimes rose into passages of impassioned declamation ; but the usual character of his oratory was the succinct and business-like statement of the matter in hand.”—P. 86.

Sir Fowell Buxton voted for the abolition of capital punishments in all cases except murder. During the preceding age the Legislature had been peculiarly blood-thirsty.

“There are persons living,” he said, “at whose birth the criminal code contained less than sixty capital offences, and who have seen that number quadrupled ; who have seen an act pass making offences capital by the dozen and by the score ; and what is worse, bundling up together offences trivial and atrocious—some nothing short of murder in malignity of intention, and others nothing beyond a civil trespass ; I say bundling together this ill-assorted and incongruous package, and stamping upon it, ‘death without benefit of clergy.’ The law, by declaring that ‘certain crimes should be punished with death,’ had declared that they should not be punished at all. The bow had been bent till it had snapped asunder. The Acts which were intended to prevent evil had proved Acts of indemnity, and free pardon to the fraudulent and the thief, and Acts of ruin and destruction to many a fair trader.”

The following year the Committee brought in its report, and the result was a bill to abolish capital punishment in cases of forgery. A speech of Mr. Buxton’s on this bill excited great interest at the time.

“The drift of it was to prove that the law as it stood was at once inhuman and ineffective ; that the severity of the punishment induced judges and jurors to strive for an acquittal, and that the uncertainty of the greater penalty was therefore more readily incurred than the certainty of the lesser one.

“‘Kill your father,’ he exclaimed, ‘or a rabbit in a warren, the penalty is the same ! Destroy three Kingdoms or a hop-vine, the penalty is the same ! Meet a gipsy on the high-road, keep company with him or kill him, the penalty is the same !’”

The result of this system was that in twelve years crime had increased fourfold. In 1811 the punishment of death for stealing from bleaching-greens was abolished, rather as a concession to the folly of the bleachers than as a dictate of the wisdom of Parliament. By the result, however, that wisdom was confounded ; for, whereas before the mitigation of the law this offence had been as rife as other capital offences, since that mitigation all the

capital offences had increased prodigiously (some elevenfold)—while this offence had *decreased two-thirds*.—(P. 110.)

The reason is obvious. When the penalty was not *life*, the injured were ready to prosecute, witnesses did not hesitate to certify what they had seen, juries brought in verdicts according to the evidence, mindful of their oath—and judges did not listen to the technical quibbles by which the guilty might escape. It is surprising what an effect a small degree of uncertainty has in increasing crime; and uncertainty must always be the result of too much severity. Henry the VIII. hanged 72,000 persons for robbery alone; yet Sir Thomas More wonders that “while so many thieves were daily hanged, so many still remained in the country, robbing in all places.”

“Queen Elizabeth hanged 500 criminals a-year, yet complains bitterly that the people will not carry out her laws: and was obliged to appoint stipendiary magistrates to inflict these penalties. We find from Strype that the people would not prosecute, and the magistrates would not act.”—P. 111.

“‘It is a fact,’ says Mr. Buxton, ‘that 600 men were condemned to death last year upon statutes passed within the last century.’ One of the worst effects of the sanguinary system of punishment was the prevalence of perjury among jurymen. The following passage is not without importance at the present time, as throwing light on some recent discussions on our jury system:—After giving a number of instances where juries had clearly perjured themselves in order to save the lives of prisoners, he adds, ‘I hold in my hand 1200 cases of a similar description. Is it then policy or prudence—I say nothing of its wickedness—to tamper with what is so very delicate, or even to permit the reputation of that oath to be impaired, or any stain to be cast upon its purity? But when the public see twelve respectable men in open court, in the face of day, in the presence of a Judge, calling God to witness that they will give their verdict according to the evidence, and then declaring their belief in things, not merely very strange or uncommon, but actual physical impossibilities—absolute miracles, wilder than the wildest legends of monkish superstition—what impression on the public mind must be made, if not this, that there are occasions in which it is not only lawful, but commendable, to ask God to witness a palpable and egregious falsehood?’”—P. 113.

In spite of facts and reasonings like these, and at a time when 230 offences were punishable with death, the bill for exempting forgery from the number was lost in the House of Commons. In 1822, Sir J. Mackintosh brought forward the question again, and proposed certain resolutions on the criminal code, which were rejected in 1823; and he and his friends were still struggling against superior force, when Sir R. Peel, on his accession to office in 1826, undertook the momentous task of remodelling the whole penal code.

Mr. Buxton gives an interesting account of the impressions the House had made upon him, and his position and pursuits there, in a letter to his friend Mr. North, whom he wished to join him.

"I do not," he says, "wonder why so many distinguished men have failed in it. The speaking required is of a very peculiar kind: the House loves *good sense and joking*, and nothing else; and the object of its utter aversion is that species of eloquence which is called *Philippian*. There are not three men from whom a fine simile or sentiment would be tolerated. All attempts of the kind are punished with general laughter. An easy flow of sterling plain sense is indispensable; and this, combined with great powers of sarcasm gives Brougham his station. Canning is an exception to this rule; his reasoning is seldom above mediocrity; but then it is recommended by language so wonderfully happy, by a manner so exquisitely elegant, and by wit so clear, so pungent, and so unpremeditated, that he continues to beguile the House of its austerity. Tierney has never exerted himself much in my hearing. Wilberforce has more native eloquence than any of them; but he takes no pains, and allows himself to wander from his subject: he holds a very high rank in the estimation of the House. And now let me tell you a secret. These great creatures turn out, when viewed closely, to be but men, and men with whom *you* need not fear competition. Come among us, and I shall be greatly deceived if you do not hold a foremost place. My line is distinctly drawn. I care but little about party politics; I vote as I like, sometimes *pro* and sometimes *con*; but I feel the greatest interest in such subjects as the slave-trade, the condition of the poor, prisons and criminal law. To these I devote myself, and I should be quite content never to give another vote upon a party question."—P. 89.

The slavery question obtained most of his attention, and he devoted himself to it with an ardour which soon made him the recognised leader of the Abolitionists in Parliament. To this "*blessed service*," he was earnestly invited, in an impressive letter from the venerable Wilberforce in 1821. After thirty-three years' labour in the cause, that veteran philanthropist felt he was no longer able to bear the burden and heat of the day, and that a successor was needed. That cause he bequeathed to Mr. Buxton as his "Parliamentary heir-at-law." Several causes had been concurring to prepare the latter gentleman for this "holy enterprise"—the horror of slavery, instilled by his mother in boyhood—his connexion with the African Institution—the dying charge of his sister-in-law, the beautiful, the eloquent, the spiritual Priscilla Gurney, who, with her last pulse and last breath, pressed his hand and said,—"*The poor, dear slaves!*" His most zealous fellow-labourers in this work were the two Gurneys, another brother-in-law, Mr. Hoare, Mr. Zachary Macaulay, a noble-minded philanthropist, and a prodigy for information—Dr.

Lushington, whose sound judgment and sagacity were of the greatest value, and Lord Suffield, who laboured almost alone in the Upper House.

In 1823 the Anti-Slavery Society was established, Mr. Buxton being one of the vice-presidents; and the committee engaged warmly in the task of collating evidence, and spreading information throughout the country.

“Public feeling was soon roused into activity, and petitions began to flow in—the lead was taken by the Society of Friends; and it was determined that the presentation of their appeal by the hands of Mr. Wilberforce should be the opening of the Parliamentary campaign.”

Mr. Buxton then gave notice, that on the 15th of May he would move, That the House should take into consideration the state of Slavery in the British Colonies. He made his motion accordingly, and an animated debate ensued. Mr. Canning proposed and carried certain resolutions as an amendment. Their object was to adopt measures for the progressive improvement of the slave population, so as to prepare them for the enjoyment of civil rights and privileges; and this was to be accomplished “at the earliest period compatible with the wellbeing of the slaves themselves, with the safety of the Colonies, and with a fair and equitable consideration of the interests of *private property*.”

Mr. Buxton replied in a bold and powerful vindication of the rights of mankind for the enslaved negroes.

In pursuance of the Ministerial resolutions, circulars were sent to all the planters, requiring them to do the most reasonable things that could be imagined, namely, to provide the means of religious instruction and Christian education for their slaves—to put an end to Sunday markets and Sunday labour—to allow slaves to have property by law—to legalize their marriages—to restrain the power of arbitrary punishment—to abolish the corporal punishment of females—to admit the testimony of slaves in courts of justice—to abolish the use of the driving-whip in the field, &c.

These demands produced the fiercest excitement in the West Indians.

“Thoughts were openly entertained of resisting the innovations of the Government by force of arms. It was even proposed to throw off the yoke of the mother country, and place themselves under the protection of America. They could find no language sufficiently bitter to express their rancour; and the Colonial Legislatures unanimously refused submission to the recommendations of the Government.”—P. 137.

When the Order in Council reached Demarara, an attempt was made to conceal the intelligence from the black population. But exaggerated rumours got abroad; the negroes found the “great

king of England" had set them free, and they refused to work. Compulsion provoked some outrages on person and property ;— martial law was proclaimed. Not a soldier was killed, but more than 100 negroes were shot, 47 were subsequently tried and executed, and in a week ten were torn to pieces by the lash, some being condemned to 600 or 700 stripes. Smith, the Independent missionary, though perfectly innocent, was illegally tried by a court-martial, and condemned to be hanged, and the Abolitionists at home were loaded with abuse. The Government were intimidated, Canning forfeited his pledge to *enforce* the orders, and would do nothing. In February 1824, Mr. Buxton wrote thus :—

"The degree of—I will not call it opposition, but virulence against me—is quite surprising. I much question whether there is a more unpopular individual than myself in the House just at this moment. For this I do not care.

"The slavery question looks wretchedly. I begin to think that, opposed as we are by the West Indians, deserted by the Government, and deemed enthusiasts by the public, we shall be able to do little or nothing ; however I rejoice that we have tried."—P. 143.

The small anti-slavery party were attacked on all sides, and vituperated as "enthusiasts" and "saints." Canning resolved to make them scape-goats, and some timid counsellors advised that his attack should be received in silence. Mr. J. J. Gurney, ever confident of truth and freedom, suggested words of encouragement, and Mr. Buxton came forward nobly in defence of a good but odious cause. He held the minister to his pledge, and said—

"I know how reproaches have rung in my ears since that pledge was given, and how they will ring with tenfold fury now that I call for its fulfilment. Let them ring ! I will not purchase for myself a base indemnity with such a sting as this on my conscience."

Amidst these discouraging circumstances he devoted himself unremittingly to the task of procuring digested proofs of the cruelty with which the slaves were treated, and the rapid decrease of the black population, though they multiplied fast wherever they were free. In February 1824 he writes—

"The weight of business, and worse still, of thought, which overhangs me at this time, is greater than I ever experienced before. I am fatigued, I am distressed with fatigue."

The tide of public opinion ran high against the Abolitionists ; none but far-seeing men of sterling principle could or did withstand it. It was when the enemy thus came in like a flood that Mr. Buxton again lifted up his standard in the House of Com-



mons, where he laid bare the atrocious cruelty of the planters and their agents. He was well supported by Dr. Lushington, Mr. Evans, and Mr. Wilberforce.

On the 1st June 1824, Mr. Brougham brought forward the case of the missionary Smith, in a brilliant and powerful speech of four hours' length. It produced a great effect on the public mind, especially the portion in which he dwelt upon the extraordinary forbearance of the rebel negroes, in the midst of provocations too exasperating for human nature to endure.

This debate changed the current of public opinion. The people had taken part with the oppressors through ignorance. The West Indian interest then, as now, could command the services of an unscrupulous and powerful press.

"The nation, which before had partaken of the consternation of the Government, began to awaken to the truth, and from henceforth the religious public of England was strongly enlisted on behalf of the oppressed missionaries and their persecuted followers."

By the impartiality of this persecution, the planters managed to excite the abhorrence of all Evangelical denominations in this country. The authorities of Barbadoes condemned to death a Wesleyan missionary, Mr. Shrewsbury, for the imaginary crime of corresponding with Mr. Buxton, who said in the House—"I never received from, or wrote to him, a single letter; nor did I know that such a man existed, till I happened to take up a newspaper, and there read, with some astonishment, that he was going to be hanged for corresponding with me."

A tyranny so sanguinary, and so blind in its fury, aroused the public conscience as soon as its deeds were known; and the state of feeling was such, that even the House of Commons could not long resist—made up, as it then was, of "West Indians, Government men, a few partisans, and a few sturdy Abolitionists." On the 1st March 1826, Mr. Buxton presented the London petition, signed by 72,000 persons.

During the following year he occupied himself much in collecting and arranging evidence on the Slave-trade in its connexion with the Mauritius. The atrocities that were brought before him in this inquiry—the cruel rending of family ties—the horrors of the middle passage—the frightful mortality—produced an effect on his benevolent heart which was very near proving fatal. He was so completely overwhelmed with anguish and indignation, that he several times left his papers, and paced rapidly up and down the lawn, entirely overcome by his feelings, and exclaiming aloud, "Oh, it's too bad; it's too bad!—I can't bear it." On the next day, which was Sunday, he was seized with a fit of apoplexy, and remained unconscious till Wednesday, when he began to shew symptoms of recovery.

"I am glad," said he, "that the first object I noticed was my dear wife. I well remember the expression of deep anxiety upon her countenance. To her delight I spoke to her, and the words I used were those which expressed my unbounded affection towards her."—P. 192.

This alarming seizure produced a profound sensation among all his friends; and the Abolitionists, in the greatest solicitude, made hourly inquiries about his health, till he was pronounced convalescent.

It is satisfactory to know that Mr. Buxton's labours in connexion with the Mauritius case were crowned with complete success.

"Long unnoticed and unchecked by the Government at home, the evil had grown up and flourished; but it withered in a day. Those who had readily joined in it while veiled from sight, now shrunk from the light which fell upon their doings."

In this good work Mr. Buxton derived great assistance from Mr. Jeremie, a gentleman singularly devoted to the truth and the right, without any selfish regard to consequences, who had held a public office in St. Lucia, but had there ruined his prospects by the boldness with which he struggled against the ill-treatment of the slaves.

For three years the question of Colonial Slavery was suffered to rest; but public opinion was gaining strength, and the agitation was becoming more popular. If, said Mr. Buxton, in 1827, "a man had a large share of reputation, he would lose the greater part of it by espousing the cause of the slaves; if he had a moderate share, he would lose all." But it was not so in 1830. The Anti-Slavery feeling had gained ground, and the planters had lost the public sympathy.

"They had hurled back the quiet suggestions of Government with every expression of defiance and contempt—they had punished the rebel negroes with a severity which shocked every feeling of humanity—they had condemned Smith to the gallows, and thus turned the Independents against them—they forced Shrewsbury to fly for his life, and the Wesleyans were aroused—the Baptist chapels were razed to the ground, and the Baptists became their enemies."—P. 243.

It was now felt that the idea of mitigating slavery was hopeless. It was useless to think any more of lopping off the branches. There was a fixed determination to root out the abomination thoroughly and at once. This determination was greatly strengthened by a meeting held in Edinburgh, in which Mr. (now Lord) Jeffrey made an eloquent speech, urging the meeting to aim at nothing short of "abolishing slavery at the earliest practicable period." But Dr. Andrew Thomson broke in with a vehement protest against any further pretexts for delay, ex-

claiming—"We ought to tell the Legislature plainly and strongly that no man has a right to property in man—that there are 800,000 individuals sighing in bondage under the intolerable evils of West Indian slavery, who have as good a right to be free as we ourselves have—that they ought to be free—and that they *must* be made free."

This bold expression of Christian and manly sentiment caused the meeting to separate in confusion, but only to reassemble a few days later, "when a most eloquent speech having been made by Dr. Andrew Thomson, a petition for immediate emancipation was adopted, to which 22,000 signatures were rapidly subscribed."—P. 248.

But Government was still for using gentle treatment with the planters, for humouring their prejudices, and trusting to their good intentions, as if they had any. "If patience be a virtue, then was the administration most virtuous, with such fortitude did they submit to the suffering of the slaves." They knew that the slaves were cruelly ill-treated—having no legal redress for any wrongs inflicted on them, and being compelled to work, in Jamaica, for example, *nineteen* hours a-day during crop-time, and fourteen and a half at other seasons, with intervals for rest and food amounting to two hours and a half.—Still in the charitable eye of Government, the masters were humane and honourable men, from whom all desirable ameliorations might be, in due time, expected. They might as well have waited for the negro's skin to turn white!

In the four "Crown colonies," Demerara, Berbice, Trinidad, and St. Lucia, where slavery was mildest, and where some mitigations had been enforced, the registered punishments inflicted by the *magistrates* in the two years 1828-9 amounted to 68,921, of which 25,094 were inflicted upon females. Allowing the legal number of 25 stripes for each punishment, we have an aggregate of 1,350,000 stripes inflicted by the magistrates in these four colonies alone, and this on the sworn testimony of the planters themselves.—(P. 253.)

Captain S. Hodgson, in his "Truths from the West Indies," shows what slavery was, and at the same time reveals the true secret of "West Indian distress," about which we hear so much at present.

"There are few *bona fide* proprietors resident on the spot; the greater part of the estates are mortgaged to nearly their full value, and are superintended by some of the mortgagees or their agents. These people have no idea beyond grinding out of the property the largest possible sum in the shortest possible period, perfectly indifferent to the eventual ruin they must entail by the overworking of the soil; and having no sympathy for the slaves, whom they literally regard as cattle, they think alone of the present gain to themselves.

Where the proprietor resides, I have generally observed him kind, and his people happy and contented."

No wonder then that the population decreased with awful rapidity. During ten years, the slaves of the fourteen sugar-growing colonies diminished to the number of 45,800 persons, while the *free* black population in Demerara had (exclusive of manumissions) doubled in fourteen years; and the free negroes of Hayti had increased 520,000 in twenty years: *i. e.*, their numbers had more than doubled. In 1831, Mr. Buxton dwelt upon this fact in a powerful speech. He showed that the law of nature, which is too strong for climate, for war, for savage life, for vice and misery, yields at once to the cultivation of sugar by slaves.

"Where the blacks are free they increase. But let there be a change in only one circumstance, let the population be the same in every respect, only let them be slaves instead of freemen, and the current is immediately stopped."

His Biographer adds—

"The appalling fact was never denied, that at the time of the abolition of the slave-trade, the number of slaves in the West Indies was 800,000: in 1830 it was 700,000; that is to say, in twenty-three years it had diminished by 100,000. In 1834, when emancipation took place, the law of nature resumed its force, the population began to increase, and the census of 1844 proves that in the twelve previous years the black population in fourteen of the islands had increased by 54,000."—P. 261.

Up to the hour of Abolition, the cruelties of the planters increased, and also their rancour against the religious instruction of the negroes, as, to adopt their own words, "incompatible with the existence of slavery." At length it became evident that in a very short time there would be a general revolt of the negroes, the consequences of which would be fearful. A partial insurrection in Jamaica brought on the crisis, and made the wrath of the planters overflow all bounds. They were resolved to extinguish Christianity in the island; accordingly, they destroyed seventeen chapels, and inflicted on the pastors and their flocks every species of cruelty and insult.

"I stake my character," said Mr. Buxton, "on the accuracy of the fact, that negroes have been scourged to the borders of the grave, uncharged with any crime, save that of worshipping their God."

The Rev. Messrs. Knibb and Burchell were banished, and arrived in England at the very juncture when their evidence before the Parliamentary Committees, then sitting in both Houses, was of the utmost value. The Committees reported:—Two points seemed established—1. That there was no remedy for slavery

but extirpation; 2. That its abolition was safe. The Reform Bill had passed—a Reform Ministry were in Downing Street, and they undertook and accomplished the great work of emancipation; but it required the most strenuous and determined efforts of the Anti-Slavery party in the House, and out of doors, to procure a satisfactory measure. Mr. Buxton's firmness and fidelity were tried more by the entreaties of ministerial friends, than by all the fury of the West Indians. On the day that Mr. Stanley brought in his bill, July 6, 1833, he wrote:—

“It retains the apprenticeship for twelve years, which makes me very indignant, and would make me very unhappy, if I did not indulge the hope, that we shall be able to beat them out of it in committee.”

He moved an amendment on this point, and suggested one year as a sufficient apprenticeship. The amendment was lost by a minority of only seven. Mr. Howley then consented to reduce the term to seven years. Mr. Buxton voted for the grant of £20,000,000 to the planters; but persevered, as an amendment, that half the sum should be retained till the termination of the apprenticeship. On the 7th August 1833, the Bill passed the Lower House, and went, with little delay, through the Lords.

“I would,” writes Miss Buxton, “that Mr. Wilberforce had lived one fortnight longer, that my father might have taken back to him *fulfilled*, the task he gave him ten years ago!”

The effect of the news in the West Indies was most gratifying. All evil prognostications were falsified by the admirable conduct of the negroes. The 1st of August 1834 was spent by them in religious exercises. There was the profoundest joy and gratitude, but not an act of impropriety.

Mr. Buxton refused at first to join in the subsequent movement against the apprenticeship; but he was constrained, by the undeniable abuses perpetrated by the masters, to admit the necessity of abolishing it. They broke their bargain. They took the twenty millions, but laboured to retain slavery under another name. They had no excuse for this. The negroes acted admirably—not an instance of provocation did they afford.

“My expectations,” says Mr. Buxton, “are surpassed. God's blessing has been on this perilous work of humanity.”

He greatly rejoiced when the apprenticeship was abolished, and candidly confessed that he had been quite wrong on this point. While Joseph Sturge and the Anti-Slavery party had been quite right on this score, the planters have no right to complain. Had they honestly stood by their contract, they might have enjoyed the full benefit of the apprenticeship.

Subsequently Mr. Buxton devoted himself with great zeal to the question of the Slave Trade, which he laboured to abolish, by establishing trade and commerce and Christian Missions in Africa. The Aborigines in that continent had been brought under his notice by the Rev. Dr. Philip, with whom he co-operated in protecting the Hottentots. It was with the view of more effectually destroying the traffic in slaves, that he took such an active part in getting up the Niger Expedition, which he watched with the liveliest and most prayerful interest, and whose melancholy failure overwhelmed him with sorrow. Yet it was the climate alone that dashed his hopes. In every other respect his expectations were fully realized.

He felt deeply for the wrongs inflicted upon our fellow-men in connexion with European colonization. The spirit that has more or less actuated those who have promoted it, was curiously exemplified by the Dutch. In 1652 the first Dutch settlement was formed, and "the curse of Christian neighbours" fell upon the helpless owners of the land, now known as "Cape Colony." Van Kiebeck the governor, was vexed to see so many fine head of cattle with the savages, and he writes in his journal, that if it had been allowed, he might in one day have deprived them of 10,000 head. With 150 men it might have been done, as the natives came unarmed, not having the least suspicion that white men and Christians could be dishonest or treacherous. A day or two later, this philosophic governor "wondered at the ways of Providence, which permitted such noble animals to remain in the possession of heathens."

They were not long suffered to retain them. Their rich lands and herds became the spoiler's prey. This peasantry, once so industrious, so frugal, so wealthy in flocks and herds—so honest and confiding—were gradually subjected to the capricious tyranny of the Dutch boors, who brought down their hearts by the heaviest labours, and the most revolting punishments.—

"Beneath this grinding misery their numbers had dwindled, their persons had become dwarfed, and their minds brutalized, till the very Negro Slaves looked down on them as lower and baser drudges, far below the level of mankind."—P. 209.

It is this degradation of manhood that is the chief curse of tyranny, and that makes it so great a sin. Mr. Buxton had the unspeakable satisfaction of seeing the Hottentots liberated by our Government, through his instrumentality. A resolution of the House of Commons, which he regarded as their Magna Charta, was carried unanimously in July 1828. Mr. Buxton expected that a thousand blessings would accompany liberty, and he was right. So early as 1832, we find the following testimony borne to the conduct of the Hottentots in the Kat River

settlement :—"By patient labour, with manly moderation and Christian temperance, they have converted the desert into a fruitful field."

Colonel Bell, the Government Secretary of the Colony, says that as free labourers and small farmers, they have made "a very surprising progress. A large portion of them, from being an indolent, intemperate, and improvident class, have, since a field was opened for virtuous ambition, become industrious, sober and prudent in their conduct." Colonel Wade bears similar testimony. The Rev. Dr. Philip, to whom this people is under the deepest obligation for his zeal on their behalf, thus contrasts the condition of the bondsmen with that of the free, and the pictures are very suggestive, and tell us that we should never despair of any tribe of mankind however degraded, and that vices and defects which we are accustomed to ascribe to blood, or colour, or malformation of the skull and other causes, are really the faults of oppression and maltreatment :—

"Regarded by the Negro Slaves as only fit to be their drudges; despised by the Caffres, and by all the natives in a state of freedom; and represented by traders as scarcely possessing the human form, as the most filthy stupid beings in the world, as scarcely to be considered belonging to the human race, the Kat River now presents a scene of industry, sobriety, decency, not surpassed by the peasantry of any country in Europe. They are building themselves good houses, they are very decently clothed, their industry is admitted even by their enemies."

They travel considerable distances to attend worship—profiting much by their religious instruction; and their children, who are acute and intelligent, they send regularly to the mission schools.

With all his zeal for Protestantism, Mr. Buxton never swerved from the principles of religious liberty in regard to the Roman Catholics: he voted for Emancipation in 1829. And though sincerely attached to the Church of England, and anxious for its influence and stability, he voted for the Appropriation clause in the Irish Tithe Bill of the Whigs. In regard to the Established Church of Ireland, he gave eloquent expression to sentiments which are not even now without their importance and significance:—

"How has it been," he asked, "that truth itself, backed by a Protestant establishment, by a Protestant king, a Protestant army, a Protestant parliament—that truth itself, so far from advancing, has not kept her ground against error? My solution of the question is, that we have resorted to force where reason alone could prevail. We have forgotten that though the sword may do its work—mow down armies, and subdue nations—it cannot carry conviction to the understanding of men; nay, the very use of force tends to create a barrier to the

reception of that truth which it intends to promote. We have forgotten that there is something in the human breast—no base or sordid feeling, the same which makes a generous mind cleave with double affection to a distressed and injured friend, and which makes men cleave with tenfold fondness—deaf to reason, deaf to remonstrance, reckless of interest, prodigal of life—to a persecuted religion. I charge the failure of Protestant truth in converting the Irish, upon the head of Protestant ascendancy. \* \* \* \*

“I like the bill, and shall vote for it: first because tithe is adjusted; secondly, because stipend is to be measured by duty; thirdly, because education is to be granted. I like, and shall vote for the bill, lastly, because it bears no affinity to the old, overbearing system of Protestant ascendancy; and because, as I have so often said, it gives my faith fair play; because, at last, the Protestant religion will do herself justice. Stripped of her odious disguise, she will appear to the Irish what we know she is. She will appear in her natural, her peaceful, her charitable, her attractive character.”—P. 391.

In the same enlightened spirit he advocated the new system of National Education. By doing so he gave great offence to his Church friends, who ascribed to him the wish to destroy the Establishment; but had his views prevailed—had the Appropriation Clause not been weakly abandoned, not only would the Irish Church now rest upon a firmer foundation, not only would Protestantism have flourished more; but most of the difficulty which has since beset Irish Government would have been obviated; and particularly the serious embarrassments arising out of the Poor Law might have been avoided. What a long train of calamitous consequences may follow a single act of expediency imposed by the exigencies of party!

Though death had more than once made breaches in Mr. Buxton's family circle, and his parental affection, which was unusually strong, had to endure heavy shocks, yet no man could be happier in his domestic relations, or in the friends that surrounded him. Frequently in his private meditations and prayers, and in his correspondence, he breaks forth in earnest expressions of gratitude to God for the peculiar blessings thus conferred on him. Like other great men of simple character and genial spirit, he loved to unbend with little children, to mingle in their sports, and accommodate himself to their capacities; and accordingly he secured their confidence and love.

In 1837, he lost his election at Weymouth, because he refused to open public-houses, and “lend” money to the extent of £1000. This event caused much regret to his former supporters, who presented him with a gratifying testimonial.

From no less than twenty-seven different places were proposals made to him to stand as a candidate, but he felt at liberty to take advantage of the opportune repose afforded him, and accordingly declined them all. In 1839 and 1840, he made a journey through



France and Italy, during which he wrote a number of interesting letters, describing the scenes he passed through. At Rome he visited the prisons, and made valuable suggestions to the Pope and his ministers as to their improvement, which was greatly needed.

He returned to England in tolerable health, impatient to resume his African labours. A meeting to promote the civilisation of that continent was held on the 1st June, 1840, in Exeter Hall, Prince Albert in the chair. There was a great array of the nobility present, and the papers described it as a "most grand and magnificent display of national feeling." Mr. Buxton moved the first resolution.

Shortly after this meeting of the African Civilisation Society, Her Majesty conferred upon him the rank of a baronet, without any suggestion to that effect from his friends. No man was better entitled to such an honour. Though no longer in Parliament, he was still busy with his schemes for the good of mankind. But his health began to decline, and it was found necessary to restrain the activity of his temperament, in order to preserve his valuable life. His time, however, was come—he had fulfilled his course and done his work. His last days were spent in exercises of ardent devotion. His confessions of unworthiness and repentance were emphatic and often repeated, his trust in redeeming love unwavering, and his prayers most fervent. On its being remarked to him, when near his departure, that he had a firm hold on Christ, he replied in a clear and emphatic manner, "Yes, indeed I have! *unto eternal life.*"

"On the 19th February, 1844, he was very much exhausted, but tranquil in body and mind. Towards the afternoon, symptoms of increasing oppression returned; and as the evening advanced it was evident he was entering the valley of the shadow of death. He sank into a quiet sleep, his family collected round his bed—but no longer to be recognised by their honoured head: it was only to watch the peaceful departure of the spirit. He lay perfectly still, and about a quarter before ten o'clock, fell asleep in his Lord."—P. 589.

His remains were deposited in the ruined chancel of the little church of Overstrand. A few weeks after the death of Sir Fowell Buxton, a committee was formed for erecting a testimonial to his memory. The project was warmly approved. H.R.H. Prince Albert subscribed £50, and the sum of £2000 was raised. Of this the sable children of Africa, whom his labours had so greatly blessed, eagerly contributed £450, chiefly in pence and half-pence. The testimonial is to be a full-length statue, (executed by Mr. F. Thrupp,) to be placed between the monuments of Granville Sharp and William Wilberforce, in Westminster Abbey.

- ART. V.—1. *Die Seherin von Prevorst, etc.* Mitgetheilt von JUSTINUS KERNER. 3te Auflage. Stuttgart und Tübingen, 1838.
2. *Arcanes de la Vie Future dévoilés, etc.* Par M. ALPH. CAHAGNET. Paris, 1848.
3. *The Night Side of Nature.* By CATHERINE CROWE. In 2 volumes. London, 1848.

IN all ages and in every country, mankind, when alike unguided and untrammelled by a definite method of investigation, has exhibited the tendency to believe in the existence of unembodied spirits in general, and in that of disembodied human ones in particular. Nor has this belief or half-belief always been dissociated from the supposition that such spirits occasionally visit or revisit the earth, making themselves sensible to people yet in the flesh. It is upon the records of such apparitions, indeed, that it rests its claims as a part of the popular creed of the world. It appears that, according to the curious works now under review, both ghosts and ghost-seers are as plentiful and incontrovertible as ever. We are told that the force of public opinion, fashioned by the positive or rationalizing spirit of the ignorant present time, renders some of the seers and believers in ghosts afraid, and others of them ashamed to confess their experiences and convictions; but that there are multitudes of both these sorts of spiritualists in the society, of every grade and kind, of the miserable and sense-beclouded age in which we live! Moreover not only did Plato, Pliny, Henry More, Donne, Matthew Hale, Samuel Johnson, Addison and a host of other worthies believe in such appearances, but there is actually a band of living authors on the subject. Among 'the Germans,' Passavant and Eschenmayer and Ennemoser, to say nothing of Stilling and Kerner and Schubert, have all investigated this shadowy question in the character of believers; and no one, who knows anything of the former three of those men, will deny the great ability and vast erudition they bring to the discussion of their theories, whatever may be said of the weak-eyed mysticism of Schubert, Kerner and Jung-Stilling. Such is a brief statement of the most important fact of the existence of ghost-seers and ghost-believers, implying that of ghosts to see and believe in. Let us now take a glance at the other side of the subject.

There have always been Sadducees in the world, as well as in Jewry. There have everywhere existed Empirics, or men for experience, and not only in the schools of ancient Greece. It is these men who have ever been the bitterest enemies of the poor

ghost. True to the sensuous instinct, which shapes their purely phenomenal science, they have impetuously rejected the conception of unincorporated finite spirits, as at once nonentities and impossibilities. Admitting only phenomena, as observed by the healthy sensation and the healthy consciousness of the race; admitting only such phenomena, together with generalizations drawn from such phenomena, into their schemes of the universe, the appearance of incorporeal spirits to the sensibility of the human nervous system has infallibly and necessarily been excluded from their systems. This merely scientific generation of thinkers ignores the very evidence on the other side of the question as corrupted and useless; ghost-seeing being nothing but a disease, ghost-seers are incapable of stating their own case in a trustworthy manner. There is so much of truth in this way of thinking, that we find the ingenuous authoress of the *Night Side of Nature* confessing that, after all that has been experienced and written about ghosts and ghost-seeing, there is nothing like scientific evidence of the facts yet forthcoming. Full of faith and enthusiasm in the cause of apparitions though she is, she candidly allows that, so far as a scientific or empirical judgment is concerned, the whole subject still remains 'in the region of opinion.' Now the Sadducaic spirit gained the decided and all but supreme ascendancy over the mind of Europe in the course of the last century. Even those faithful souls who continued to hold by the mysteries of Christianity, and still more those who only thought they did or pretended to do so, acquired the habit of calling everything to the bar of concrete experience. Rationalism became the spirit of all criticism. Positivism was the exclusive methodology of the age. Wonders ceased, for everything was to be explained on natural principles. Miracles, witchcrafts, philosopher's stones, elixirs of life, powders of attraction, oracles and ghosts had been only dreams of the black night, or mirages of the grey morning; and they were now banished for ever from the horizon of life by the ascending sun of civilisation. This bringing down of every asserted thing to the measure of the sensuous experience of the age was easily put in execution upon ghostly apparitions. They were spectral illusions, they were coincidences, they were peculiar dreams, they were this and they were that. One thing was certain, at least, they were not ghosts. In fine, it became a mark of vulgarity to suppose for a moment they could be spirits. Accordingly it is true that, to the present hour, very few people can find courage enough even to raise the question!

In the meantime, however, a change has begun to come over the spirit of the time. The positive, experiential philosophy of the eighteenth century has been questioned. Both its methodo-

logy and its results have been being weighed in the balance and, in the sincere judgment of the ablest men of the new time, found miserably wanting. Accordingly all the pristine beliefs and objects of inquiry, which it had rejected with disdain, are now come in for re-examination. All its negative judgments are to be revised, ghost-seeing among the rest. Thoughtful men are no longer content with denial: they begin to see that the limited experiences of an individual, or of an individual age, constitute no criterion for those of another individual or another age. The best thinkers of the nineteenth century are becoming sceptics, in the sense of being considerers not deniers. The whole of society is as usual sharing the movement. There is a danger of the immethodical mind, indeed, swinging to the opposite extreme of unreflective credulity. Rash and incapable writers are showing the example of unlearning the lesson of the positive school or epoch, and going right back into the younger age, the more elementary school that preceded it. It is clear that the reconsideration of the ghost question is not now to be settled exactly as our grandfathers did it, and the views of our fathers to be left altogether out of the question, as if they, forsooth, had lived in vain. That were nothing less than a kind of dotage or second childhood of the human mind; a second childhood wanting the beauty, innocence and boundless promise of the first. Nobody that understands the government of God, or perceives the on-growing evolution of the destiny of mankind, can fail to perceive that positive science must be at least one of our guides in the renewed investigation of all this difficult and mysterious class of subjects. Not a step must be taken without it. It is because we lament to see this great principle wholly misunderstood among the mesmerists, oneirologists and pneumatologists of Germany, France, America and Great Britain, that we propose to devote a few pages to the discussion of the subject of ghosts and ghost-seers. It will furnish the reader with a clue to the method in which alone all such researches must be carried on, if they are to lead to satisfactory results; and it may also forewarn and forearm his mind against the rambling and unprincipled speculations of scientific fanatics.

Since, then, the inquiry is to be inexorably conducted on the inductive principle, let us begin with the facts of the case. Here it is once for all to be premised that the accurate and sufficient observation of the constituent facts of the universe is a most difficult, as it is an all-important department of science. Few people are aware of the extreme difficulty of the art of simple observation. That art consists not only in the ability to perceive the phenomena of nature through uncoloured eyes, but also of the talent to describe them in unobstructed and trans-

parent words. To observe properly in the very simplest of the physical sciences requires a long and severe training. No one knows this so feelingly as the great discoverer. Faraday once said that he always doubts his own observations. Mitscherlich, on one occasion, remarked to a man of science of our acquaintance that it takes fourteen years to discover and establish a single new fact in chemistry. An enthusiastic student one day betook himself to Baron Cuvier with the exhibition of a new organ, we think it was a muscle, which he supposed himself to have discovered in the body of some living creature or other; but the experienced and sagacious naturalist kindly bade the young man return to him with the same discovery in six months. The Baron would not even listen to the student's demonstration, nor examine his dissection, till the eager and youthful discoverer had hung over the object of inquiry for half-a-year; and yet that object was a mere thing of the senses! In a word, the records of physical science are full of instances in which genuine researchers, men formed by nature and trained by toil for the life of observation, have misstated the least complicated phenomena. Nor would the intelligent public not be amused, as well as astonished, if they only knew how very few of the noisy host of professing men of science, in even this matter-of-fact country, ever discover a single new fact; ever describe with irreversible fidelity a new phenomenon of any significance; ever add one true word to the written science of the world.

If, however, it be one of the hardest of problems to make observations with unbiassed simplicity, and useful accuracy on inorganic nature, the difficulty is greatly enhanced when there are superadded the phenomena of vitality to those of chemical affinity, mechanical cohesion and celestial gravitation, as is the case in the science of physiology. Mechanics is the science which was first brought to something like perfection; and the reason is obvious, for the phenomena with which it is conversant are not only the nearest to the senses of the observer, but they are the least complicated ones in creation. Then followed astronomy in the process of time; and then chemistry, the phenomena of which are still more complicated than those of the science of stars; and it is clear to every thoughtful and competent mind that physiology is now awaiting the consummation of chemistry. When the vast complexity of the science of physiology is considered with thoughtfulness, and when it is remembered that chemistry is still so far from perfection that the chemist cannot construct a particle of sugar, or any other organic substance, although he knows the exact quantities of charcoal and water of which it is composed, the reader will not be astonished to find that M. Comte, the amplest yet the most severe representative

of positive science that European influences have yet produced, speaks of the former department of knowledge as hardly yet within the bounds of positive science. He characterizes it as just emerging into that sphere.

But there is a science more intricate still than the physiology of organization. The phenomena of thought, emotion and passion fall within the reach of positive observation in the direct proportion in which these phenomena are connected with the nervous system, or cerebro-spinal axis, of those organisms in which they transpire. Not to intermeddle with the question of phrenology, and to unite the most diverse systems, we shall for the meantime call this possible science by the name of physio-psychology. Its object is, or shall be to investigate psychological or spiritual phenomena, in so far as such phenomena are dependent on the physiological condition of the brain, spinal cord and nervous systems. Something has already been done in this fifth or five-fold science already, something in the way of facts by the medical psychologists, something by the phrenologists, and something in the way of formulæ by the metaphysicians ; but very little after all. Still more than mere physiology, it is a science of the future. It is the most inextricable of all the physical departments ; for not only are its phenomena complicated with those of all the other physical sciences,—physiology, chemistry, astronomy and mechanics ; but it also stretches towards, and lies in the light of another world than that of atoms. To make accurate and profitable observations in this sphere of inquiry must be the most difficult of all earthly tasks of the sort. If the observer in chemistry or botany requires to be a man of long experience, great patience, precision and freedom, the observer in this high domain must be one of extraordinary extent and profundity of knowledge, entirely liberated from the dominion of hypothesis and opinion, calm, clear and belonging to the present day. It must be evident that this last requisite is essential. The names of Plato, Aristotle, Bacon or Newton are of no authority in this region, for it actually did not exist to the scientific consciousness of the times in which they lived. In fact, every past observation or narrative that may seem to belong to this science, but which cannot be repeated to-day, must go for nothing. This is the rule in all the other sciences ; or rather they have needed no rule about it, but the heroes of these sciences have instinctively begun anew, as soon as these sciences have become the definite objects of conscious methodical inquiry. Now, it is precisely in this elevated and exceedingly complicated province of investigation that the question of ghosts and ghost-seers is involved. It is in this shadowy border-land betwixt physiology proper and pure psychology that apparitions wander, be these

apparitions what they may. This is the sole haunt and region of all such questionable shapes. The amount of acquaintance with all the inferior strata of science, and the degree of skill in the disentangling of scientific intricacies, which are absolutely indispensable for anything like a successful inquiry in these perilous shades of nature, must be equally rare and extraordinary. It was quite impossible even to enter this field of research till the present age, in the course of which the inferior sciences, as they may be denominated for the moment, have reached something like a consummation. Indeed it is probable, if not certain, that the physiology of the nervous system is not yet sufficiently advanced for the purpose under discussion ; although it may be time to be collecting instances, and classifying them for ulterior methodization, just as physiology was begun long before chemistry approached perfection. The tenor of the foregoing observations is at any rate utterly to destroy the value of all former observations, that is of all old ghost-stories, in so far as anything like science is concerned. It is highly creditable to the author of the third of those works, which have suggested these remarks, that this principle is distinctly recognised in it ; and that even in connexion with the contemporaneous cases which are there related. Nor was this confession unnecessary, for this large and interesting collection of physio-psychological wonders is not a whit better than its predecessors in this particular respect. Its merit consists in the vivid, forcible, idiomatic and memorable way in which it is written. It contains a fund of lively and somewhat impressive reading, and it will be very extensively read. But its scientific value is nothing. It wants dates, names, medical observations, circumstances, analyses of the physical and spiritual characters of the seers, as well as those of the narrators, and all those searching details which are necessary to a methodical comparison of instances. There is not a single point of solidity for the man of induction to plant his foot upon for the purpose of taking his first step. The whole fabric sinks away from him like clouds.

It is not to be concluded, however, that books of this sort are totally without value of any kind, although they are possessed of no utility whatever in relation to science. They may conduce to make the unscientific but profound impression on the mind of the reader, that there is some actual basis in nature for such things as they record ; such things as presentiments, warning-dreams, wraith-seeing and ghost-seeing. The multitude of the cases narrated, their constant recurrence in all times and places, their extreme similarity in all sorts of local and temporary circumstances, and the fact published in the works now under review that enormities of the kind are quite as rife in our own

days, and in our own houses, and among our own friends, as ever they were, combine to indicate the great, broad, common under-ground of some vast and complicated order of neglected and misunderstood phenomena.

Although our rigour concerning the collecting of facts in this ambiguous science of physio-psychology cannot well be exceeded, and although as men of science we cannot relax our demands an iota in that respect, we are willing, with the help of faith and fancy as well as charity, to suppose that every word in such ghost-books is not only morally, but also scientifically true: we shall voluntarily labour under this illusion, until we shall have said whatever else is necessary to the understanding of the question that lies beyond the so-called facts. The reader will observe, upon the very threshold of this second department of the subject, that the mere fact of all these seemings or phenomena does by no means imply the theory either of spectral illusions or of ghosts. The conception of spectral illusions on one hand, and that of ghosts on the other, are devices of the human mind, contrived for the purpose of explaining the appearances in question. The vast majority of those who read such books as the *Invisible World Displayed*, are no doubt accustomed to think that, if the truth of the stories be established, there is no longer any room to doubt the visitation of spirits. They leap at once from the wonder to the ghost, not observing that the ghost is only one way among many possible ones of explaining the wonder. The medical mind of this age, again, being acquainted with the fact of sensuous illusions in deliriums and other cerebral disorders, refers it as instinctively and as instantaneously to the illusion of the senses. The ghost of the vulgar and the spectre of the medical theorist are equally hypothetical. Neither of them is in the phenomena; they are both inventions of the mind perplexed by extraordinary appearances; they are rival hypotheses of the same fact. Two night wanderers see a high and glimmering light in the distance; one of them thinks it is on the top of a tower at sea, the other that it is upon the summit of an inland hill; the tower and the hill are the things they severally put under the flame in order to hold it up; by his separate supposition the mind of each understands the remote appearance, and he may guide himself accordingly. Both of them, however, may be wrong. It may be neither a lighthouse nor a beacon-fire; it may be one of many other things. It is precisely the same with the unusual appearances at present under supposititious discussion. They may be neither popular ghosts nor medical spectres. In these circumstances it may be neither uninteresting nor unprofitable to question both of these opinions somewhat closely; it will at least amuse the spirits, and exercise the speculative intel-



lect of our patient readers. In deference to the science of the day, and courteously presuming that they are the more likely to be near the truth, the medical spectres fall to be examined first.

In the healthy condition of the eye, the optic nerve and the brain, the phenomenon of sight may be represented in parts. There is first the visible object, say a tree, sending green and other rays of light to the surface of the cornea or first glass of the eyeball; there is then that light so refracted within the eye, by its glasses, humours and lenses, as to form an image of the tree upon the retina, precisely like that which is caught upon the white table of a camera obscura; and, in the third place, this image is invariably followed by the perception of a tree. It is particularly to be observed that we do not see the image; we do not suspect its existence till science discovers it; and even after it is found out by anatomists and opticians, it is in vain that we endeavour to descry its tiny form. It is the tall pine, or the enormous oak alone that we behold. It can only be stated as an ultimate fact, that such a picture in miniature of a great tree upon the sound retina of an eye is the cause of the perception of the tree by the creature that owns the eye. To borrow from Hartley, and accept a hint from all the physical sciences of which anything is known, the process by which this stupendous result is effected, may meanwhile be formulated as a vibratory movement instituted among the fibrils of the optic nerve and brain by the image on the retina, propagated from without inwards. This is not an explanation. It is not meant even as a hypothesis. It is employed solely as a formula, as a symbol, as  $x$ ,  $y$  or  $z$  is used in algebra. All that is positive in it is contained in the words *propagated from without inwards*; that phrase resembles the little figure two or three in  $x^2$  or  $y^3$ ; and no one can object to it, for certainly, be the image's influence on the retina what it may, it is at least shed inwards.

Nor will this be thought a useless commonplace, when it is remembered that memory can reproduce the perception of the tree as well as light; memory whether voluntary or associative. The eye shut, one can see the tree a second time. That second sight of anything formerly seen with the help of light is, in some circumstances, so vivid and lifelike as to puzzle the will. In the case of painters, and such as are possessed of delicate optical organizations, the lucidity of these secondary images is one of the inferior secrets of power. In truth, the second-seeing sensibility, of which this is a species, is the bodily essential of every kind of artist, from the poet round to the sculptor; and indeed of the man of genius in general. Now, as little is known of the mechanism of this wonderful pro-

cess as of that of the first sight of things. Yet it seems very clear that it consists in part of the inversion of the latter one. It depends, in its physical contingency, on a vibratory motion (to speak algebraically again) *propagated from within outwards*: and, in the instance of any one object, first seen then remembered, on the *same* vibratory motion, that is the same  $x$ ,  $y$  or  $z$ . The condition which seems to limit these images of the memory, at least among men as we find them, is a degree of clearness much inferior to that of direct sight. The tree of memory, the tree of the association of ideas, is generally but a faint reflection of that which the eye saw. The nearer they come to one another, there is the more of one element of the artist, for the poet is the 'lightly moved' as well as the 'all-conceiving' man. In following out these hints concerning the physical nature of the poet, the reader must generalize for himself; for the present argument does not permit a digression from the organs of sense, and the remembrance or reproduction of their products. In Blake, the painter and mystic poet, this propagation from within outwards was so intense as to paint the absent and the dead visibly before him. Whatever images he remembered in whole, or constructed out of parts drawn from memory, reached the retina from within with outlines so clear, light and shade so unmistakable, and colours so true that he could not but believe that he saw them face to face. It was in this way that Sir William Wallace, King Robert Bruce, and several of the heroes of antiquity stood before him while he painted their portraits with equal innocence, enthusiasm and poetical fidelity. There is a poet in Edinburgh, who not unfrequently awakes with the remanent image of some scene from dreamland in his eye, and it is some time till it evanesces. In fact, everybody has experienced this sort of thing, if not in health, at least in delirium; if not awake, at least asleep. There is a state of nervous system brought on by the long and inordinate use of alcohol, in which the unfortunate victim cannot disentangle himself from these images of the associative principle or the involuntary memory. He cannot distinguish between the real objects around him and those second-sights of his; and he is actually more loyal to the latter, as might be expected in a morbidly self-sensitive frame of body. The case of the maniac needs scarcely be added to these illustrations of the inverted identity of second and first sensations of things in their purely physical contingencies; for it is only of these contingencies that there is any question at present. Lastly, there is that peculiar condition of the system, in which a person apparently in good health, but in reality disordered, however obscurely, is visited by what are more ordinarily called spectral illusions. There are innumerable cases of this sort on

record. Abercrombie and Hibbert, Ferriar and Macnish, Feuchterleben and Combe, and in fact the medical psychologists of every age and country are full of them. Every reader is familiar with them. Suffice it in this place, then, that these illusions are different in no essential respect from those of mania, delirium tremens, common delirium and dream. Nor do any of them differ materially from the landscapes of the Edinburgh poet, or the unwearied sitters of the happy Blake. There is in reality no difference in kind between all of them together, on one hand, and the dimmest instance of second sight or remembered sensation that ever transpired in the brain of a clodpole on the other. The latter could be converted into the like of any one of the former by the modification or intensification, in this degree and in that, of the  $x$ ,  $y$  or  $z$ , *propagated from within outwards*. In a word, let  $x$ ,  $y$  or  $z$  be exalted in tension to such a degree as to equal the vividness of an actual image in an ordinary and healthy man, and there is furnished the physical condition of a sensuous hallucination; and that whether the intensification be produced by the abatement of other influences, as in dreams; or by actual inflammation, as in *mania* or delirium; or by compositions of these two, as is likely in all the other examples. Such, in fine, is the fact and the theory of the medical spectre, and it is now time to see how it confronts the popular ghost.

It is evident that the employment of this well-known fact and principle of the sensuous illusion, for the purpose of explaining away the innumerable narratives concerning spiritual apparitions that are current in the world, is both feasible and ingenious. It is the first thing that occurs to the scientific mind indeed; and there is no doubt that the more a physician or a psychologist is acquainted with the boundless variety of disease in general, and of morbid nervous manifestations in particular, the more will he cling to this solution of ghost stories. It is at once his instinct and his habit to hold by analogy, and to render the unknown intelligible by union with the known. The popular mind perceives, or reads about an apparition, and at once concludes it is a ghost, without reflection worthy of the name, without definition, and therefore without intelligibility. The medical denier has a great advantage over the credulous layman. His opinion is pronounced with some reflection at least, even if it eventually prove to have been too little; it contains a well-defined conception, and it is perfectly intelligible. But although it is clear and considered, it is quite possible that it may be wrong; and that either in the way of being altogether irrelevant, or in that of being only a part of the whole truth of the case. This can be determined only by a rigorous induction of instances; but we have already expressed

our opinion, along with good reasons for it, that there is yet no set of observed facts in this region of inquiry worth a single straw in the estimation of inflexible science. Accordingly our task as critics is properly speaking at an end, for no more can be said upon the subject till some one compare before the public with an orderly and definite edifice of new observations. But we are to suppose that ghost stories are not only founded in truth, as they undoubtedly are, but that the popular accounts of them are circumstantially correct; a thing which nobody who knows anything of the history of the scientific statement of the facts of nature will ever believe. Be it supposed, however, for the sake of the discussion.

The simplest, and perhaps the most beautiful kind of the narratives under review, is that of wraiths. Can the medical spectre explain the wraith? The ordinary manner in which the wraith is said to be seen is very affecting. One dies, or is killed by accident, or is murdered; and at the very hour in which his dissolution is transpiring, an image of him flits before some absent friend in another city, in another country, or even in another quarter of the globe, who knows absolutely nothing of the circumstances of extremity under which the sufferer succumbs.

“Very lately,” says our modern lady-patroness of the world of spirits, “a gentleman living in Edinburgh, whilst sitting with his wife, suddenly arose from his seat, and advanced towards the door with his hand extended, as if about to welcome a visitor. On his wife’s inquiring what he was about, he answered that he had seen so-and-so enter the room. She had seen nobody. A day or two afterwards the post brought a letter announcing the death of the person seen.”—Vol. i. p. 240.

“Mr. H., an eminent artist, was walking arm in arm with a friend in Edinburgh, when he suddenly left him, saying, ‘Oh, there’s my brother!’ He had seen him with the utmost distinctness, but was confounded by losing sight of him, without being able to ascertain whither he had vanished. News came, ere long, that at that precise period his brother had died.”—Vol. i. p. 237.

“A Scotch minister went to visit a friend, who was dangerously ill. After sitting with the invalid for some time, he left him to take some rest, and went below. He had been reading in the library some little time, when on looking up, he saw the sick man standing at the door. ‘God bless me,’ he cried, starting up, ‘how can you be so imprudent?’ The figure disappeared; and hastening up stairs he found his friend had expired.”—P. 238.

Such are the appearances called wraiths. They seem to steal along the streets, and into the freestone houses of Edinburgh, as numerous as they glide up Highland glens, and hover around

Highland sheilings. It is said that there is a venerable man of science in Great Britain, a man of European reputation, who never loses a friend, or even an intimate acquaintance, but he sees a "fetch." We never saw such a thing, nor did we ever hear anybody say he had ever seen one; but everybody seems to know somebody who knows that somebody else has done so. In fact, the examples of this sort of thing which have been published are not few, and those which are withheld from publicity by the fear of enlightened opinion are quite innumerable, it would appear. It is upon the number of cases in truth, and on the complete similarity of them all, that belief in them can be most securely grounded. If there were only a few instances, they might be attributable by the doctrine of chances, to coincidence. It is with the aid of the conception of coincidence, indeed, that Hibbert and the medical theorists explain them away. Nor can it be denied that, until it be known how many unsubstantial images of absent friends are not coincident with the deaths of these friends, it cannot be demonstrated that the number of coincidences is too great for the doctrine of chances. The synchronism of the apparition with the hour of death is the important point here, and it is the only one. Yet no man is in a condition to settle it scientifically: and it never will be settled until all the apparitions of absent friends, occurring during a given time throughout a given population, shall be collected, and until the number of these which were coincident with deaths be thereafter eliminated. The proportion of the coincidences to the negations will show whether the former can be comprehended under the doctrine of chances. Until this vast and difficult collection and comparison of instances be undertaken and completed, no scientific judgment can be pronounced. Does this seem to be too great a demand of evidence? Let the reader consider the enormous schemes of observation which are necessary to determine astronomical results. Let him remember how many long years of toilsome experimentation is necessary to the establishment of some central fact in chemistry. Yet these are physical subjects, and not once to be compared in intricacy with the occult phenomena of that manifold epitome of nature, the body of man. Nor would such an enterprise be hopeless if it were an attainable one, for the positive number of coincident cases (while nothing is known concerning their comparative number) is apparently so great as to insinuate the suspicion that the apparitions are actually connected with the deaths of those who appear. This is all that can be claimed indeed; but we are quite forgetting that we have agreed to consider everything in these narratives as if it were already proved.

It is clear, then, that the present theory of sensuous illusion

cannot explain, for it does not embrace, the connexion of the decease of the absent, and sometimes very far distant person, with the appearance of an image of him at that very time. If the apparition of Mr. H.'s brother was a spectral illusion, why did that illusion come upon the survivor at that particular time? This is generally thought a triumphant question by the believers in ghosts. But it is not so. It only shows that, on the gratuitous supposition that the coincidence is not mere coincidence—a supposition which has been made for the sake of the argument—sensuous illusion is not the whole of the phenomenon. It may still be a part of it; and we shall return to this conception in the sequel; the conception, namely, that wraiths, doubles and ghosts are all spectral illusions, *combined with something else*. But it is necessary first to discuss the popular theory of all these things, or rather the imaginative solvent of them, which pretends to be a theory in certain high places; for it is by no means confined to the vulgar, as has already been hinted. It is even beginning to swagger like a young science: it is learning the use of big resounding words: it is arming itself with something like a technical terminology: and in a word we must fight it.

The popular conception of a spirit then, as it has been more artistically, if not more scientifically figured by people of refinement, is the following; or rather something like it, for it is not easy to describe the vague and indefinite image now under consideration. It seems to be essentially dependent on the division of a man into three parts; body, soul and spirit. This analysis is almost universally made by the popular mind, and it is very ancient. Professor Bush has made an elaborate induction of all the anthropological language of the Old and New Testaments, and has come to the conclusion that it is implied in the Bible. Guided by that induction, considering that it is the part of the Scriptures to teach the true view of the constitution of man, although astronomy, geology and medicine are beyond their province, and availing himself of some of the questionable results of modern science, that fanciful orientalist has fashioned the popular notion of a human being into a proposition. He represents the shapeless spirit as embodied in the soul, an ethereal entity affecting the form of the body; and that soul, with its indwelling spirit, as incarnated in the body. Proceeding from without inwards, there is the body first, then the etheriform soul, and lastly the spirit. When the earthly house of this tabernacle, the body, is dissolved by death, we have a house with God, the soul of ether, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. This unfleshed, psychical frame is invisible to the ordinary eye; but it is visible to some peculiar individuals, or to some peculiar individuals when in a peculiar state of nervous system; or it is percep-

tible by a supposed universal sense in them, and thence translated into the visible species of that general sense : for there are endless refinements and subtleties among those adventurous men who, in a thing of sheer concrete science, if ever such thing were, abandon the method of positive observation, and give themselves over to system building.

This view, if it could only be admitted with all its suppositions within suppositions, 'laborious orient ivory sphere in sphere,' would of course explain the whole night side of nature at once. It is the popular one invested with the pomp and circumstance of technicality. It is that which is implied in the pneumatology of Swedenborg, that greatest, purest, most accomplished and most philosophical of hallucinators. It is that of the somnambulists of Mesmer and his disciples. It is also that of the poets. English literature, to say nothing of the ancient and foreign muse, abounds in descriptions of this psychical configuration ; for we will not call it a spiritual body, simply because it does not seem to find any countenance whatever in the prophecy of St. Paul. It is the legitimate child of poetry, and lying in the bosom of its mother, it is not without its beauty. Take Shelley's graceful picture of the soul of Ianthe,—

Sudden arose  
 Ianthe's soul ; it stood  
 All beautiful in naked purity,  
 The perfect semblance of its bodily frame.  
 Instinct with inexpressible beauty and grace,  
 Each stain of earthliness  
 Had passed away ; it re-assumed  
 Its native dignity, and stood  
 Immortal amid ruin.  
 \* \* \* 'twas a sight  
 Of wonder to behold the body and the soul.  
 The selfsame lineaments, the same  
 Marks of identity were there ;  
 Yet, oh how different !

It is painful to disturb this fair image, and torment it with all the vulgar and inexorable tests of physical science. Nor shall we do so. Let it live for ever in the consecrated home of the imagination. It is not this fine ethereal creation of the poet that is to be questioned ; it is the thin etheriform fabrication of those who believe in ghosts. It will be interesting to all, and useful to some minds to see how all the conceivable modifications of this view can stand the scrutiny of physical and psychical science.

It is very obvious then, that if these so-called ghosts or psychical

bodies be anything at all, they must be either material or spiritual, unless some third kind of existence can be demonstrated to be actually in the universe. If they be material, they must be solid, liquid or gasiform ; or at least one of the modifications or combinations of these forms of matter. In truth, it is subsumed even by the ghost-mongers, as they are called by Archdeacon Hare, that they are neither solid nor liquid, so that the gaseous or vaporiform shapes are the only ones that remain for them. Now vapours or gases they cannot be, for these simple and irresistible reasons. Neither a gas nor a vapour can permanently bound a figure, even of the most irregular or cloudlike species, within our atmosphere. There is a principle of diffusion which forbids it. Two masses of aeriform matter cannot remain in contact. Instantly one such sensible form is brought into contact with another, they begin to melt away into each other. Dalton discovered many years ago that one gas acts as a vacuum to another, and Mr. Graham has eliminated the rate of that kind of mutual dissolution with his wonted precision. There is no exception to the law ; and a most beautiful and beneficent one it is, for it is in virtue of it that the carbonic acid of the atmosphere does not sink below the oxygen and nitrogen, like water below oil, and suffocate the organic kingdoms of nature. A man made of air could not consist in integrity one moment in an atmosphere of any sort whatever ; and the more ethereal the thin substance, which such a figure might be supposed to be composed of, the more rapidly would it vanish. Nor would the incoherent speculator improve his position by insinuating that there may be, or even that there probably is, a finer kind of matter than even hydrogen, the lightest of the gases, for the etheriform body thus invented were only still more stringently subject to this great ordinance of the Creator. If, on the other hand, it were to be surmised by ' those of the opposite faction,' that the force of vital affinity may possibly raise their favourite images above the control of a physical rule, just as the vital force of the body of flesh renders it not amenable to the apparent laws of chemical decomposition, the new defence would be no better than ' a weak invention of the enemy.' Organization does not defy chemical affinity at all. It only unites with it in the production of proximate principles, which do not indeed exist in the mineral world, but the composition and constitution of which are strictly regulated by chemical forces and proportions. Does its vitality hinder a plant or an animal from being burnt to ashes ? Do not oil of vitriol and caustic proceed at once to destroy the stoutest organization in the world ? Can the power of life interfere with a man's falling with accumulating velocity to the ground, if he trip himself upon the edge of a precipice ? In one word, the vital



forces operate always in consentaneity with, never in opposition to the laws of chemistry and mechanics.

Supposing these 'erring and extravagant spirits' to be composed of spiritual substance, to use the correct phraseology of the Westminster Divines, the difficulty of the ghost-lover is only enhanced. A part of the essential definition of spirit is the simple negation that it is insensible. It cannot be literally seen, else it is not spiritual. But our ingenious English authoress seems to conjecture that the spirits of the dead have the power of investing themselves with an ethereal body of some kind, which they cannot maintain for any length of time, and so it speedily vanishes. She appears to think that a supposition of this sort is necessary in order to explain the dress of the poor soul who visits the pale glimpses of the moon most usually, if not always, 'in his habit as he lived,' the ghost of a robe, or of a scroll of paper being too much of a good thing even for the eye of an enthusiast. If we have understood our authoress in this, it must be said at once that it is nothing short of enduing a finite creature with an infinite or divine power; but the opinions in the work under review are so shadowy and intangible, except when daily human nature is the subject of them, that we cannot be confident of having seized the meaning of our interesting opinionist in this instance. Perhaps there is meant to be expressed, in the passages referred to, another conjecture, which we remember to have seen in an article on the *Seeress of Prevorst* some years ago. That hypothesis was to the effect that a departed spirit may have the power of communicating an impulse to the spirit of a living man, not through his senses, but without any bodily mediation at all, and that such an impulse, acting from within outwards on the brain and nerves of sense, might fashion a spectral illusion, which would in this way have its foundation in reality, although, so far as the eye were concerned, a sensuous illusion. This is the only clear thought we have ever met on the ghostly side of the question. The Christian and the disciples of that school of theanthropists, of which Emerson is an excellent example, as well as all poets, entertain the assured belief that God works upon man while yet in the flesh otherwise than through the senses, and without any corporeal mediation whatever. With all the force of that great truth in its favour, the difficulties in the way of accepting this view, even as a just conception, are quite overwhelming. In the first place, God can mould and change the creatures of his might as he wills; almighty power, and almighty power alone, exalts the possessor above law. The poor ghost must work in sweet consent with the laws of God, or else not work at all. In the second place, God never operates through the spirit of man in the way of producing sensuous illusions, excepting of

course in the sense in which every illusion, as well as every reality, is the work of the Divine Being ; so that the analogy is only the ghost of one after all. Again, a finite spirit has no part in space. God is everywhere, or rather everything is always present to Him ; but everything is not present to the finite spirit. The finite spirit is not everywhere. Place cannot be predicated of it, till it be re-embodied ; and it has been shown that it is not re-embodied within our atmosphere. Yet the ghosts of Kerner, Cahagnet, and all the authors on their side of the question, infest particular places, as well as come at particular hours, and frighten particular people ; the people being generally either in a visibly morbid condition, or the members of ghost-seeing families, the hours twilight and the witching time of night, and the places being houses where terrible things have some time or other transpired. Accordingly the subtle supposition we are now contesting can find neither the support of a single analogy in the domain of ascending science, nor the countenance of one definite idea in philosophy. Experience in the other regions of human inquiry, the understanding of the individual, and the common reason of the race, combine to disown it. Nor must it be forgotten, in addition to these irreversible considerations, that the burden of proving all the fantastic conjectures, which have just been examined, lies with those very inventive people who construct them, and those very easily contented ones who give them welcome to their minds.

There has been only one other view of these ghosts referred to. It is possible, or rather it is probable, that such analysts of man into three elements, as Professor Bush, may maintain the opinion that there are three kinds of substance in the universe. It may be suggested that there exist not only matter and spirit, but a substance which is neither of them. It is almost implied in the partition of human nature into body, soul and spirit, that there is such an entity as psychical substance, the substance of which the supposed soul is made ; using the word substance in its philosophical sense, of course, and not in its popular one. No one, however, has been careful to define such a substance ; for it is no definition to say that a thing is not matter and not spirit. As the definition of matter is not that it is the negative of spirit, and as that of spirit is not that it is the negative of matter ; but as each of these two substances has its positive qualities in addition to those which inhere in it as the opposite of the other, so we await the affirmative definition of this hypothetical thing. The question cannot be entertained till a positive definition be forthcoming. Yet it is needless to hold the willing disciples of these discoverers in suspense ; for it is as evident as anything can be that, be it eventually defined and qualified as it may, the very

same objections as apply to the supposition of a spirit's direct or indirect appearance to a bodily man, withstand that of this conjectural frame, composed of any conjectural psychical substance whatever. It may be just as well perhaps to suggest to the young or untrained inquirer our own belief—it would sound uncharitably to say our certain knowledge—that the psychical body, or nerve-spirit, or whatever else these new scholars may choose to name it, is nothing but the abstract conception of the phenomenal unity or *tertium-quid*, which results from the combination of the body and the spirit, and that solidified for the understanding by the fancy. It is like the phlogiston of the old chemists, a fictitious thing endowed with incredible no-properties; it is like the caloric of the new ones, a supposititious substance invested with qualities the most unsubstantial. Nascent science is prone to the suffiction of entities where entities are not required; but popular opinion is incomparably more so, and especially the opinion of people possessed of more sensibility than judgment. It is particularly to the purpose, also, in the present instance, to observe that the most judicious are apt to be bribed into inconsequence when the heart is retained on the side of nonsense in the Court of Common Pleas. Our English writer, for example, is enamoured of her revenants and restants, because they convey the dear assurance of a world to come to her soul: The purpose of the Night Side of Nature is the conveyance of that blessed conviction to other minds. The motive principle of all her sedulity and eloquence is a highly honourable one, but it is mistaken. He who spake as never man spake teaches in another way: 'If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead.' We trust, however, that our interesting enthusiast is really accustomed to rest her hope of immortality on grounds which are deeper and more immovable than these phenomenal and outward shows. Many people, and especially women, believe the great doctrines of humanity in the right way, while they argue for their belief in a wrong one. Like children, soft and true, they stand as firmly on the ground as they need to do, although they know nothing of the law of gravitation.

What then is to be said about all these strange stories, drawn from the three greatest countries in Europe? Rejecting the spectre-theory as insufficient, always assuming for the sake of discussion that there are no fallacies of narration about them; and dismissing the ghost-theory as incoherent, where shall one find a clue to the perplexity? Wisdom unites with the past history of science to warn the investigator against premature hypothesis. The facts must first be determined with experimental severity, and then co-ordinated with the slow care of the naturalist, before

the dynamics of the inquiry can be approached with hope. The world must learn to wait. It waited four thousand years for Kepler and Bacon, and still longer for Dalton and Kant; and neither the scientific nor the philosophical spirit of the present age is nearly ready to eliminate the secret process of these wonderful phenomena. We are serious, for it is a grave subject. There are things related simply, soberly, and with great show of evidence, in the three works now before us, which the ingenuous mind cannot dismiss with either a smile or a sneer; which the man of science can neither explain, nor explain away; which the philosopher can no more deduce from his ideas than he can assimilate them with his system.

The *Seeress of Prevorst* has been long before the German public, and is written by Justinus Kerner, a painstaking physician, a lyric poet, somewhat of an idealist in philosophy, and a pious Christian of the evangelical school. It was introduced to the British reader a few years ago by an English gentlewoman, widely reputed for her novels of remorselessly real life, at that time a thorough realist in philosophy, and a person whose goodness has never assumed the form which is ordinarily called piety at all. Kerner is a good, honest, learned soul; of a considerably attenuated constitution of mind, but possessed of a heart overflowing with love and courage. His translator, on the other hand, is one of the shrewdest of women, remarkable for common sense in common things, and prone to naturalism, even now that she has donned a little mysticism, and become the authoress of the *Night Side of Nature*. Yet the lyrical physician of Weinsberg and the English novelist do touch one another at several points of their respective characters. They are both independent of every earthly consideration but their convictions of the truth. They are equally eager for the investigation of any new facts, in how questionable a guise soever they may come, which may perhaps let in some more light upon the darkness by which they both feel, although standing in such different points of view, the mystery of life to be encompassed. In fine, they both love the wonderful. As for the work itself it is by no means an easy task to give an account of its contents. It is the detail of a multitude of singular phenomena displayed during years of suffering, evidently from some radical derangement of the whole nervous system, by Frederica Hauffe, a native of Prevorst in the Highlands of Wirtemberg. It is beaded with numerous citations from Plato, Van Helmont, Schelling, Ennemoser, Eschenmayer, Böhm, Swedenborg and other distinguished mystics in philosophy and theology. The story of the poor creature appears at first sight to countenance the reality of many things, which the positive science of modern times has

either swept away, or explained upon well known natural principles. The seeress was visited by presentiments which seemed to be subsequently verified; she had dreams which were apparently fulfilled; she saw into the human frame, describing the nerves of the body, and prescribing for herself and others with something like success; and she drew without instruments the most accurate and complicated of spherical diagrams in order to express some of her unique experiences. She was attended by a guardian spirit, who solaced, guided and protected her; having ministered so particularly to the down-smitten patient as to withdraw hurtful objects from her neighbourhood. The law of gravity was suspended in her favour, and it was in vain that her attendants attempted to keep her under water. In addition to all these marvels she sang extempore hymns and spoke in unknown tongues. In a word, the whole case as stated by Kerner, involves the reality of prophetic dreams, amulets, the swimming of witches, the apparition of departed spirits, a possible communion on the part of men with the innermost secrets of inorganic nature, and the gift of tongues. But above all, the seeress revealed, and Kerner believes, that the world of spirits is interdiffused through the one we inhabit. She conferred with angels, saints and woful spirits face to face.

Our readers will smile at all this; and so do we, but it is not with disdain. It is with eager curiosity to know the real meaning of such things. This is not the first nor the fiftieth instance of this sort of narration. M. Cahagnet's *Arcanes* is a work of the same kind; and he seems to be an ingenuous creature too, belonging to the French or rather the Parisian school of scientific mystics, as Kerner is a disciple of the German school of philosophical ones; using the substantive term not in its old Greek meaning, but in its new sinister signification. The authoress of the *Night Side* is a great accession to the cause of Kerner and Cahagnet. She has furnished the most readable book of the three. Although all the speculative portions of the work are simply incoherent, the religious and moral observations in it are frequently excellent, and all the narrative is first-rate. Its merits in the last respect will secure it a very large number of readers. Such is this segment of the literature of angelology. There has been no need of making extracts from it, for really everybody knows the sort of things which are woven into stories of ghosts, doubles and haunted houses, so that these books will replenish the memory quite as much as they will occupy the attention.

Although, however, it is not easy, nor perhaps possible to propose a rationale, which should reduce the chaos of this psychophysiological department of inquiry to order and intelligibility,

it may not be so difficult to indicate the directions in which light is likely to arise upon it. As the subject is distinctly of a two-fold character, and lies in the twilight rather than in the night of nature, there are two quarters on which the investigator must bend his cautious eye. There is the fact of sensuous illusion, not necessarily confined to the sense of sight, but extended to those of hearing, and even of touch, which is manifestly never absent in these phenomena; and there is the unknown fact or process, which initiates such more than ordinary illusions, and renders them so specific and determinate that they are sometimes presentimental, sometimes representative, and sometimes retrospective of actual future, distant or past persons. It is not impossible that the unknown quantity in the equation is to be found in the region of nervous sympathy. The doctrine of sympathy and antipathy has fallen into too much neglect among the regulars of science. It feels too mystical for the sensuous and numerical spirit of the present stage of positive research, a spirit so statical and even gross, that it is remarkable to find that no one has proposed the supposition that the force of gravitation is a new imponderable! 'This too, too solid flesh,' is impeding the development of those more dynamical notions of nature, which have notwithstanding begun to germinate within the more logical minds of the time. The notion of one nervous system acting upon another one at a distance, or otherwise than through the five senses, is hardly admitted in these days. Yet Bacon not only believed in such a thing, but proposed experiments to limit and determine its results. That great clear-seer, we remember, suggests among other things that two lovers should record all the critical movements transpiring within them during a time of separation, and afterwards compare their notes and dates with the view of discovering whether they seemed to have been affected by one another. It is unfortunate for this proposal that the fact of conscious observation of one's self is the death of true emotion; and it is little short of monstrous to think of a soft spontaneous woman, her heart almost in pain with budding hopes, with her note-book on the pillow beside her wakeful little head, to write down the minute, hour and day of this tender agitation, and of that, in the radiance of a rush-light! But the Baconian or scientific apprehension of the physio-psychological relation between absent friends is not necessarily absurd.

If some great catastrophe were to take place within the limit of the sun, the shock would be communicated to the earth, which would answer the appeal to its gravitative and other cosmical sympathies. But what if sun and earth had been a pair of palpitating, mobile, vibrant nervous systems, the organs of sensations that stretch through countless solar systems and many a firmament,

the ministers of 'thoughts that wander through eternity,' the vehicles of emotions that embrace Almighty God?—Nor is the application of this illustration to the wraith, to take the least complicated case of ghost-seeing, very far-fetched. The brother of Mr. H. is dying, the last great change is passing over his frame, it is being shaken into the dust again. The excellent painter, a man of the most tremulous sensibility, unweeting of the dire catastrophe that is rocking the fraternal nervous system to the centre, is yet interiorly and secretly commoved by the event; but he does not understand or even observe the latent trouble of his marrow, until it throw itself down upon the eye as a spectre, and he exclaims, 'There's my brother!' It is more difficult indeed to put this construction upon the stories of haunted houses, and some of the other curiosities of literature, which are faithfully narrated by our German, French and English authors. Nor is it either necessary or advisable to do so, for we have no theory to support; even in the instance of the wraith we are but sceptics in the sense of being considerers; and it was our present purpose to do no more than offer a hint to minds more inquisitive than our own. As to the ultimate solution of the question, it is at all events our assured belief that it will never be effected until some great and comprehensive medical psychologist, not of the merely phrenological, not of the purely psychological, but of the physio-psychological school, shall devote a lifetime to its investigation. A lucid thinker like Feuchterleben, with equally vast stores of information, equally Catholic canons of criticism, and equally enormous learning, but with more originality of spirit, with more of that poetic quality by which all great discoverers have been notoriously distinguished from the erudite artisans and the busy dilettants of science, with more imaginative insight, would find this sphere of research full of noble results. So extensive and perplexed indeed is the whole subject, that the union of two energetic researchers, one of them a physiologist, the other a philosopher, and both psychologists, a pair of men like Reil and Hoffbauer, would render us still more sanguine of the speedy clearing up of the mystery. At all events, it is with students like these alone that we are willing to leave the inquiry; and we do so with hope.

There is one conclusion, however, to which the wisely sceptical student of ghosts, spectres, prophetic dreams, presentiments, clear-seeing, and the like, may come without waiting a single day longer; and it is one of such urgent importance, in our opinion, as to demand immediate attention. If morbid sensibility renders the connexion between a human nervous system and nature, as well as betwixt one nervous system and another, so delicate, searching and far-extending, what would be the results to the

individual, and the race, if there prevailed throughout society a pure, wholesome and natural susceptibility to every kind of physical impressions? For surely no one will deny that man is still very far from the realization of his ideal condition. He does not fulfil the law of his nature. He is nowhere perfect in his kind, in the manner and degree in which, for example, the wing-footed red-deer of the Scottish Highlands, or those whirlwinds of unmounted cavalry that sweep the plains of South America, or the self-relying lion of Zahara is perfect, each in its kind. Even the daisy, or our still more favourite flower, the blue-eyed speedwell, is enabled to show forth all its little capabilities, and it is complete; but man is neither what he should be, nor what he shall become. To speak only of the lower ingredient of his constitution, it appears that his very nervous system does not habitually attain to anything like a free and a full manifestation of the wondrous properties lying latent within its round. All men, considered merely as so many cerebro-spinal axes, are maimed and defective. They all want something that belongs to them. Like Harry Bertram in the Romance of Guy Mannering, they do not know the fields that are their own, their ancestral rights, nor yet the small voice of nature that stirs their hearts into remembrance. Nor is there any room for wonder! Think of the enormous amount of hereditary, chronic, and lurking disease in the world. Consider the vast consumption of tea, coffee, alcohol, tobacco and opium; remembering that the taste for all of these drugs has actually to be acquired, even by otherwise unnatural creatures like the men and women of the present day, and that taste is therefore not congenial with the paradisaic instincts of ideal man. Examine the very meats which the flaccid genius of dyspepsy has invented. Count the hundred spices and impurities by which the fine edge of ordinary sensibility is blunted and torn. Recollect the extent to which night is universally turned into day. Take particular notice of the excessive and exclusive cultivation of the mere muscle of the body in one class of people, of the mere stomach and lungs in another, of the mere nerves of superficial and sentimental sensibility in a third, and of the mere miserable brain in a fourth one, and so forth. Think, in fine, of everything in the daily life of Europe that is calculated, if not intended, to thrust man out of harmony with all the finer movements of nature on the one side, and of his own unfathomable soul on the other. Nor can anybody claim exemption from the rule. Be one ever so wholesome in physical living, ever so virtuous in moral conduct, and ever so generally cultivated in mind, it will avail him only a little; but that excellent little is worth a world of self-denial. The disorder, the dulness, and the perversion of the native sen-



sibilities of the frame are distributed through the whole race by marriage, as well as by example and consent. Civilized language contains at least one significant indication of the fact. When there appears among men a person of extraordinary sensibility to the more sacred influences of that temple of nature, in which they are changing money more than serving like priests, they call him a genius, leave him to shift as he can, and let posterity discover that he was the most genuine man of them all. Aye, and so bad is the horrid imbroglio of custom, that no sooner does a soul come into the world in such an organization, than he is entangled in the habits of society, and, falling from a greater height, he frequently sinks lower than the lowest.

Everybody knows, of course, that a more penetrating and better tuned sensibility is only one of the co-efficients of genius; it is the immeasurably, and even the incalculably inferior of the two; but it is the only circumstance of creative power over which anybody has daily control. Let it then be seen to. There is no saying what a few ages of simplicity and equable culture may effect. That eloquent analyst Isaac Taylor has shown how greatly the mere exaltation of the present qualities of the nervous system of man would add to the felicities of the intellectual and emotional life in Heaven. It is more to the purpose to assert it will do the same on earth. It will bring him closer to the heart of nature. It will extend, deepen and ennoble his whole being. It will gradually restore him to his abdicated sovereignty over creation. It is therefore the duty of all men to work, individually and together, towards this consummation among others—namely, the immediate attainment of as high a strain as possible of physical purity. There are indeed things of higher value, but this is at once the most substantial and the most becoming of foundations, for the erection of every grace that is more excellent still. Nor are we unwilling to avow our conviction that a far-spreading and thorough reformation of this sort, is destined to approve itself as one of the signs of a thorough and far-spreading millennium.

- ART. VI.—1. *Vie et Portrait de Pie IX.* Par FÉLIX CLAVÉ. 1 vol. 8vo. Paris, 1848.  
2. *Rome et Pie IX.* Par ALPHONSE BALLEYDIÉ. 1 vol. 8vo. Paris, 1847.  
3. *Notizie per l'anno MDCCCXLVII.* 1 vol. 12mo. Roma, 1847.

ON no spot of earth has so much been written as on Rome. Republican, imperial, pontifical Rome, has ever been a centre of interest to the nations of the civilized world. An object of affection or of hatred, of veneration or of fear, she has at no time ceased to occupy a large share of the thoughts and speculations of mankind. Nor, though long since fallen from her high estate, does she even yet fail to command an extraordinary portion of interest and attention. From the midst of the busy life of active and vigorous northern cities, men have found leisure to look out at the ancient mother of civilisation, as she has sat in these latter days in drivelling dotage on her seven hills, amid the silence and immobility of desolation. But so entirely has she appeared to appertain to a past order of things—so wholly severed from the progressive movement of the nations, whose life is the life of this nineteenth century—so remote from them in ideas, manners, and habits, that the world seems long since to have ceased to regard her as a society of living men—a body politic, possessed in some sort of establishments, interests, institutions, government, and all that makes one social system an object of interesting observation and inquiry to another. Our travellers and tourists, whose name is Legion, throng thither, and return to tell what they have seen, and to write books upon books, ever fresh books, on Rome. But none ever dream of telling us aught of the social and economical condition of the hundred and eighty thousand human beings who, somehow or other, do breathe and live amid the squalor and wretchedness of those crumbling old walls. Our countrymen visit Rome, look at it, and write of it, as if it were only a museum. It is for them a collection of antiquities and objects of art merely. They discuss its ruins, rapturize over its statues, bask in its sunshine, criticise its pictures, stare a little at its Church ceremonies—and this is all.

But the mighty sound of the onward movement of the nations, rushing ever faster and faster along their path of civilisation, has at length startled the aged mother from her slumbers. Effete old Rome has essayed to raise her palsied head, has gazed forth once more into the world, and has shaken herself from her drowsy rest. Ay, and powerless, fallen as she is, the rustling of that once mighty form has stirred the still atmos-

phere of Italian life from the Alps to Calabria, and waked an echo audible in the remotest recesses of the civilized world. Mankind has been startled at the unexpected phenomenon. It is as if a skeleton had rattled its dry bones against its coffin planks. Historians had closed the volume of her story—had written their “*finis*,” and spoke of her in the past tense. Singers had sung that she “never should rise!” And lo! Rome is still alive, is striving to arise, and would fain essay to walk.

Surely a spectacle strange and interesting! Men, looking more closely, see that in truth it is a living city. Crawling about in unquiet, suffering restlessness its thousands may be descried amid the fetid heap of squalid ruins which once were Rome. Nay, they seem to begin to try to express thoughts and utter words, which they must have overheard us use, even while we thought that they were all gone dead. Assuredly a most interesting and curious subject of observation! Henceforward other matters than Coliseum, Belvedere Apollo, and fresco paintings, will be heard of at Rome and from Rome. Let us endeavour, then, to shape forth for English readers some sort of general idea of what this poor old venerable Rome is doing and trying to do—and yet more, what will have to be done there, if, indeed, she is ever to arise and march on the path of civilisation.

What Rome, her ruler and her people have recently been striving to do does not indeed need to be now told by us. But for the just appreciation and comprehension of this, and far more notably for the appreciation of the work that yet lies before her to do, and of the means and difficulties of doing it, some knowledge of what Rome is becomes necessary. Some more or less definite notion of the social and economical condition of those hundred and eighty thousand individuals, and of themselves, their qualities and capabilities, would seem desirable to such as take an interest in the resuscitation of that wonderful old city. And this is precisely what none have ever supplied, and none apparently have ever demanded. Both a cause and a consequence of this neglect and apathy is to be found in the exceeding difficulty of obtaining any such adequate information. For many years publicity of any sort has been most carefully shunned by the rulers of the eternal city. Every administration, every institution, every branch of the public service has been scrupulously veiled from the scrutiny of the vulgar eye. The broad light of day has been excluded with the utmost jealousy from the secret chambers, where those lovers of darkness who held in their feeble and trembling hands the thread of Roman destinies conducted the operations of their rule.

And in some sense they were wise in their generation, these children of darkness. Successive generations of childless old

men, each personally needing the duration of the crazy edifice but for a few years at most, *have* contrived to preserve the roof over their heads, and to keep the worn-out machine at work longer than those who observed the outward manifestations of its internal rottenness could have supposed possible. For such outward manifestations have been many, unmistakable, and ever-increasing. Great were the efforts of old Mother Church to conceal the cancerous sores which were consuming the vitals of that temporal dominion which constitutes her body. Of those which afflict her spiritual existence—the soul of that body—we have no intention of speaking now, except as it may be necessary to refer to them as influencing the temporal condition of her people. Carefully has the old soiled threadbare and torn mantle of outward decency been patched, and pulled, and pinned, and even readjusted with new dizenings of cheap coarse lace over its most ragged parts, in the hope of hiding from all eyes the hopeless state of incurable disease within. For hopeless it must surely have long since appeared to any who might have cared to hope more than that their own end might arrive before that of the system under which they had grown old.

And yet one has at length come who does hope something more than this. A ruler has ascended the Papal throne who has dared to look steadfastly at the ruinous state of the crumbling edifice around him; nay more, who has dared to let in the light and the gazing of profane eyes on the secret wretchedness so long concealed; and, greatest daring of all, who has absolutely ventured to put forth his hand to the tottering fabric—who has thought of repairing instead of propping, of renewing instead of patching, of cleansing the accumulated filth instead of thrusting it out of sight.—Yes, greatest daring of all, assuredly! for there is a stage in the progress of ruin at which the attempt to repair is fraught with greater, or at least with more immediate danger than the undisturbed operation of decay. Many an ancient wall, or mere mass of crumbling dust, will for years retain its form and coherence by the inert force of its own weight, and bound together by the ramifications of that very same abusive ivy whose growth has ruined it, when the slightest touch of the mason's repairing hand would bring the whole mass to the ground.

That such and so dangerous is the work of repair on which the Ninth Pius is now engaged, none, who have even a superficial knowledge of Rome and its government, will be inclined to doubt. It is the attempt of a courageous man, and of, we would hope, an upright ruler. It is a well-nigh desperate effort, the generous nobleness of which all must admire and applaud, and which must to a certain point command all good men's wishes for its success.

And now to attempt some appreciation of the chances of success which may attend this arduous undertaking, it must be, in the first place, remembered that in all such cases of reparation the principal difficulty presented to the judgment lies in the question—What of the old shall be abandoned, destroyed, removed—and what preserved? Herein lies the difficulty and the danger; for we know how dangerous is the attempt to mend old garments with new cloth; we know the result that is likely to come about. What portion, then, of the once mighty system of the Papal Government, the progressive work of so many centuries of well-sustained endeavour, and the labours of so many pontiffs—of that system constructed to grasp a world, but now strangling an enfeebled province by the unexpanding narrowness of its clutch,—what portion of this may Rome's reforming ruler venture to retain? Truly, no simple or easy question to the most unshackled mind; but to a true priest of Rome's Church, born beneath her wing, bred under her teaching—to a Pope honestly conscientious to do a Pope's duty, what a question! How fearful! how tremendous!

And such a Pope we believe, not without good grounds for our conviction, Pius the Ninth to be. We believe him to be a true priest and sincere pontiff. It has been often asserted, not only by his enemies but by his admirers, that he is otherwise. It has been believed and hoped by some friends to the progressive movement in Italy—lovers of expediency rather than of truth—that Pius is no sincere well-wisher to the Papacy; that he speaks a small portion of his thought only; that he intends the destruction of the fabric he pretends to repair; and that he well knows that such must be the ultimate effect of the steps he has already taken. We are well convinced that such is not the case. We are thoroughly persuaded that those who think thus are as mistaken in fact as they are, in our opinion, wrong in principle. Whatever hopes or wishes we may nourish with regard to the future fate of Italy and of Rome, we would far rather that her destinies should be entrusted to honest hands. We have the strong conviction that no good thing can be produced by an acted or spoken falsehood. As long, then, as it must needs be that the same hand should grasp the crozier and the sceptre, we prefer that the priest-king should be at least an honest man. And if the incompatibilities of his position should bring about that other events than such as he professes to look for as the result of his acts should arise from them, we may rejoice in the fallaciousness of the politician's provisions, while we can still respect and esteem the man.

We must conceive him, then, coming to the decision of the momentous question above stated, as a true and earnest Pope,

father and protector of the Catholic Church in its spiritualities and its temporalities. It is a genuine successor of the best of the Gregories and Innocents who has now to judge what portions of their work *can* be preserved, and what, for the sake of the vital preservation of the whole, *must* be replaced by new constructions.

With a view of enabling our readers to form some notion of what *their* judgment on such a question must be, and of the issue which events are likely to shape for themselves, we will endeavour to picture to them some of the more manifest results of Papal Government, as they exhibit themselves to every observer.

On crossing the frontier line between Tuscany and the Roman States, near Aquapendente, the change in the general aspect of the people, the villages, and the entire country, is such as to strike the most unobservant traveller. A general air of careless negligence and ill-conditioned dilapidation prevails. The fields look ill-cultivated, the inhabitants ragged, and their habitations on the verge of ruin. The traveller's carriage is stopped in front of a wretched tumble-down hovel some few hundred yards beyond the bridgeless stream which forms the boundary of the two States. It is the Papal Custom-house and Police-station, the first visible manifestation to the northern traveller of the working of that system whose "*magni nominis umbra*" has overshadowed Europe for so many centuries. "*Ex pede Herculem!*" The genuine characteristics of Papal rule are visible enough in this extremity of the abortion. A number of soldiers—dirty, slovenly, and listless—are lounging in front of a dilapidated building, whose broken brick-wall bears a shield with the Papal arms, and the words "*Carabinieri Pontificii*." Some are smoking, some sleeping, some basking in the sun, without energy sufficient even to converse with each other. Adjoining the lair of these Pontifical Carabineers is that of another horde of officials, the Custom-house officers—like their military neighbours, dirty, lazy, preposterously numerous, corrupt, and inefficient. The former are useless for the repression of crime, and the latter equally valueless for the prevention of contraband trading. Either set of drones feed like parasitical vermin on the vitals of the wretched country whose substance they exhaust, and serve but to increase the monstrous amount of unproductive population which throughout the Roman States crushes the productive classes beneath its weight.

But the frontier is not left behind without still further illustrations of the effects of Papal rule. The regime of privilege is shown in full action. A peasant arrives at the barrier with his yoke of oxen and a load of produce. His time is his only possession, and the hour which he will have to lose at the "*dogana*"

is, one would have thought, already grievous enough. But immediately after him a "*vetturino*," with a carriage full of travellers, drives up. Forthwith the first comer—the peasant—is put on one side; and the examination of the travellers' baggage—another hour's work—is about to commence, when the cracking of postilion's whips is heard, and a carriage, drawn by post-horses, makes its appearance. The *vetturino* travellers must now yield in their turn, and the poor peasant's may be considered indefinitely postponed; for it is likely enough that before the post-ing-carriage and the *vetturino* have been disposed of, (though the first by means of a bribe will not be detained long,) some other vehicle privileged to pass before him may come up. One great evil of injustice is the rage and heartburning it produces in the victim of it; but this, it must be owned, does not exist in the case under our consideration. Wrong done to the moral sense, like injury done to the physical frame, becomes by continuance less poignantly felt. The one and the other alike become callous. Nature finds in insensibility an alleviation for that which would otherwise be intolerable. But not the less is the victim in either case injured and degraded, and the amount of his insensibility to the injury will be the measure of the permanent mischief inflicted on the corporal or moral organization. The peasant in the above case feels no indignation, no impatience, no ill-temper. The course of things described is that which he has been used to all his life. It is to him as the order of nature; and he would as soon think of complaining of the wind or the rain. But on all occasions an Italian is the most patient creature in the world; he is never in a hurry, never objects to wait any given time, and never scruples to ask another to wait an hour or two, as easily as an Englishman would beg for a minute. They set no value on time, simply because it *is* of little use to them.

Well! the frontier is at last passed, and after traversing a few miles of road very strikingly worse than that on the Tuscan side of the boundary, the traveller with much difficulty and some danger, is dragged up the hill of Aquapendente. A worse hill in a great high road it is hardly possible to conceive. So it was constructed ages ago; and so has all the traffic between Florence and Rome passed over it for many generations. That it might easily be *improved* appears never to have entered into the head of any one during all this time. The Diligence, which travels this road—the sole and *privileged* one of course—takes about 48 hours to accomplish the journey of less than 200 miles, and is drawn by from two to fourteen horses or oxen, according to the exigencies of the road. The mail, which traverses the same road, is constantly several hours behindhand; but nobody dreams of complaining, and still less does anybody dream of mending the road,

The top of the hill, however, is at length reached, and the traveller enters the first town of the Papal States. Let him come from what country he may, unless it be from Ireland, he must, we think, be astonished and dismayed at the squalid misery, dilapidation, ruin and filth, which presents itself to his eyes on all sides. The appearance of the streets, the buildings, the shops—if such they can be called—the population of all ages and classes, all speak the same tale of wretchedness and degradation. The remainder of the journey repeats the same eloquent lesson at every mile of its course. The moral aspect of things—which may however be always inferred with tolerable accuracy from the external manifestations of physical wellbeing or the reverse—as far as may be judged from the few little indications which fall under the notice of an observant traveller, is in complete accordance with the rest of the picture. Fraud, falsehood, and mendicity force themselves on the notice of the least observant.

At length the stranger stands before the gate of Rome. It is an epoch in the life of the most unimaginative—that first entrance into the ancient mother of so much civilisation and of so much barbarism—that eternal city which mankind has so much cause to bless and so much to curse! And here we must quit the course of the ordinary traveller, if we would form any idea of the real condition of Rome. The tourist, wrapped in an ecstasy of imaginative pleasure, full of all the mighty host of classical and medieval recollections and associations, passes through the handsome and tolerably clean, because almost uninhabited, Piazza del Popolo, gazes up at the magnificent terrace of the Pincian on his left hand, and reaches his splendid hotel in the Via Babuino, charmed with his first impressions of “the eternal city,” and disappointed in nothing save in not having heard a picturesque group of peasants singing under the walls, “*Roma, Roma, Roma, non è più come era prima.*”

Let us, however, not confine ourselves to those parts of the town frequented ordinarily by the English and other strangers. Let us penetrate the mass of buildings between Santa Maria Maggiore and the Coliseum; let us visit the Trastevere; above all, let us venture into the reeking mass of abomination situated between the capitol, the Farnese Palace, and the Tiber. The constant state of the streets is such as to make it marvellous that typhus and an hundred other forms of filth-bred disease do not sweep off the miserable population. Drainage appears to be unknown. The very commonest decencies of life are wholly disregarded. The stench is insupportable. It has occurred to ourselves, incredible as the statement may appear, to have observed the remains of a dead sheep suffered to lie in the same spot in one of the streets of Rome, and to poison all the surrounding atmosphere with



its decay and putridity for more than ten days. We have also, and that frequently, observed the dead bodies of cats and dogs lying in the same spots for days together. The appearance of the population in the streets matches well with that of their dwellings—sordid, ragged, unhealthy looking creatures are sauntering in the shade, or basking in the sunshine ; or if occupied in some kind of labour, are so performing it as to spread out the fair toil of an hour over half a day.

Such is the physical aspect of *mighty* Rome ! Its moral features are of course not so plainly visible or easily appreciable ; they can only be judged of by the occasional specimens which chance may afford an observer in his conversation and dealings with the people ; but if these be fairly estimated, they may be deemed tolerably accurate exponents of the entire truth ; and that truth we conscientiously believe to be—that the whole body of society, from the highest to the lowest grade in the social scale, is altogether corrupt and vitiated. We do not put forth a conclusion so sweeping, a conviction so painful, unadvisedly or lightly. We are not unmindful of the danger of forming general conclusions from particular instances. We are aware that the portion of any society which a traveller most readily meets with is very generally the worst part of it ; but every *a priori* consideration would lead to the persuasion that the moral condition of the people of Rome *must* be that which the most careful observation shews in fact that it is. It is not that villany, fraud, and vice abound ; alas ! where do they not ? It is, that shame is dead ; it is that the moral sense has perished ; it is that that which is vile has ceased to be hated as such, even by those whose better instincts, superior prudence, or lesser temptation, have saved them from themselves becoming so. These are the true and unerring tests of a corruption and degradation which has infected the entire social body, and so entered into the diseased system as to render hopeless all cure short of thorough renovation.

The wealthy proprietor of a palazzo in the Corso, by means of assertions apparently the most ingenuous, induces an English family to sign a lease without requiring that certain stipulations should be inserted therein formally. On the morrow the promises are violated, and the assertions proved to be wholly and wilfully false. The Roman gentleman, who has committed this act of swindling, on being applied to in amazement by his dupes, replies with the utmost tranquillity, that no assertions or agreements that are unwritten are worth anything.

A “respectable” tradesman uses false weights nearly to the extent of ensuring a diminution of cent. per cent. in the quantity of goods furnished. The tribunals are applied to ; but as the amount in each case is small, the magistrates and lawyers cannot

be made to comprehend why a complainant should give himself and them more trouble than the amount of the fraud was worth. But the robbery of a shilling, it is urged on their attention, is as much *robbery* as that of a million; the man is dishonest, and ought to be exposed and punished. No! they can conceive no other reason why such a complaint should be made than with the view of recovering that which the complainant has lost. No man expects to be trusted. None is in any way offended that the most minute and humiliating precautions against his presumed dishonesty should be openly and avowedly taken.

If we turn our view on the more immediate manifestations of the action of Government, the few peeps which the rents in the curtain of official mystery—rather than any properly provided publicity—afford us, indicate if possible a still worse degree of corruption. No institution, no office, no authority, no department rightly and sufficiently performs the functions for which it was created, unless indeed it be the lottery-office—that truly does its appointed work of demoralization and pillage on the people, and does it well and thoroughly. The tribunals notoriously delay, refuse, and pervert justice. The police prevent no crimes, and discover no criminals. Murders occur in the streets of the city, and the murderer is secure. Within our own knowledge the minister of police himself declared to an applicant for protection against outrage, that he advised him to quit Rome, as he was powerless to protect him! In the financial departments the system of fraud and corruption—which has grown with their growth, and become part and parcel of their *quasi* normal constitution—is such as to render all hope of purifying them vain. We were ourselves assured by one who has since become one of the ministers of the Crown, that to his knowledge the peculation in one branch of the post-office business was enormous. He named the sum, amounting to many thousand scudi; but we will not undertake to repeat figures which we did not note at the time.

Let us turn for an instant to the indications of moral condition which the spiritual aspect of Rome, in the middle of the nineteenth century, may afford us. We will do so in no polemical spirit. We will not make our observations from the standpoint of any other creed or rival sect, but as purely philosophical students of social phenomena. Trusting then that our readers will so regard us, and will believe us to be as wholly free from the *odium theologicum* as we know ourselves to be, we hesitate not to declare our conviction, that a more degrading superstition, a more gross and unspiritual idolatry, does not exist in any heathen land, than is practised under the name of Christianity in the metropolis of the Christian world. We are not now speaking in

any wise of the Roman Catholic faith as held and practised elsewhere. There is every *a priori* reason to expect that a more northern people should hold a more spiritual faith. We know well that the Roman Catholicism of Rome is not that of France, or of Germany, or of England; still more, even we are not undertaking to speak of Roman Catholicism at Rome, as the priesthood profess to hold it and to teach. We speak of it only as we know that it is practically held and followed by the mass of the people: and we are sure that our assertions will be supported by any who have without prejudice examined the subject. We are not ignorant of all that has been said to defend the Roman Catholic faith from the charge of image-worship. We know that the priesthood explain, that the figures which are dressed, bedizened, kissed, caressed, prayed to, carried about, etc., are not *worshipped*, but used only as suggesters of things spiritual to the outward bodily senses. But is this theory compatible with the fact, that of various figures of saints—of the virgin in particular, some are deemed more holy, more powerful, more propitious than others?—that some votaries prefer one image, and some another, of the same saint?—that “la Madonna di,” this place is specially famous for granting favours of one sort; and “la Madonna di” that place for bestowing favours of another kind?—that one Church possesses and draws a large revenue from a wooden “bambino,”—i. e. infant Christ, particularly celebrated for assisting women in child-birth, and sent about in coaches for that purpose; while another has one specially valuable as preserving its votaries from shipwreck? Do not these facts prove—beyond all possibility of avoiding the conclusion—that special virtue is attributed to *the image itself*? If the Saviour or the Virgin were the intended object of the worship, would not it be in any case the same at all their different altars? Is there one Saviour in one Church, and a second, with different qualities and character, in another? Is the Virgin of one shrine kinder than the Virgin of another? No; it is impossible to deny the truth, that the popular worship of modern Rome is as absolutely and essentially an *idolatry* as any that has ever degraded mankind. The truth is, that the Paganism of old Rome has never been entirely and effectually eradicated. The old deities of the Roman Pantheon still haunt the seven hills; and in spirit as well as in bodily fact the statues of the old gods have often changed their name alone, to become the object of modern worship.

The first result of such a system most necessarily shews itself in an erroneous, unworthy, and degraded conception of the Supreme Being. As a proof of the extent to which this result has been produced, we will cite a fact which has already been noticed in the columns of an English Journal. A highly prized

and magnificently adorned relic—the head of Saint Andrew—had been stolen from the Church of Saint Peter. The canons of that basilic thereupon issue a placard, with which the walls of Rome are covered, offering a reward for the recovery of the stolen treasure, and setting forth that they, the canons, would offer up extra prayers for the space of three days, for the purpose of appeasing God, and averting the evils with which he might be expected to visit the city in consequence of the theft. “Here,” as the *Journal*\* above alluded to well remarks, “is a numerous body of educated men asserting their belief that the Supreme Being may be expected to manifest anger for a certain special theft above what he would feel at any other crime of a similar nature—that this anger would be manifested by inflicting evil, not on the thief, but on the innocent citizens, in blind indiscriminate vengeance, and that this vengeance might be averted by a certain amount of reiterated repetitions of a given form of words!” Is it possible to conceive a more benighted state of mind than is here evidenced? Do Juggernaut’s disciples form to themselves a lower and more immoral notion of their deity than these so-called Christian priests?

The truth—that the religion of modern Rome is in reality a modification of Paganism, was well pointed out in a little book entitled “*Rome Papal and Pagan*,” which appeared a year or two since. It was not then asserted for the first time; but the intrinsic identity of the two faiths in their practical effects on the popular mind was well and convincingly proved. And we bring the testimony of another witness to the truthfulness of the author’s facts and inferences.

After speaking of such a deplorable want of moral civilisation, it would seem an anti-climax to enlarge on the deficiency of physical progress. Suffice it to say, that the absence of all the smaller as well as of the more important commodities of life is most striking. Commerce does not exist. The infinitely small trading transactions which do supply the small quantity of foreign goods consumed, are hampered with obstructions, and oppressed by duties to an all but prohibitory degree. And the stupid acquiescence of the people in things as they are, lends additional effect to the paralyzing influence of the Government. Take one instance of this, as shown in the case of one of the simplest articles of daily use. The Romans cannot make any tolerable ink: it is imported from France and from England; and one of those little stone-bottles so familiar to English eyes, which costs sixpence at an English stationer’s, and thereby affords the retailer a very large profit, is sold in Rome for about a shilling,

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\* *Athenæum*, No. 1066.

or rather more. The Roman stationer asserts—truly enough perhaps—that the heavy duty makes it impossible for him to sell the article at a lower rate. But on inquiry it is found that the duty is levied on the gross weight, so that the stone-bottle, which weighs far more than its contents, is by far the most costly part of the purchase; yet it has never entered into the head of the Roman tradesman that he might import his ink in large bottles, and divide it off himself into small quantities for retail sale, and thus diminish his duties by one-half or more! No, no! Such profound speculations are quite out of the line of his habitual thoughts.

“*Pulchra Madonna*

Da mihi fallere \* \* \*

Noctem peccatis, et fraudibus objice nubem,”

would be still, we fear, the more likely tendency of his thoughts.

And such is the city, and such the people—the product of long years of misgovernment—which the Ninth Pius would now restore to the benefits of a liberal and enlightened rule. Such is the nation which, itself loathing its own degeneracy, is struggling for self-government and regeneration.

And now let us turn again to the question proposed above:—what portions of the system of Papal Government can be usefully preserved, and what must be destroyed in the attempt to improve this so wretched people?

The intention of Pius the Ninth, at the commencement of his career of reformation, was to preserve whole and inviolate the absolute authority of the Papacy in temporal as in spiritual matters. He very distinctly stated his views on this point on more than one occasion. On the first assembling of the “*Consulta*,” he declared, in his Address to the members, that he did not intend by that institution to diminish in any respect the absolute power of the Sovereign; that those were much in error who saw in it the germ of a system incompatible therewith; that it was his duty and his determination to hand down to his successors in the chair of St. Peter, the power he had received from his predecessor whole and intact. His Holiness intended that the Government of the Papal States should remain an absolute despotism. We were ourselves in Rome at that time, and had then ample means of convincing ourselves, that the Romans did not so understand the boon granted them; and it was not difficult to foresee, that a very short period would suffice to contradict the expectations of his Holiness—nay, that the power had even then already departed from the sceptre of the Innocents and Gregories. Since that time the rushing torrent of European events has so precipitated the course of things at Rome, that the

above declaration of the Pope, made some six months ago, seems obsolete by an hundred years. No further illusion can remain to the Holy Father of handing down to his successors that old power which he received. He must now at least know that the temporal power of St. Peter's successor has departed from him for ever. Pius the Ninth's *first* estimate of what could be preserved and what must be abolished of the old Papal system was then an erroneous one. And now, even while we are writing these pages, that question is being debated amid strife and trouble, violence and tumult, discontent on the one hand, and conscientious distress on the other.

It is beginning to become evident that NO portion of that proud fabric can be preserved. It needs but small sagacity in reading the signs of the times to become convinced that the temporal power of the Papacy verges to its close. The entire edifice was too rotten to admit of mending. The bold mason who cut the first crumbling stone from out the tottering wall, has brought down the entire mass with a crash.

England watches the startling spectacle not uninterested. In truth, the phenomena there exhibited are evolving a lesson which should be pregnant with utility to mankind. But though much has been written of late by the English press on the aspect and probabilities of affairs at Rome, no portion of it seems to have seized on the great truth which they are calculated to teach us. Some of the most accredited organs of public opinion, on the contrary, speak of the question at issue as of a dispute between the Pope and his subjects, which should be settled according to the dictates of good feeling and mutual forbearance and moderation. The *generosity* of the Pope is insisted on, and his subjects accused of *ingratitude* in forcing from him further concessions. But we believe such an appreciation of the subject to arise from wholly inadequate notions of the state of Rome, and of the workings of its Government. The real merits of the question must be examined on quite other grounds, and the conclusion to be arrived at will be one of much wider application than the dominions of the Church.

For, in truth, the attempt which Pius the Ninth engaged in was from the first an impossible one. He was endeavouring to co-ordinate incompatibilities. His object was nothing less than to conciliate the liberal institutions which the advanced political science of this age demands with the pretensions of absolutism, and that absolutism vested in the hands of a ruler pretending to infallibility. What success could have been anticipated for such a scheme? Accordingly but little progress is made before difficulties arise—difficulties insoluble under the conditions of the experiment. All the parties concerned find themselves in a false

position. It is soon discovered by both Pope and people that it is impossible to get on with ministers selected from the clergy, and especially from the Sacred College. Lay ministers are substituted, and thus another vast portion of the nodding edifice falls. A few more weeks, and a "constitution" is proclaimed, a representative body is created, and the Pope becomes a constitutional monarch, sharing his power with a lay parliament! Does any one at all conversant with the working of a free Government anticipate the permanent duration and successful operation of a political machine so constituted? The Roman hierarchy itself, with the instinct of self-preservation, inserted in the draft of this constitution certain clauses framed in the vain hope of preserving itself from the action of the supreme power it thus created. It was provided that the sums needed for Church purposes should be voted without discussion or inquiry; that no subject in any way bearing on Church matters should be touched on; and finally, that the parliament should have no power of revising or meddling with this fundamental statute. Futile attempt! An omnipotent power (as all representative parliaments must be) is created, and is requested to bear in mind that its omnipotence is hedged in by some other power, which is nowhere visible or tangible! It is an old attempt, but all experience has proved the absurdity of it. Then arises, ere long, a yet worse dilemma:—The monarch finds it inconsistent with his duty as a priest and Pope to do that which would be his duty as a lay monarch, and which his ministers and the entire nation deem to be their duty to their country. The "constitution" is at a dead lock.

And then at last the glaring fact is forced upon the comprehension of the nation, and by them set nakedly before their monarch—that the functions of royalty and priesthood are incompatible in an age of progress; that if the nation is to advance on the path of improvement the same man cannot be Pope and King; that the State and the Church must be two, and reciprocally independent.

And for this the Roman people are accused of being ungrateful to their Pontiff. We can with confidence undertake to say that the Roman people have not been deficient in gratitude to their ruler. The reverse has been most strikingly the case, as can be testified by any attentive observer who has been in Rome for the last few months. The difficulty has been shuffled over, but it has not been got rid of. It will occur again ere long; and it will argue no ingratitude on the part of the Romans, that it will become clearly impossible for such an union of Church and State to continue. The force of events will push the Pontiff to the brink of that precipice from which he must voluntarily

throw himself if he would not be violently thrust down. The temporal power of the Papacy seems no longer possible in Rome. And nothing but the gratitude and affection of the Romans for Pius the Ninth could have preserved the empty semblance of it even thus far.

The Pope may perhaps preserve his tottering temporal power. The Papacy may renounce her old and natural alliance with despotism. In Italy and elsewhere she may take democracy to her arms; a large secular advantage she may thus secure, but can she secure it without a larger damage to her purely spiritual character, authority, and influence? On the other hand, if true to his earlier professions—if true to that spirit of absolutism on which his throne is based the Pope resists the tide of liberalism as it rises around him—his temporal authority is doomed. That fabric goes to pieces—the result of a larger amount of toil, perseverance, energy, and intellectual power than the world ever saw applied to a like object. The disruption of the Church and State at Rome—the breaking of the tie where first the bonds were knitted, and when the knot was most tightly drawn—what over Europe would be the future which such an event should usher in? We venture not to forecast it.

Of the works whose titles stand at the head of this Article there is but little to be said. The two French works are mere catch-penny publications, got up in great haste to meet the demand occasioned by the increasing celebrity of the Reformer Pontiff. They have both had a considerable sale in Rome—Roman energy and speculation not having been equal to the production of anything calculated to supply the same want. The first, by M. Clavé, is the better of the two, and contains some amusing anecdotes of the early life of Mastai Ferretti.

The third work mentioned is merely a sort of Roman red book, and is remarkable only as showing the almost incredible number of attendants, officials, and functionaries attached to the Papal Court, and the inextricable labyrinth of its endless multiplication and division of tribunals, courts, and jurisdictions of all sorts.



- ART. VII.—1. *The Expedition to Borneo of H. M. S. Dido, for the Suppression of Piracy; with Extracts from the Journal of JAMES BROOKE, Esq., of Sarawak, now Her Majesty's Commissioner and Consul-General to the Sultan and Independent Chiefs of Borneo.* By Captain the Hon. HENRY KEPPEL, R.N. Third Edition. *With an Additional Chapter, comprising recent Intelligence.* By WALTER K. KELLY. In 2 vols. London, 1847.
2. *Narrative of Events in Borneo and Celebes, down to the occupation of Labuan; from the Journals of JAMES BROOKE, Esq., Rajah of Sarawak, and Governor of Labuan; together with a Narrative of the Operations of H. M. S. Iris.* By Captain RODNEY MUNDY, R.N. *With numerous Plates, &c.* In 2 vols. London, 1848.
3. *Borneo and the Indian Archipelago, with Drawings of Costume and Scenery.* By FRANK S. MARRYAT, late Midshipman of H. M. S. Samarang Surveying Vessel. London, 1848.
4. *Sarawak—its Inhabitants and Productions; being Notes during a residence in that Country with His Excellency Mr. Brooke.* By HUGH LOW, Colonial Secretary at Labuh-an. London, 1848.
5. *Narrative of the Voyage of H. M. S. Samarang, during the years 1843-46, employed Surveying the Islands of the Eastern Archipelago; accompanied by a brief Vocabulary of the principal Languages; published under the authority of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty.* By Captain Sir EDWARD BELCHER, R.N., C.B., F.R.A.S., F.G.S., &c., Commander of the Expedition. *With Notes on the Natural History of the Islands.* By ARTHUR ADAMS, Assistant Surgeon, R.N. 2 vols. London, 1848.

It is interesting to study the variety of means by which Providence carries on its great work of progressive civilisation. In the earlier stages of society, the arts of life followed the conqueror in his bloody career, and subjugated nations exchanged a wild independence for the blessings of stable government and salutary institutions. At other times, and these, too, of frequent occurrence, civilisation has been the offspring of political and religious oppression. Chased by the tyrant from their fatherland, or driven by bigotry from their altars, families distinguished by patriotism and piety have fled for shelter to some friendly shore, and have repaid the hospitality which welcomed them by the noble truths which they imparted, and the holy life which they led. In a more advanced state of society, an exuberant population, in search

of food or employment, have been dispersed among the uncultivated wastes, and the luxuriant woodlands of far-distant climes; and thus have the arts of peace, the principles of freedom, and the message of eternity, followed in the train of the starving emigrant, and hallowed the resting-place of the persecuted saint and the patriot exile. No sooner has the temporary dwelling excluded the summer's heat or the winter's cold, than the sons of toil equip themselves for the destined task. The forest falls beneath the peasant's brawny arm, and under his skilful care a golden harvest waves over once barren plains. The village rises amid fruit and foliage—the germ peradventure of some gay metropolis—the centre, it may be, of some mighty empire. The school-house and the temple adorn and bless the exile's home, while light, secular and divine, emanating from this double source, diffuses itself around, and reaches even the homes and the hearts of the savage population. In our own day, however, it is by the schoolmaster and the missionary that the great work of civilisation must be carried on; and it is by means of our colonial establishments, and the extension of our commercial relations, that we can expect to obtain the most successful and permanent results. The interchange of European or American manufactures with the produce of savage or semi-barbarous nations, cannot fail to lead to a closer and more friendly intercourse, while the rapidity of locomotive travelling and of steam navigation, and the electric transmission of intelligence over Europe, must give to all maritime states a power of control over barbarous nations which they could not otherwise have wielded. Should our missionary or colonial establishments be assailed by violence—should pirates interrupt our trade, and enslave their captives—a quick and condign punishment will soon reach the aggressors, and secure our countrymen, in their most distant settlements, from the cruelties and depredations to which they have been too frequently exposed. Even among the distant islands of the Indian and the Pacific Oceans, the British and the American flags have waved over the burning villages of the treacherous and bloody savage.

But it is only in seasons of European quiet that the arm of civilisation can put forth its power to control the savage tribes that yet occupy and deface the fairest portions of the earth; and it is only in times of domestic peace that a Christian people can direct the undivided energy of their faith against the licentious orgies and the bloody rites of Pagan idolatry. While Freedom has to struggle against the despot, and enlightened nations have their liberties yet to conquer, the Christian and the Philanthropist must pause or falter in their aggressive movement against ignorance and superstition. It is but when nations are governed by equal laws—when rank and wealth exercise

their just and salutary influence—when the civilized races are united by friendly ties, and the mutual interchange of food and industry ;—it is only then that the national will can be concentrated on national objects, and that our armed battalions, and our ships of war can be summoned to the noble enterprise of wafting the teacher and the missionary to the land of darkness—of striking the fetters from the slave—and of breaking down the strongholds of cruelty and vice.

In the annals of philanthropy there are recorded many precious examples of individual and successful devotion to its cause. When Howard strove to ameliorate the prisoner's lot, and to purify his living grave—when Elizabeth Fry laboured to instruct and reform the convict—and Guthrie to teach and educate the ragged child—and Ashley to soften the agonies of female toil and of youthful labour, it was to one mind that humanity owed each noble conception, and it was by one stern will that each arduous purpose was accomplished ; but until our own day History has furnished us with no example in which a single individual has ventured to undertake, on any considerable scale, the civilisation and improvement of barbarous communities.

This remarkable effort, which has excited the admiration of his countrymen, and will command the applause of every succeeding age, has been recently made by Mr. James Brooke, an English gentleman, who has devoted his fortune and his talents to the civilisation and improvement of one of the loveliest portions of the globe. The numerous works placed at the head of this article, relate almost solely to this most interesting chapter of Modern History ; and difficult as the task must be, we have felt it incumbent upon us to present our readers with a succinct and continuous narrative of those extraordinary operations in which Mr. Brooke has been engaged.

Mr. Brooke was born at Coombe Grove, near Bath, on the 29th April, 1803. He was the second, but is now the only surviving son of the late Thomas Brooke, Esq., of the East India Company's Civil Service. At an early age he went to India, as a cadet in the Bengal army, where he held advantageous appointments. On the breaking out of the Burmese war, he accompanied his regiment to Assam ; and in an action with the enemy, his gallantry was so conspicuous that he received the thanks of the Government. But having been shot through the lungs, he was obliged to return to England for the recovery of his health. Having made himself master of several modern languages, he made a tour through France, Switzerland, and Italy, and upon the expiry of his furlough he again embarked for India. The ship, however, was wrecked on the Isle of Wight, and

this little incident, combined with the paltry and unjust regulations of the East India Company, deprived our Eastern empire of the services of a man who might have been its brightest ornament; and thus transferred to the cause of humanity the energies of his powerful mind, and the benefits of his transcendent talents. Owing to the delay which this misfortune had occasioned, Mr. Brooke's leave of absence had expired when he reached Madras; and when he found that a troublesome and tedious correspondence with the Home authorities would be necessary to replace him in the position which he had innocently forfeited, he at once relinquished the service, and resolved to proceed with the ship to China, in search of health and amusement. In crossing the China Seas, he saw for the first time the islands of the Indian Archipelago, inviting the traveller by their surpassing beauty, and teeming with Nature's rarest and richest productions. But while a tropical sun was shedding its pure light over the landscape, and tipping its rocks and mountains with gold, there lay above the valleys a moral darkness which time and toil only could disperse; and where animal and vegetable life arrested the eye by their magnificence and beauty, life intellectual stood forth a hideous blot upon Nature's scutcheon, drawn in the blackest lines of cruelty, treachery, and vice. The two antagonist pictures appear to have been simultaneously impressed upon the mind of our youthful adventurer, and the attractions of the one seem to have allured and impelled him to abate the deformity of the other. To visit and explore the lovely scenes which were now presented to him in the course of his voyage, was only a passing thought; but when he learned at Canton the true value and the singular variety of the products of the Archipelago, the idea took possession of his mind, and upon his return to England he resolved to realize it. In conjunction with a friend, to whom he had imparted his purpose, he fitted out a vessel of large burden, and proceeded to the China Seas, but circumstances and events which have not yet been made public, prevented him from carrying his plans into effect under any other auspices than his own.

Upon the death of his father in 1838, Mr. Brooke succeeded to a handsome fortune, and was thus enabled single-handed to carry out his darling project. When his preparations for sea were completed, he published a prospectus of his undertaking in the *Geographical Journal* for 1838,\* expressing his conviction

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\* This communication, entitled *Proposed Exploring Expedition to the Asiatic Archipelago*. By James Brooke, Esq., and published in the *Society's Journal*, vol. viii., pp. 443-448, contains an admirable exposition of his plans, and shows how thoroughly and deliberately he had studied the subject, and weighed the various

that the tendency of his voyage was to add to knowledge, to increase trade, and to spread Christianity. Animated by such noble objects, he left the Thames on the 27th of October, 1838, in his yacht the *Royalist* schooner, a vessel of 142 tons, belonging to the Royal Yacht Squadron, "which, in foreign parts, admits her to the same privileges as a man-of-war, and enables her to carry a white ensign." Her ship's company consisted of nine officers, nine seamen, and two boys. Most of the hands had been with Mr. Brooke three years and upwards, and in the course of a year spent in the Mediterranean he had tested both his vessel and his crew.\* The *Royalist* was a fast sailer, and was armed with six six-pounders, a number of swivels, and small arms of all sorts. She carried four boats, and provisions for four months, beside all the requisite instruments for observation, including three chronometers, and the means of collecting and preserving specimens of natural history. In concluding the proposal which he made to the Geographical Society, Mr. Brooke remarks, "I embark upon the expedition with great cheerfulness, with a stout vessel and a good crew, and I cast myself upon the waters, but whether the world will know me after many days is a question which, hoping the best, I cannot answer with any positive degree of assurance." "I go," he said to a friend, "to awaken the slumbering spirit of philanthropy with regard to these islands. Fortune and life I give freely, and if I fail in the attempt I shall not have lived wholly in vain."

Quitting England on the 16th December, the *Royalist* made a good passage to Rio Janeiro, which occupied nearly two months. After a fortnight's stay, Mr. Brooke sailed on the 9th March for the Cape, and having put into Table Bay on the 15th March, 1839, and completed the repairs of his yacht, he again set sail on the 29th of the same month, and anchored at Singapore in the last week of May. In this delightful spot he spent the months of June and July, making preparations for his trip to Borneo, and arranging the plan of his future operations. Furnished with letters from the governor of Singapore to the Rajah Muda Hassim, governor of Borneo Proper, (and uncle to the sovereign,) who had shewn much kindness and liberality to the

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chances of failure or success which were likely to occur. In this paper, which was the first public notice of his intentions, his views are limited entirely to the object of exploring Borneo, Celebes, and the other islands of the Archipelago.

\* In the course of this voyage, Mr. Brooke visited the Island and Gulf of Symi, in February 1837, and communicated to the Journal of the Geographical Society a very interesting paper, entitled, *Sketch of the Island and Gulf of Symi, on the south-western coast of Anatolia*. By James Brooke, Esq. This well written article exhibits the learning and sagacity of the author, and is a most favourable earnest of what might have been expected from his future labours. We are surprised that it has not even been noticed in the multifarious works which relate to his proceedings in Borneo.

crew of an English vessel wrecked on the coast, and taking with him valuable presents of various kinds, Mr. Brooke left Singapore on the 27th July, and anchored on the 1st of August, on the coast of Borneo, in a night "pitchy dark," amid torrents of rain and peals of thunder. Learning that the Rajah was at Sarawak, where he was detained by a rebellion in the interior, Mr. Brooke resolved to proceed thither, in place of Malludu Bay, at the north point of the island. On the morning of the 2d the clouds cleared away, and exhibited to him the majestic scenery of Borneo, with Gunong Palo, a mountain 2000 feet high, rising in the background, and throwing out its picturesque knolls into the wooded plains. On Sunday the 4th, after "performing divine service himself, manfully overcoming that horror which he had to the sound of his own voice before an audience," he landed near a forest of noble timber, clear of brushwood, and thus gives vent in the following beautiful passage to the sentiments which the scenery inspired:—

"This dark forest," says he, "where the trees shoot up straight, and are succeeded by generation after generation, varying in stature, but struggling upwards, strikes the imagination with features trite but true. Here the hoary sage of an hundred years lies mouldering beneath your foot, and there the young sapling shoots beneath the parent shade, and grows in form and fashion like the parent stem. The towering few, with heads raised above the general mass, can scarce be seen through the foliage of those beneath, but here and there the touch of time has cast his withering hand upon their leafy brow, and decay has begun his work upon the gigantic and unbending trunk. How trite and yet how true! It was thus I meditated in my walk. The foot of European, I said, has never touched where my foot now presses—seldom the native wanders here. Here I indeed behold Nature fresh from the bosom of creation, unchanged by man, and stamped with the same impress she originally bore! Here I behold God's designs when he formed this tropical land, and left its culture and improvement to the agency of man. The Creator's gift, as yet neglected by the creature, and yet the time may be confidently looked for when the axe shall level the forest, and the plough turn the ground."—Mr. Brooke's *Journal in Keppel's Expedition*, vol. i., pp. 18, 19.

Near the island of Talang-Talang, Mr. Brooke was welcomed on the 7th by the Bandar, or treasurer of the place, who came in his canoe, and assured him of a hearty welcome from the Rajah; and having "dispatched his gig for Sarawak, in order to acquaint the Rajah of his arrival," he was met on the 13th by a canoe, containing a Pangeran of note (Illudeen) to welcome them, accompanied by other persons of distinction, and a score of followers. The party ate and drank, and talked with much ease and liveliness, and, from the state of the tide, were obliged

to sleep in the *Royalist*. On the 15th the yacht anchored abreast of Sarawak, and saluted the Rajah with twenty-one guns, which was returned with eighteen from his residence. Mr. Brooke and his party were received in state, in the most flattering manner, in the Hall of Audience, a large shed erected on piles, but tastefully decorated in the interior. The strangers were seated in chairs on one hand of the Rajah, and on the other sat his brother Mahammed, and Macota and other chiefs, while immediately behind him were seated his twelve younger brothers. Tea and tobacco were served by attendants on their knees. A band played wild airs during the interview; and after a visit of half an hour, the strangers rose and took their leave.

After various interchanges of visits and presents, some of them without the usual formality and reserve, Mr. Brooke obtained leave to travel into the country of the Dyaks, and to visit the Malay towns of Sadung, Samarahan, &c.; and in pursuance of this plan, he left Sarawak, (formerly Kuchin,) accompanied by the prahus (boats) of Pangeran Illudeen and the Panglima, the former pulling twelve paddles, and having two brass swivels and twenty men, and the latter having a gun and ten men, while the *Skimalong*, a long boat of Mr. Brooke's, carried a gun and ten men. With this equipment, superior to any force of the Rajah's enemies, they "proceeded up a Borneon river (Morotaba) hitherto unknown, sailing where no European ever sailed before; and admiring the deep solitude, the brilliant night, the dark fringe of retired jungle, the lighter foliage of the river bank, with here and there a tree flashing and shining with fire-flies, nature's tiny lamps, glancing and flitting in countless numbers, and incredible brilliancy." The expedition had proceeded about a hundred miles up the Samarahan river, admirably calculated for the purposes of navigation and trade, receiving hospitality and kindness at the different villages on its banks, when the Pangeran, dreading the hostility of the Dyaks, and alleging that the river was narrow, rapid, and obstructed by trees, insisted upon returning to Sarawak, which they reached on the 25th. On the 30th, the same flotilla set out to explore the river Lundu, and to visit the Sibnowan Dyaks and their town of Tungong. This river is about half a mile wide at the mouth, and from 150 to 200 yards off Tungong, which stands on the right bank, and is enclosed by a slight stockade. Within this defence there is only *one enormous house* with three or four small huts, for the whole population of about 400 souls! This remarkable tenement is 594 feet long, and the front room or street is the entire length of the building, and 21 feet broad. The floor is 12 feet above the ground, and it is reached by means of the trunk of a tree, with notches cut in it, which performs the part of a ladder. The back part is divided

by neat partitions into the private apartments of the various families, which communicate with the public apartments. The married persons occupy the private rooms, while the widowers and young unmarried men occupy the public apartments. There is in front of this extraordinary building a terrace, 50 feet broad, formed, like the floors, of split bamboo, and extending partially along the front of the building.

“This platform,” says Mr. Brooke, “as well as the front room, beside the regular inhabitants, is the resort of pigs, dogs, birds, monkeys, and fowls, and presents a glorious scene of confusion and bustle. Here the ordinary occupations of domestic labour are carried on—padi ground, mats made, &c. &c. There were 200 men, women, and children counted in the room, and in front, whilst we were there in the middle of the day; and allowing for those abroad, and for those in their own rooms, the whole community cannot be reckoned at less than 400 souls. Overhead, about seven feet high, is a second crazy storey, in which they stow their stores of food, and their implements of labour and war. Along the large room are hung many cots, four feet long, formed of the hollowed trunks of trees cut in half, which answer the purpose of seats by day and beds by night. The Sibnowan Dyaks are a wild-looking, but apparently quiet and inoffensive race. The apartment of their chief, by name Sejulah, is situated nearly in the centre of the building, and is longer than any other. In front of it nice mats were spread on the occasion of our visit, whilst *over our heads dangled about thirty ghastly skulls*, according to the custom of these people. \* \* \* I was informed that they had many more in their possession, all, however, the heads of enemies. On enquiring, I was told, that it is indispensable that a young man should procure a skull before he gets married.”—Mr. Brooke’s *Journal in Keppel’s Expedition*, vol. i. pp. 52, 53-55.

The practice of *head-hunting*, as it is called, referred to in the preceding extract, is carried to a great extent in Borneo. It is necessary, in many places, to propitiate the bride by throwing down before her a number of heads in a net; and though one head may, in cases where there is no competition of lovers, satisfy the bride, yet the courage of the male, and consequently his success in love, is measured by the number which he can display. It is not, however, at marriages alone that these disgusting trophies are demanded. At the death of any person, a head must be procured previous to the celebration of the funeral; and it is confidently stated, that in the north as well as in the south of Borneo, human victims, generally slaves, are sacrificed on the death of a chief, and even on other occasions. Among the land tribes, the heads are the general property of the village, and are stored up in what is called the Head-House; but the Sea-Dyaks hold them as personal property, and occasionally wear them



dangling at their loins. An old chief, when regretting the destruction of all his property by fire, stated to Mr. Low, that "he would not have regretted it so much if he could have saved the trophies of the prowess of his fathers—the heads collected by his ancestors." Baskets full of these heads, deprived of the brain, and dried over a slow and smoking fire, may be found at any house in the villages of the sea tribes; and the number of these disgusting objects is a measure of the distinction of the family. The mode of treating a captured head by the Sea-Dyaks is thus described by Mr. Low:—

"The head is brought on shore with much ceremony, and wrapped up in the curiously folded and plaited leaves of the Nipah palm, and frequently emitting the disgusting odours peculiar to decaying mortality. This, the Dyaks have frequently told me, is particularly grateful to their senses, and surpasses the odorous durian, their favourite fruit. On shore, and in the village, the head, for months after its arrival, is treated with the greatest consideration, and all the names and terms of endearment of which their language is capable are lavished upon it. The most dainty morsel culled from their repast is thrust into its mouth, and it is instructed to hate its former friends, and that having been now adopted into the tribe of its captors, its spirit must be always with them: sirih leaves and betel-nut are given to it, and finally a cigar is frequently placed between its ghastly and pallid lips. None of this disgusting mockery is performed with the intention of ridicule, but all to propitiate the spirit by kindness, and to procure its good wishes for the tribe of which it is now supposed to have become a member."—Low's *Sarawak*, &c., pp. 206, 207.

After the feast which follows this barbarous ceremony, dancing generally commences, and this is "performed with the recently acquired heads suspended from the persons of the actors, who move up and down the verandah with a slow step and corresponding movements of their outstretched arms, uttering occasionally a yell which rises fierce and shrill above the discordant noises of the gongs, &c., to which the dancers move."

The mode of dealing with heads among the land tribes, is well described by Mr. Marryat, who had occasion to witness a *Head-House* while visiting three villages in the Serambo mountains, occupied by the hill Dyaks, under Mr. Brooke's sway. Mr. Marryat's party was escorted to a house in the centre of the village, differently constructed from the rest. It was raised and well ventilated by numerous port-holes in its pointed roof.\* A rough ladder conducted the party to the room above; and when they entered they were "taken aback" by finding that they were in the head house, and that *the beams were lined with human heads*,

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\* A drawing of this *Head-House* is given by Sir E. Belcher, vol. i., p. 26,

*all hanging by a small line passing through the top of the skull.* "They were painted in the most fantastic and hideous manner; pieces of wood, painted to imitate the eyes, were inserted into the sockets, and added not a little to their ghastly grinning appearance. The strangest part of the story, and that which added very much to the effect of the scene, was *that these skulls were perpetually moving to and fro, and knocking against each other.* This, I presume, was occasioned by the different currents of air blowing in at the port-holes; but what with their continual motion, their nodding their chins when they hit each other, and their grinning teeth, they really appeared to be endowed with new life, and were a very merry set of fellows."

In the last week of September, Mr. Brooke undertook another expedition to the river Sadung, accompanied by the Pangerans, Illudeen and Subtu. The town called Songi is of considerable size, and along the river, from which there is a good deal of trade, the population may amount to 2000 or 3000 persons. After visiting an Illanun pirate, who resides up the Songi, a tributary of the Sadung, and also Seriff Sahib, the son of an Arab, who married a daughter of the Borneon Rajah, they sailed up the river to a point thirty miles from its mouth, where there was a village, consisting of three moderately long houses, inhabited by the Sibnowan Dyaks, where they found a collection of heads, some of them fresh, and said to be women's, hanging, ornamented with feathers, before the entrance of the chief's private apartments. After a night's exposure to torrents of rain and the vivid lightning of the tropics, the river party dropped down to the entrance into the Sadung, and passing over the sand flats to the Royalist, they were joined by the Pangerans, who next day returned to Sarawak, leaving the Panglima Rajah to pilot them out. When the Panglima, in his prahu, with twelve men, was lying close to the shore, they were roused from their sleep by a piratical attack of the roving Sarebus Dyaks, who stole upon them by surprise, wounded severely the Panglima and several of his men, and but for the timeous discharge of a gun from the Royalist, which frightened the assailants, the whole party would have been slaughtered.

Returning to Sarawak on the 1st October, Mr. Brooke and his party accepted of a pressing invitation from the Rajah. From four o'clock they sat, and talked, and drank tea, and smoked, till eight in the evening, when dinner was announced. The table was laid *à l'Anglaise*—a good curry of rice, grilled fowls, and a bottle of wine. The party did justice to their cheer, and the Rajah, throwing off all reserve, bustled about with the proud and pleasing consciousness of having given an English dinner in proper style, now drawing the wine, now changing the plates,

pressing his guests to eat, and saying you are at home. After dinner they drank and smoked and talked till the hour of rest. Mr. Brooke's couch was a crimson silk mattress, embroidered with gold, and covered with white, gold-embroidered mats and pillows. The others fared equally well, and greatly enjoyed their wine, in consequence of their own stock having been expended.

Having taken a cordial leave of the Rajah, and in the course of his three expeditions obtained much useful information respecting the natural history, geography, statistics, and language of the Dyaks, Mr. Brooke sailed for Singapore on the 2d October, carrying along with him letters for the merchants of that place, and a list of the imports and exports of Sarawak. As it was probable that the civil war might continue for many months, he thought it would be injudicious to return to Sarawak, and he therefore decided on making an excursion to the island of Celebes, as he had contemplated in his original prospectus. Taking with him a large assortment of British goods, as presents to the chiefs and people, he set sail on the 20th November, and about the middle of December 1839, he arrived off Celebes. Captain Keppel has given only such extracts from Mr. Brooke's Journal of that "portion of his excursion to Celebes and among the Bugis, as particularly bears upon his Borneon sequel," amounting only to a portion of a chapter. But Captain Mundy has devoted *ten* chapters to the subject, and has given the whole of Mr. Brooke's Journal of this interesting expedition. As our object is to make our readers acquainted with Mr. Brooke's life and labours in his own territory of Sarawak, we can only devote a brief space to a notice of his visit to Celebes, or rather to his circumnavigation of the gulf of Boni.

On the 16th of December Mr. Brooke landed at Bonthian Bay, where he was kindly received by the officers of the Dutch fort. On the 18th he set out with three doctors and native guides, to see the splendid waterfall of Sapo, "inferior in body of water" to many falls in Switzerland, but superior to any of them in sylvan beauty, its charms being greatly heightened to the imagination, by its deep seclusion, its undisturbed solitude, and its difficulty of access. After passing through the glades and glens, grassy knolls and slopes, they plunged into the wood, and found themselves at the side of the stream below the waterfall. Having finished their breakfast, they all stripped to their trousers, entered the water, and waded along the bed of the river to the fall. The steep and woody banks prevented any other mode of approach, and as the stream rushed down, tumbling over huge rocks, this mode was any thing but easy. Sometimes they were up to the arms in water, now stealing with care over

wet and slippery stones, now favoured by a few yards of dry ground, and ever and anon swimming a pool to shorten an unpleasant climb.

"In this manner," says Mr. Brooke, "we advanced about half-a-mile, when the fall became visible; thick trees and hanging creepers intervened; between and through the foliage, we just saw the water glancing and shining in its descent. The effect was perfect. After some little farther and more difficult progress, we stood beneath the fall of about 150 feet sheer descent. The wind whirled in eddies, and carried the sleet over us, chilling our bodies, but unable to damp our admiration. The basin of the fall is part of a circle, with the outlet forming a funnel; bare cliffs, perpendicular on all sides, form the upper portion of the vale, and above and below is all the luxuriant vegetation of the East; trees arched and interlaced, and throwing down long fantastic roots and creepers, shade the scene, and form one of the richest sylvan prospects I have ever beheld. The water foaming and flashing, and then escaping amid huge grey stones on its troubled course—clear and transparent, expanding into tranquil pools, with the flickering sunshine through the dense foliage, all combined to form a scene such as Tasso has described."—Mr. Brooke's *Journal*, Keppel's *Expedition*, vol. i., pp. 111, 112.

At Singapore Mr. Brooke met with Dain Matara, a well-born, affluent, and educated Bugis, who offered to accompany him in his expedition, refusing any remuneration for his services. Mr. Brooke agreed to take him and his servant, and found him a cheerful, good-tempered, and intelligent companion. On the 20th, Mr. Brooke, with a party of twelve, undertook the ascent of Lumpu Batang. They rested at different villages on the hill, where they saw the cockatoo in its wild state, and encountered a community of dusky baboons; and on the 22d, after midday, they attained the summit, never before reached by Europeans. On the top they saw the dung of wild cattle, which are said to be a species of *urus*;<sup>\*</sup> and found specimens of pumice stone, indicating the volcanic nature of the mountain. Mr. Brooke estimates the population of the villages in this district at about 5000. The chief product of the country is coffee, which is collected by the Bugis merchants to the extent of 80,000 peculs annually, the price being 15 or 16 Java rupees per pecul. Tortoise shell and mother of pearl shells are abundant.

On the 6th of January, 1840, Mr. Brooke intimated to the King of Boni, his arrival as a private individual, and his wish to visit him. His Majesty gave orders that all the wants of the party should be supplied; but in consequence of foolish reports that five ships were on their way to Boni, to expel the Dutch, no answer was given to Mr. Brooke's proposal. Having collected

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<sup>\*</sup> See this *Journal*, vol. v. p. 202.

information respecting the condition and politics of Boni, and believing that some sinister influence was at work to prevent his meeting with the king, he resolved to proceed on his voyage.

The state of Boni, though of recent origin, is now the most powerful in Celebes. Its form of government is an aristocratic elective monarchy, the king, or the Patamankowe, being chosen by the Aru Pitu, or Rajah Pitu, that is by six men or Rajahs. These six men fill also the great offices of state, and each, in case of absence, can appoint a proxy. The Tomarilalan, who is prime minister or treasurer, is not one of the elective body, but is a sort of balancing power, and the medium of communication between them and the king, although there is reason to believe that this functionary wields a higher authority than even the Aru Pitu. The king decides when the Aru Pitu is equally divided; but in cases of election to the supreme power, the Tomarilalan decides between the contending parties. In such cases a general assembly of the inferior rajahs and the official functionaries is convened, whose voice influences, if it does not decide the election. The public voice, however, thus faintly developed in this elective monarchy, has not yet, as Mr. Brooke expresses it, "worked any benefit to the community generally."

On his arrival at Peneke, in the kingdom of Wajo, on the 26th January, Mr. Brooke met with a kind and affable reception from three rajahs. They visited the Royalist, and offered to show him and his party a deer hunt, and to take them to Tesora, the present capital of Wajo. They accordingly set out on the 30th, and passing through Doping, Piagaga, and Penrang, amid assembled thousands carrying arms and banners, and firing muskets, and uttering discordant yells, they reached Tesora, a large straggling city, the ancient boundary of which is marked by a fortification several miles in circuit. The houses are mostly large and well built, but old and tottering; and the remains of brick-built mosques and powder-magazines indicate the former extent of the city. The population, now about 6000, must have been four times that number. Mr. Brooke and his party were received at the house allotted to them by crowds within, and a mob without, and sat eating sweetmeats, and afterwards devouring their dinner—the gaze and wonder of a Bugis multitude. When they lay down to sleep, the crowd, particularly the female portion, pressed closer to look at their faces; and when they left the house, fresh hordes pursued them till midnight. The following day they visited the Rajah, and after a luxurious collation, at which politics were unreservedly discussed, they were entertained with the brutality of cock-fighting. The Bugis consider themselves as a *free people*, and Mr. Brooke was unable to discover the faintest trace of any limit to the freedom of discourse. They are a manly and

spirited, though an idle race. As colonists and traders they are enterprising. The women enjoy perfect liberty; and though talking often "in a very unladylike manner, on unladylike subjects, yet they are chaste." The population of the eastern and northern shores, and particularly of Wajo, is 67,800, reckoning 15 persons to a house, the number of houses being 4520.

The southern limb of Celebes contains the four kingdoms of Luwu, Wajo, Boni, and Soping. Goa, the fifth, has been long under European domination, and Si Dendring, once part of Boni, is now an independent kingdom. The three states of Boni, Wajo, and Soping, have acted as one state for the purpose of defence. Wajo is governed by six hereditary Rajahs, three civil and three military, who elect the head, viz. the Aru Matoah. A chamber of forty nobles are appealed to on difficult emergencies, and three Pangawas, or tribunes of the people, who summon the council of forty, watch over popular rights. The three Pangawas are elected by the people, and generally hold office for life. The Rajah Penrang, next in rank to the six, "holds the privilege of advising or upbraiding the six Rajahs." The wealth of all classes consists in slaves, or rather serfs. There are fifty slaves or more to each freeman. They are neither imported nor exported. Debtors and criminals become slaves, and their masters have the power of life and death.

In returning through Boni, Mr. Brooke observed a ludicrous example of court etiquette. Although the country possesses a constitution, yet it has been reduced to a state of perfect despotism by the Patamankowe or king. "When this personage sits all sit—when he rises all rise. Should he ride and fall from his horse, all about him must fall from their horses likewise. If he bathe, all must bathe too, and whoever is passing at the time must plunge into the water in the dress, good or bad, which they happen to wear."

Mr. Brooke had heard in the early part of his journey of the cave of Mampo, which was said to be "full of figures of men and beasts," and he took much trouble to obtain leave to visit it. The hill of Mampo, 400 feet high, and composed of coral rock, is two miles from the town of Unii, and is flat-topped and covered with wood. The Patamankowe appointed the Aru Tanneté to accompany Mr. Brooke to the cave, and the party set out on the 3d of April, attended by a mob of 200 or 300 persons. The entrance to the cave, which immediately expands into a lofty hall, dropping with the fantastic forms of numerous stalactites, is at a short distance from the town of Alupang, consisting of seventy houses, and standing on the hill side.

"Mampo cave," says Mr. Brooke, "is a production of nature, and the various halls and passages exhibit the multitude of beautiful forms

with which Nature adorns her works; pillars, and shafts, and fret-work, many of the most dazzling white, adorn the roofs or support them, and the ceaseless progress of the work is still going forward and presenting all figures in gradual formation. The top of the cave, here and there fallen in, gives gleams of the most picturesque light, whilst trees and creepers, growing from the fallen masses, shoot up to the level above, and add a charm to the scene. Yet was I greatly disappointed, and enjoyed the sight less than I should otherwise have done.

"These varied forms of stalactites the natives speak of as figures; a fallen pillar represents a rajah; and, by a like stretch of imagination, they call various stones dogs, horses, ships, rice, looms, &c. Names arbitrarily enough bestowed, but which retain their particular designations, and produce their uniformity of statement when they speak of the figures they each have seen in the cave. Some parts of the cave are inclosed with stones, and offerings of slight burning sticks, similar to those used in Chinese temples, are stuck round them. The path to these shrines is so well trodden, that they are evidently much frequented by the natives.

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"The hundreds of dark figures with flaming torches mingling their light with the streams of sunbeams from the roof—their yells and shouts as they entered the spacious halls, and the time—the clime—the spot—all produced a highly picturesque effect; yet I could not enjoy, though I admired; and my chief comfort was, that I might spare other travellers from being misled by the exaggerated, but consistent account of the natives.

"The European imagination would deck this cave with all the semblance of a cathedral, with some slight approximation to the reality; they would see the shrines of saints or heroes—the Gothic arch—the groined roof—the supporting pillars.

"The natives, from tradition as well as imagination, bestow on the varied shapes of stalactites the names of men, of beasts, or of birds. The halls of Alhambra are the nearest approach to the caves of Nature's formation, and we may suppose they were first imitations of Nature's subterranean works.

"The transition from the dim light and freshness of the cave into the bright glare of a tropical sun, was very displeasing; and I felt glad, after an excursion of some hours, to return to our quarters at Unii."—Mr. Brooke's *Journal*, Captain Mundy's *Narrative*, vol. i., pp. 141-143.

Leaving Tesora, and descending the Chinrana, Mr. Brooke joined the Royalist, and proceeded on his voyage northward, visiting Luwu, the oldest and most decayed of the Bugis states, and rounding the northern extremity of the gulf of Boni, where the river Uru discharges itself by seven mouths into the sea. He visited the Minkoka tribe, on the east side of the gulf, a people who are "keen barterers," marry only one wife, and have a language of their own. Mr. Brooke got 2½ lbs. of wax for a

red cotton handkerchief, worth 8d. ; 30 lbs. of sago for one worth a shilling, and from 70 to 100 cocoa nuts for a small red cotton handkerchief. Descending the coast by Pulo-Bassa, an island growing from the reef, the Royalist ran across the bay to Bonthian, and thence to Samarang, where Mr. Brooke was compelled to put in for provisions, and where he received money and hospitality from Mr. MacNeill. From Samarang he 'proceeded to Singapore, where he remained a few months to recruit his health and refit his vessel. Early in August he set out for Sarawak, where he arrived on the 29th of August, 1840.

Sick, languid, and disabled, Mr. Brooke's determination had been to remain only for a few days on his way northward, and this resolution was strengthened when he found that no progress had been made in suppressing the rebellion, which had lasted for four years. The cordial reception, however, which he met with from the Rajah Muda Hassim, the chiefs, and the people, and the earnest prayers of the first, that he would not leave him in his present disgraced and deserted position, induced him to join the miserable Borneo army ; but such were " the scenes of cowardice, treachery, intrigue, and lukewarmness which he witnessed in the course of ten days, that he left them and returned to his vessel. The Rajah renewed his entreaties, and offered to make over to him the government of Sarawak, with its revenues and trade. Mr. Brooke refused to accept this offer while the war was pending ; and considering the war as just and righteous, and its speedy termination as a service to humanity, he started to join the Sarawak forces on the 3d of October at Leda Tanah, where he saw " the whole army bathe, with the commander-in-chief at their head." The army consisted of 200 Chinese, armed chiefly with swords and spears, 250 Malays, and about 200 Dyaks of various tribes. The enemy, who occupied the fort of Bolidah, were from 350 to 500 strong, half of whom were armed with muskets, and the other half with spears. The fort was on a slight eminence at the water's edge, defended by a few swivels and a gun or two, and by various snares, some like mole-traps, and others were holes filled with ranjows, or spiked bamboos. To assault the fort by a chain of three forts, and a stockade, was the resolve of the allied army. A reinforcement of men and guns, sent for by Mr. Brooke, having arrived, a breach was soon made in the wooden fort on the 31st October. Mr. Brooke proposed to storm the place with 150 Chinese and Malays ; but though some of the chiefs agreed, and tried to influence the courage of those who dissented from the proposal, no attempt was made to attack the enemy. Neither persuasion nor ridicule had any influence upon them, and Mr. Brooke returned in disgust to his ship. The Rajah again induced him to return, and on the 10th December



he rejoined the army. The campaign now assumed an active character. New recruits had arrived, and new forts were erected; and after a series of skirmishes, with varied success and little loss, the enemy advanced from the stockade into the open field. Mr. Brooke instantly saw their mistake, and profited by it. With his detachment of Englishmen, twelve in number, he charged quickly across the padi-fields, followed by *one* Illanun, named Si Tundo, and by the rest of the natives at a respectful distance. The manœuvre was completely successful. The moment the English appeared on the ridge above the river, in the hollow of which the rebels were seeking protection, they were completely routed, and the victory was decisive and bloodless. The rebels lost their arms and ammunition, several forts were captured, the remnant of the defeated troops were disheartened, and in a few days a treaty was signed, Bolidah delivered up, and at the close of 1841, the rebellion at an end. Mr. Brooke made it a condition with the Rajah that the lives of the prisoners should be spared, and that their women and children, who were given as hostages, should be treated kindly, and preserved from wrong.

In the beginning of January 1841, the army broke up from its encampment near Siniavin, and returned to Sarawak. When Mr. Brooke "was winding up his affairs, in order to have an agreement drawn up between the Rajah and himself," a fleet of Illanun pirates appeared on the coast, and with the Rajah's permission anchored off Sarawak. It was reported that their object was to seize fifty lacks of dollars which were supposed to be on board the Royalist, whose figure head was believed to be of solid gold. The fleet consisted of eighteen prahus, decorated with flags and streamers, and firing cannon and musketry. The smallest carried 30, and the largest 100 men, and each had from 30 to 50 oars. Their armament was one or two six-pounders on the bow, one four-pounder stern-chaser, and a number of swivels, besides musketry, spears, and swords. Mr. Brooke "put himself into a complete posture of defence, lest hostilities might ensue. The interview with the Rajah, however, was friendly, and the fleet departed in peace. Magindanao, Sooloo, and the northern part of Borneo, are the great nests of piracy; and as no measures have been adopted for its suppression, the greatest devastation and misery are inflicted on the rest of the Archipelago.

Having received from the Rajah the papers duly signed and sealed, which declared him "resident at Sarawak," that is, which gave him permission to live in the province, and "to seek profit by trade," Mr. Brooke engaged to "bring a vessel for trade, laden with a mixed cargo for the Sarawak market;" and the Rajah promised in return to build him a house, and to procure antimony ore in return for his goods. Under these arrangements, Mr. Brooke

sailed for Singapore, on the 16th February, and after a stay of three months, during which he purchased, for 5000 dollars, the *Swift*, a schooner of ninety tons, and put a suitable cargo on board her, he returned with his two vessels to Sarawak early in April 1841. Though he was received with honours and salutes, and with renewed kindness on the part of the Rajah and the people generally, yet Mr. Brooke found that the house promised him was not even begun, and that the antimony ore was not ready for delivery. The wooden tenement, however, was speedily erected; but though the whole cargo of the *Swift* was delivered to the Rajah, yet the price of it in antimony was not paid. When suffering under this disappointment, a fleet of 100 prahus, manned by two or three thousand wild Dyaks and Malays, swept past his house and up the river, for the purpose of slaughtering the inoffensive people on its banks, and procuring slaves and plunder. By a firm remonstrance with the Rajah this expedition was prevented, and hundreds of lives probably spared. It was at this time also that Mr. Brooke learned that the crew of an English ship, wrecked on the north-west coast, were detained as prisoners at Bruni, the capital. He in vain requested the Rajah to apply to the Sultan for their release, and at last determined to dispatch the *Royalist* for that purpose. A portion of the antimony ore (750 peculs) having been now shipped on board the *Swift*, and no farther remittance being probable, she was sent to Singapore, both vessels sailing for their different destinations on the 25th of July, and Mr. Brooke and his three companions remaining at Sarawak.

Although Mr. Brooke, with his three companions, without the protection of his vessel or his crew, was now at the mercy of the Rajah, he did not scruple to urge him to the fulfilment of his promises, and to point out his injustice in withholding the antimony ore, and in delaying to assist him in the release of his countrymen, and his want of faith respecting the negotiation for the government of Sarawak, and the detention of the female prisoners taken in the rebellion. These representations were met with more abundant promises, but no exertion was made to fulfil them. After returning from an excursion into the interior, and waiting with anxiety the return of his ship, Mr. Brooke received a letter from Captain Gill of the *Sultana* of Bombay, which had been destroyed by lightning on the 4th January 1841. Forty-one of her crew had reached Borneo in an indescribable state of starvation and misery. The Sultan had allowed Captain Gill and Mr. and Miss De Souza, with three servants, to proceed to Singapore, but they were obliged to put in dismayed to the island Sirhassan, and were afterwards detained by a fleet of piratical prahus. Afflicted by this intelligence, Mr. Brooke took

measures for the relief of the parties at Borneo and Sirhassan, but before he learned the effect of these, the Royalist arrived at Samarang near Sarawak on the 18th, and the Swift on the 19th August. The intelligence brought by the Royalist was in every respect unfavourable. Pretending that the prisoners had entered into an agreement with him, the Sultan refused in a letter to Mr. Brooke to release them; but this miserable subterfuge served only to increase his exertions in their favour. The Honourable Company's steamer Diana, had been sent by the Governor of Singapore to communicate with Mr. Brooke, and then to proceed to Bruni to demand the release of the wrecked British subjects. Influenced no doubt by this event, the Rajah sent some Pangerans to Bruni with the same humane object, and in a short time the Diana returned with Captain and Mrs. Page, Mr. Young, the second officer, and all the rest of the Sultana's crew, save only a few who had landed at the north part of Borneo, and been afterwards brought as slaves to Borneo Proper.

Mr. Brooke's position at Sarawak was now a critical one. The Pangeran Macota, a cruel and faithless chief, had shown the bitterest hostility to him. By threats and violence he had "prevented or driven all persons from visiting him," and he had used every means to prevent the Rajah from completing the transference of Sarawak to Mr. Brooke. In this state of affairs, Mr. Brooke determined to make a bold and decisive movement; and having obtained the fullest proof of the intrigues and crimes of Macota, he laid the information before the Rajah Muda Hassim, and demanded an investigation.

"My demand, as usual," says he, "was met by vague promises of future enquiry, and Macota seemed to triumph in the success of his villany: but the moment for action had now arrived. My conscience told me that I was bound no longer to submit to such injustice, and I was resolved to test the strength of our respective parties. Repairing on board the yacht, I mustered my people, explained my intentions and mode of operation, and having loaded the vessel's guns with grape and canister, and brought her broadside to bear, I proceeded on shore with a detachment fully armed, and taking up a position at the entrance of the Rajah's palace, demanded and obtained an immediate audience. In a few words I pointed out the villany of Macota, his tyranny and oppression of all classes, and my determination to attack him by force and drive him from the country. I explained to the Rajah, that several chiefs and a large body of Siniawan Dyaks (200) were ready to assist me, and that the only course left to prevent bloodshed was immediately to proclaim me governor of the country.

"This unmistakeable demonstration had the desired effect: a resistance, indeed, on his part would have been useless, for the Chinese population, and the inhabitants of the town generally, remained per-

fectly neutral. None joined the party of Macota, and his paid followers were not more than twenty in number. Under the guns of the Royalist, and with a small body of men to protect me personally, and the great majority of all classes with me, it is not surprising that the negotiation proceeded rapidly to a favourable issue. The document was quickly drawn up, sealed, signed, and delivered; and on the 24th of September 1841, I was declared Rajah and Governor of Sarawak, amidst the roar of cannon and a general display of flags and banners from the shore and boats in the river."—Mr. Brooke's *Journal in Capt. Mundy's Narrative, &c.*, vol. i. pp. 270, 271.

Thus confirmed in his government, Mr. Brooke devoted his highest powers to the interests of humanity and the civilisation of his people: He released upwards of a hundred of the unfortunate females whom the fate of war had left in the power of the Rajah; he substituted a moderate tax on rice in room of the arbitrary exactions of his predecessor; he established a court for the administration of justice, in which he himself presided, with the assistance of such of the Rajah's brothers as chose to attend; he protected the Dyaks from the oppression and rapacity of the Malays; and he prepared a naval force for defending himself against the incursions of the sea-pirates.

The year 1842, the first of Mr. Brooke's reign, began under favourable auspices. In the code of laws which he printed and promulgated in the Malay language, he adopted the criminal law of Borneo, he granted freedom of trade in everything but antimony ore, and he laid down rules for fixing and collecting the revenue. After experiencing many difficulties, and facing many dangers to which he was exposed in the administration of justice, he undertook an excursion, about the middle of April, to his diamond mines at Suntah. On the 26th April they entered the small river Slabad, but it was so obstructed by fallen trees that they were forced to return after ascending about four miles. Leaving their boats they walked to the steep mountain Tubbany, about 400 feet in length. About half-way up they gained the entrance of a cave into which they descended through a hole. "It is 50 or 60 feet long, and its far end is supported on a colonnade of stalactites, and opens on a sheer precipice of a 100 or 150 feet. Hence the spectator can overlook the distant scene; the forest lies at his feet, and only a few trees growing from the rock reach nearly to the level of the grotto. The effect is striking and panoramic, the grotto cheerful; floored with fine sand; the roof groined like Gothic, whence the few clear droops which filter through, form here and there the fantastic stalactites common to such localities. The natives report the cave to be the residence of a fairy queen, and they show her bed, pillow, and other of her household furniture. Within

the cave we found a few remnants of human bones, probably those of some poor Dyak who had crawled there to die."

After his return to Sarawak, where he found "peace and plenty, the poor not harassed, and justice done to all," Mr. Brooke undertook an expedition against the Singé Dyak Chief Parimban. The mountain of Singé with its groves of fruit-trees, is inhabited by 800 males, the most ignorant and wild of the Dyaks. Their chief, Parimban, had made himself unpopular by his extortion, and had illegally made war upon the Sigos, one of the Dyak tribes of Sarawak. Mr. Brooke gave the chieftainship of the tribe to a younger and more popular chief of the name of Bibit, and making Parimban pay two guns to the Sigo Dyaks, he concluded a peace between them.

On his return to Sarawak, Mr. Brooke made arrangements for visiting Bruné, the capital of Borneo Proper, to procure the ratification by the Sultan of the grant of the Government and country of Sarawak; to obtain the release of the Lascar crew of the Sultana and Viscount Melbourne, which had been wrecked on the Luconia shoal; to reconcile Muda Hassim to the Sultan; to make him virtual if not nominal sovereign of Borneo, and thus get himself firmly established and relieved from the intriguing, mean, base Borneans.

He accordingly embarked in the *Royalist* on the 15th July, and on the 22d he arrived in the Borneo river. No sooner was his arrival intimated, than a mob of Pangerans with their followers came on board at two o'clock in the morning, eager in their inquiries after Muda Hassim, and anxious for his return. After various intercommunications, Mr. Brooke was presented to the Sultan on the 25th. In the course of a week he was so fortunate as to achieve all the objects of his voyage. A reconciliation was effected between the Sultan and Muda Hassim—the twenty Lascars of the shipwrecked British ships were released, and on the 1st August 1842, the contract making over to Mr. Brooke the government of Sarawak, was signed, sealed, and witnessed.

After receiving mobs of visitors on the 3d and 4th, the *Royalist* set sail next day, and arrived on the 15th at Sarawak. The Sultan's letters to Muda Hassim were to be produced on the evening of the 18th, in all the state which possibly could be attained; and the following ceremonial accompanied the final cession of Sarawak to its new Rajah:—

"On the arrival of the letters," says Mr. Brooke, "they were received and brought up amid large wax torches, and the person who was to read them was stationed on a raised platform; standing below him was the Rajah with a sabre in his hand; in front of the Rajah was his brother Pangeran Jaffer, with a tremendous kempelan drawn, and around

were the other brothers and myself all standing—the rest of the company being seated. The letters were then read, the last one appointing me to hold the government of Sarawak. After this the Rajah descended, and said aloud, ‘If any one present disowns or contests the Sultan’s appointment, let him declare!’ All were silent. He next turned to the Patingis and asked them; they were obedient to the will of the Sultan. Then came the other Pangerans,—‘Is there any Pangerans or any young Rajah that contests the question? Pangeran Der Macota, what do you say?’ Macota expressed his willingness to obey. One or two other obnoxious Pangerans, who had always opposed themselves to me, were each in turn challenged, and forced to promise obedience. The Rajah then waved his sword, and with a loud voice exclaimed, ‘Whoever he is that disobeys the Sultan’s mandate, now received, I will separate his skull;’ at this moment some ten of his brothers jumped from the verandah, and drawing their long krisses, began to flourish and dance about, thrusting close to Macota, striking the pillar above his head, pointing their weapons at his breast. This *amusement*, the violence of motion, the freedom from restraint, this explosion of a long pent up animosity roused all their passions; and had Macota, through an excess of fear or an excess of bravery, started up, he would have been slain, and other blood would have been spilt. But he was quiet with his face pale and subdued, and as shortly as decency would permit, after the riot had subsided, took his leave. This scene is a custom with them; the only exception to which was that it was pointed so directly at Macota.”—Mr. Brooke’s *Journal in Keppel’s Expedition*, &c.—vol. i. p. 334.

Although four or five of the Dyak tribes had yielded a ready submission to the sway of their new Rajah, and begged for his protection, yet his authority was defied by the Singé Dyaks, who had been misled by their chief, Parimban, and the Panglima Po Tummo. It became necessary, therefore, to attack them in their stronghold. The mountain on which their village stands is as steep as a ladder, and from an embankment at the top they can roll down rocks, and securely use their spears and other missiles on their ascending enemies. The Patingis, by Mr. Brooke’s direction, ascended the hill, and though the Dyaks, with drawn swords, endeavoured to intimidate them, the village was taken, and the two chiefs fled. The sudden appearance of the Dyaks from the left bank of the river, the enemies of the Singé Dyaks, induced Parimban and Po Tummo to surrender themselves, in order to avoid a worse fate; and they accordingly met Mr. Brooke, clothed in white, a symbol of peace and submission. “I told him,” says Mr. Brooke, “*I would not kill him*, but take him to the Rajah, and he would then know what were the Rajah’s orders;” and yet he tells us a few lines afterwards, that “Parimban and Po Tummo were put in irons, preparatory to

their execution," and that they were executed on the 7th of September. "At six o'clock in the evening, as the sun set, Parimban and Po Tummo closed their earthly career. They were taken out to the rear of my house, and dispatched by the knives of the Rajah's followers. I could not help being shocked, though the necessity was a stern one, and their death merited. Besides, their release would have entailed the destruction of numbers of my friends and supporters. Parimban died with courage. Po Tummo shrank from the execution of the sentence. Both were laid in one grave."\*

We have not been able to reconcile ourselves to this act of Mr. Brooke's government. He was Rajah of Sarawak; he promised that he would not kill his captives, and they were not subject to the orders of Rajah Muda Hassim. However necessary, therefore, the punishment might be, and however merited their death, his promise of life should have been kept, and when they surrendered themselves in order to escape the fury of their Dyak foes, he should have protected them from "the knives of the Rajah's followers." In this war of seven days, thus painfully and fatally terminated, Mr. Brooke succeeded, as he himself says, "without the loss of a single life, and without injury to any property, except Parimban's and that of his immediate relatives." With no blood therefore to avenge, and no injury to deplore, the lives of the Singé chiefs might have been spared.

In the beginning of February 1843, Mr. Brooke went to Singapore, to communicate his views and plans to the Governor, who assured him of his aid in suppressing piracy and advancing commerce, and of his willingness to give him the assistance of any steamers that could be spared from more pressing duties. These important objects had occupied the attention of the British Government, and Admiral Sir W. Parker had, at the conclusion of the Chinese war, ordered the *Dido*, commanded by the Hon. Captain Keppel, to the Malacca Straits and Borneo. While at Penang in the month of March 1843, he became acquainted with Mr. Brooke, who accepted of his invitation to return to Sarawak in the *Dido*. During their "passage across," Mr. Brooke guided Captain Keppel to the haunts of the Balanini pirates, where they fell in with two small fleets—the *first* of *five* large proas, each pulling 50 oars, which escaped with such rapidity, that they appeared to Captain Keppel, "from their swiftness, to be flying," and the *next* of *six* war vessels, which attacked a boat expedition under Lieutenant Horton and Mr. Brooke, but were soon overcome, with the loss of ten men killed and twenty wounded. On the 16th the *Dido* anchored

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\* Mr. Brooke's *Journal* in Captain Mundy's *Narrative*, vol. i. pp. 329-333.

at Sarawak, and astonished the natives by a salute in honour of Muda Hassim. Mr. Brooke was received with undisguised delight, and warmly welcomed to his adopted country. Having equipped themselves at Mr. Brooke's with swords and cocked hats, they marched to the Rajah's residence, where they smoked cigars, drank tea, chewed betel-nut, and stared at and complimented each other. After the Rajah had returned the visit of Captain Keppel, and after another pirate fight, in which eighteen or twenty of the enemy, along with their chief, were slain, an expedition was organized at the desire of Muda Hassim for a campaign against the pirates of Sarebas and Sakarran. The force from the Dido was eighty in all, manning the pinnace, two cutters, a gig, and Mr. Brooke's boat, the Jolly Bachelor. The native force was about 1000 men. The preparations being completed, on the 4th of June the expedition, with its wild and undisciplined armament, left Sarawak, and proceeded to Boling, where the shallowness of the river compelled them to leave about 150 men. On the 11th the tide swept them rapidly up the bore, and all on a sudden a turn in the river brought them in front of a steep hill, where several hundred savages rose up and gave one of their war yells, the first that Captain Keppel had heard, and more terrific than any report of musketry or ordnance. Passing onward, they were stopped by a barrier of trees across the river. Captain Keppel rashly squeezed his gig through a small opening, and found himself in front of three formidable-looking forts, which instantly opened upon him a discharge of cannon. Thus exposed to their grape-shot, and cut off from his companions, he was drifting fast upon the enemy, and the warriors who covered the banks of the river were yelling and rushing down to seize his boat and his crew. The other boats, however, soon got through the barrier, and while the pinnace maintained a destructive fire against the fort, Mr. D'Aeth, who was the first to land, jumped on shore with his crew, and at once rushed towards the fort upon the top of the hill. This dashing assault of the fort was so novel, and incomprehensible to the enemy, that they fled panic-struck into the jungle. All their guns were taken, their stockades burnt, and the capital Paddi, and the adjacent villages, consigned to the flames, and given up to plunder. Thus triumphant, the Dido's boats proceeded up the two branches of the river, under Lieutenant Horton and Mr. Brooke. In ascending the left branch, they were vigorously attacked by the enemy, who continued the fight during the night; but as the expedition was now close to the spot to which they had removed their families and their property, they sent a flag of truce, promising entire submission, and offering hostages for their good behaviour. After having dislodged and routed the enemy at Pakoo, they



attacked Rembas, where they forced the pirates to surrender at discretion.

The heroes returned to Sarawak, saluted by the yells and guns and gongs of the inhabitants, and now raised to a high place in the esteem of the Rajah. The Dido was at this time recalled to China, and Captain Keppel left Sarawak on the 24th June, but fortunately for Mr. Brooke, his place was supplied by Captain Sir Edward Belcher, who arrived in the Samarang of 26 guns, early in July 1843, having been instructed to visit Sarawak,—to communicate with Mr. Brooke,—to proceed to Borneo Proper,—to examine and report on the coal measures of that district,—and to obtain a sufficient quantity of coal for trial on board one of our steamers.\* Sir Edward was warmly received by Mr. Brooke, visited Rajah Muda Hassim, and on the 11th set off on an excursion along with Mr. Brooke to visit the antimony and gold mines, and the Dyak tribes. The antimony mines are about five miles inland from the river, and about 700 feet above its level. The entire mountain is a mass of ore, which is blasted by making large fires on the heavy masses, and throwing water upon them to split them. At Selingok, three miles farther inland, are the gold mines, which are worked by a Chinese party at a rental. The gold is obtained, by washing, from a very loose disintegrated granitic debris, containing detached crystals of quartz, pyrites, antimony, and traces of tin. After visiting the "Head-House," which we have already described after Mr. Marryat, and communicating with the Dyaks, they returned to Sarawak.

On the 16th July, when the Samarang was preparing to leave Sarawak, she was forced by the tide on a slaty ledge, and afterwards grounded, heeled over and filled; and not a member of her company seemed to entertain the slightest hope of her recovery. After eleven days immersion, however, she was recovered by the greatest exertions on the part of the crew, without the loss of a single instrument. On the 20th of August, the Samarang, accompanied by the Harlequin, Vixen, Royalist, and Ariel, proceeded, with Mr. Brooke on board, to Borneo. They reached the mouth of the river on the 28th, and leaving the vessels at anchor, they proceeded in their boats to pay their respects to the Sultan. The city of Bruni or Brunai, is built on the waters, the palace, as well as the entire city, being erected on piles driven into the mud on the banks of the river. The population is about 22,000.

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\* The search for coal was at this time fruitless. Small seams of very good cannel coal were found in the N. E. of Labuan, and on the islands of Cherimon and Areng, (which means coal,) but the expense of working it would be so great, that, according to Sir E. Belcher, it could be landed cheaper from England.

After an hospitable reception at the palace by the Sultan's deputy Pangeran Usop, and examining the coal district, the Harlequin conveyed Mr. Brooke to Sarawak, and the Samarang went to Hong Kong.

On arriving at Singapore on the 18th July, Captain Keppel learned from Mr. Brooke that the Sakarran pirates had been out in great force, and that if he could come over quickly he might have a chance of catching and crushing them in the very act of piracy. Captain Keppel lost no time in obeying this request, and having obtained the aid of the Phlegethon steamer, he arrived at Sarawak on the 29th July 1843. After visiting the Rajah, and completing their warlike preparations, the Phlegethon steamer weighed anchor on the 5th August, and the little fleet composing the expedition, anchored off the mouth of the river Linga. Having cautioned Seriff Jaffer against aiding Seriffs Sahib and Muller, on whose destruction they had determined, they sailed up the Batung Lupar, a magnificent river, about four miles wide, and on the 7th they came in sight of the fortifications of Patusen, five in number, but two not quite finished. When within musket range Lieutenant Wade, who had the command, was the first to break the line and pull directly in the face of the largest fort. The rest did the same. The forts opened fire on both steamer and boats. The guns of the Phlegethon would not go off, so that the boats had all the glory to themselves. The instant they reached the shore, the crews rushed against the forts, and entered at the embrasures, while the pirates fled by the rear. In this affair one of the Dido's crew was cut in two by a cannon-shot, and other two badly wounded. A town guarded by forts, two miles up the river Grahman, was similarly captured. In this town they found Seriff Sahib's residence, with all his curious and extensive wardrobe, a magazine with two tons of gunpowder, and a number of small barrels of fine powder, branded *Dartford*, in the same state as when it left England. In these affairs the habitations of 5000 pirates were burnt—five strong forts destroyed, with several hundred boats—above sixty brass cannon captured—about fifteen iron cannon spiked, besides vast quantities of other arms and ammunition taken. In this manner Seriff Sahib, "the great Pirate Patron for the last twenty years, was ruined past recovery, and driven to hide his diminished head in the jungle." Macota, Mr. Brooke's virulent enemy, and the abettor of the piracies of Sahib, had located himself about a mile from this settlement, and was in the act of building extensive fortifications. When he learned the fate of his neighbours, he decamped with his followers, leaving all his valuables behind. Everything belonging to him was burnt or destroyed, excepting some ponderous brass guns. After Seriff Muller's town on the

Rembas, which had been evacuated, had been plundered and burnt, the expedition ascended the river in pursuit of the enemy. At the first landing-place, when the crew were employed in cooking, Captain Keppel and Lieutenant Wade fancying they heard suppressed voices, took up their guns and crept into the jungle. On a sudden they came in sight of a mass of boats concealed in a snug inlet, filled with the pirates, and guarded by armed sentinels. Lieutenant Wade, in place of waiting for the arrival of his party, dashed in advance, discharged his gun, and called upon his men to follow. The terrified pirates scrambled from their boats like a suddenly roused flock of wild ducks. Lieutenant Wade and Captain Keppel advanced with their force, nine in number, and again rushed on in pursuit. Before crossing an open space about sixty yards wide, which lay between the foot of the ascent on which the Dyak village stood, Captain Keppel cautioned his too daring lieutenant to wait the arrival of his men, but he seems to have still advanced, for in a few minutes he fell mortally wounded at Captain Keppel's feet, and pierced by two rifle shots he died instantaneously. Remaining with the body till the men came up, Captain Keppel gave it in charge, and carried the village on the height without any farther accident. The following anecdote of this gallant officer, and account of his funeral, is touchingly given by Captain Keppel :—

“ I may here narrate a circumstance, from which one may judge of the natural kind-heartedness of my lamented friend. During the heat of the pursuit, although too anxious to advance to await the arrival of his men, he nevertheless found time to conceal in a place of security a poor terrified Malay girl whom he overtook, and who, by an imploring look, touched his heart. The village and the piratical boats destroyed, and the excitement over, we had time to reflect on the loss we had sustained of one so generally beloved as the leader of the expedition had been among us all. Having laid the body in a canoe, with the British union-jack for a pall, we commenced our descent of the river with very different spirits from those with which we had ascended a few hours before. In the evening, with our whole force assembled, we performed the last sad ceremony of committing the body to the deep, with all the honours that time and circumstance would allow. I read that beautiful impressive service from a Prayer-book, the only one, by the by, in the expedition, which he himself had brought, as he said, ‘ in case of accident.’ ”—*Mr. Brooke's Journal in Keppel's Expedition*, &c., vol. ii. p. 105.

Resting from their fatigues on the 15th and 16th August, the expedition advanced on the 17th against the Sakarran Dyaks. In sailing up the Sakarran, various incidents occurred. On the 19th, Patingi Ali was permitted to advance with his light divi-

sion, with instructions to fall back as soon as he saw the enemy. War yells, however, and musket shots, soon indicated that they were engaged with the pirates. When Captain Keppel came in sight of them the scene was indescribable. "About twenty boats jammed together formed one confused mass, some bottom up, the bows and sterns of others only visible, mixed up pell-mell with huge rafts." Among these were Patingi's division. "Headless trunks, as well as heads without bodies, were lying about in all directions; parties were engaged hand to hand, spearing and krissing each other; others were swimming for their lives, while thousands of Dyaks were rushing down from both banks, hurling their spears and stones on the boats below." In this emergency Captain Keppel's gig got through an accidental opening in this floating battle-field. The attention of the pirates was instantly attracted to it, as if to secure their prey; but Mr. Allen having quickly arrived with the second gig, opened upon them a destructive fire of rockets, and drove them behind the barriers from which they had rushed upon Patingi Ali. From this position they hurled spears and other missiles, and poisoned darts from their sumpitans. Although several of the troops were struck with these arrows, yet by the instant excision of the parts and the sucking out of the poison from the wounds, no fatal consequences ensued.

Patingi Ali, prompted, doubtless, by Mr. Stewart, commander of the *Ariel*, who, without Captain Keppel's knowledge, concealed himself in Ali's boat, had made a dash through the narrow pass, and no sooner had he done this than huge rafts of bamboo were launched across the river to cut off his retreat. Six large war prahus, with 100 men each, then bore down on his devoted followers, and one only of his crew of seventeen men escaped to tell the tale. When they were last seen, and when their own boats were sinking, Mr. Stewart and Patingi Ali were in the act of boarding the enemy, and they were no doubt overpowered and slain with twenty-nine of their comrades, who fell on this occasion. The number of wounded was fifty-six.

On the 24th August the expedition returned to Sarawak, where it was received with the usual rejoicings; but it was again summoned into activity by the report that Sahib and Jaffer were collecting their troops in the Linga river. Reinforced with the boats of the *Samarang*, which had arrived with Sir Edward Belcher, the expedition advanced—took Macota prisoner, and forced Sahib to make a final and precipitate retreat, single and unattended, out of the reach of doing any farther mischief. That a chief so savage and bloodthirsty, accustomed to disregard all the feelings of our nature, should display any trace of huma-

nity, has given us some surprise. When he was hotly pursued by the Balow Dyaks, he threw away his sword, and saved himself by *leaving behind him a child whom he had hitherto carried in the jungle*. Seriff Jaffer was compelled to surrender himself, and to resign all pretensions to the province which he possessed. Mr. Brooke and Captain Keppel spent some days on board the Samarang with Sir E. Belcher, and after visiting the Lundu Dyaks, they returned to Sarawak in all the triumph of conquest. In one of the ceremonies which await the returning warrior, and which was performed over the Sakarran victors, the three wives of the chief Tumangong threw handfuls of yellow rice over the heroes, and then sprinkled their heads with gold dust, made by grating a lump of gold on a piece of dried shark's skin.

When Sir E. Belcher returned to Singapore, a question had arisen respecting the existence of an European female, supposed to have been detained somewhere about Ambon, and conjectured to be the widow of the late Mr. Presgrave, resident councillor at Singapore. Mr. Butterworth, the governor, engaged Sir E. Belcher to conduct this inquiry, and placed the Phlegethon at his disposal. On the 14th October 1843, Sir Edward reached Sarawak, and he and Mr. Brooke made arrangements for carrying the Rajah Muda Hassim and his family to Borneo. The Samarang was left among the Labuan group to survey these islands, while the rest of the party in the Phlegethon went to Bruni.

The reigning Sultan, who was half an idiot, was the nephew of Rajah Muda Hassim. He was the tool of his prime minister, Pangeran Usop, who, in consequence of a rumour that Great Britain was to send seventeen vessels to subjugate Borneo, had put the batteries into a state of defence. The party in the boat, containing Badrudeen, Muda Hassim's brother, were insulted from the battery on Pula Cherimon, but were allowed to proceed. The Phlegethon was securely moored in the main street of Bruni, within pistol-shot of the Rajah's house, and within musket-shot of that of the Sultan. The Rajah and his family were embarked in the Samarang's barge, and attended by the armed boats of the Phlegethon; and they were landed in state at the palace, where he was favourably received. At this reception the Rajah, in the highest strain of courtesy, denounced to his nephew the Sultan, the counsels of the minister; and after the Pangeran had replied, the Sultan, motioning the Rajah to him, said, "My father enjoined me at his death to be guided by your counsels, and I intend to do so;" and feeling suddenly ill, retired, desiring Mr. Brooke to consider the Rajah as conducting affairs. Pangeran Usop and Pangeran Mumin declared themselves ready to yield implicitly to Muda Hassim's wishes, and ordered all the

forts to be destroyed. The poorer classes openly professed their desire that Mr. Brooke should remain and govern them jointly with Muda Hassim. Pangeran Usop was permitted to occupy an inferior station—an unmerited kindness which he doubtless owed to the presence of Mr. Brooke. Before quitting Bruni, Mr. Brooke obtained a letter, addressed by the Sultan to Queen Victoria, offering to cede the island of Labuan, to aid in the suppression of piracy, and to establish commercial relations with England.

While examining the coal seams in Labuan, Mr. Brooke and Sir Edward Belcher noticed an isolated upas tree (*Anteiaris toxicaria*) nearly forty feet high. Its trunk was almost straight, its bark smooth and of a red tan colour, and its head a dense mass of dark green glossy foliage. The ground beneath its shade is crowded with tombs, yet vegetation flourishes luxuriantly round its roots. Sir E. Belcher, upon approaching the tree to tap it, experienced no bad effects from its effluvia. Dr. Lawson, however, the surgeon of the *Phlegethon*, accompanied by one of the mates, “a powerful person and of a strong constitution,” went to obtain a large portion of the wood, bark, and juice; but the mate was so much stupefied that he was obliged to withdraw from his position on the tree. Mr. Low saw an upas sixty feet high, with a fine stem and very white bark. A more virulent poison is said to be obtained from a climbing plant which grows in the neighbourhood of Biutulu. It is probably the *Chitik* of Java, or *Tjettik*, or *Upas Rajah*, as it is called by Sir E. Belcher, which acts like *nux vomica*. It is a curious fact, as Sir Edward mentions, that the bread-fruit tree, the mulberry, and the cow tree of South America, belong to the same natural order as the deadly upas.

Early in November, Mr. Brooke and Sir Edward visited Ambong, the country of the Bajows and Dusons, in order to inquire after the European lady already mentioned; but they ascertained that there was no foundation whatever for the story.\* The scenery here is magnificent and beautiful. Behind the town is a high range of hills in the form of an amphitheatre, embracing two-thirds of the park-like scenery on the rivers Abai and Tampassook, and from the anchorage, about half a mile from the town, the imposing peaks of Kini Balu, with their blue tints, and rising to the height of 13,698 feet, are seen surmounting the range. Sir Edward Belcher found a brisk traffic going on in the town: a glass-bottle purchased a fine fowl, and a piece

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\* The details of this inquiry are given by Sir Edward Belcher in his *Narrative*, &c., &c., vol. i. pp. 188-196.

of calico of forty yards, worth in England 9s., was bartered for a fine fat bullock weighing about three cwt. Having completed their work at Ambong, Mr. Brooke and Captain Scott set sail in the *Phlegethon* for Sarawak and Singapore, while Sir Edward Belcher pursued his voyage to Manilla.

When Mr. Brooke was "penning his doubts and difficulties" on the 17th February, 1845, a boat from Her Majesty's steamer, *Driver*, brought Captain Bethune and Mr. Wise, one of the owners of the *Ariel*, bearing a letter from Lord Aberdeen, appointing Mr. Brooke confidential agent to Her Majesty in Borneo, and directing him to proceed to Bruné with a letter to the Sultan and the Rajah Muda Hassim. Leaving Sarawak on the 21st, they reached the Borneo river on the 24th, and were kindly received by the Rajah and his brother, Budrudeen, who had been using their best exertions for the suppression of piracy. Taking leave of the authorities, Captain Bethune and Mr. Brooke visited Labuan, an island fifty feet high and twenty-five miles in circumference; and after finding good coal, the latter returned to Sarawak. "Finding all going on well in that quarter, he proceeded to Singapore to consult Sir Thomas Cochrane respecting the hostile intentions of the pirate chief of Malludu to attack Bruné, on account of its treaty with Great Britain for the suppression of piracy." Returning again to Bruné in the *Phlegethon*, he found upon his arrival in the end of May, that "everything was retrograding;" the English party were doubting both the will and the ability of their allies to assist them. Two British subjects had been detained in confinement, and the American frigate, *Constitution*, when landing at Bruni, was said to have obtained a monopoly of the trade.\* The Rajah and his brother considered their lives in danger, and Mr. Brooke "trembled with inward rage" at the idea of being the tool and the participator of such mistaken policy. He returned, therefore, instantly to Singapore, and reappeared at Bruné on the 8th August, accompanied by Admiral Sir Thomas Cochrane in the *Agincourt*, with a fleet of seven vessels. In the audience with the Sultan and Rajah, Pangeran Usop was found to be the guilty party; and having refused to appear when summoned, his house was overwhelmed with shot. The Pangeran fled for safety, and British supremacy was again in the ascendant.

On the 19th August twenty-six boats, with 550 marines and sailors, proceeded up the narrow river of Malludu, one of the small rivers which run into the bay of that name, to attack the

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\* Mr. Brooke justly observes, when stating this supposition, and apparently with deep mortification, "the Americans act while the English are deliberating about straws." — *Verbum Sapienti*.

pirates who occupied two forts mounting twelve heavy guns, and defended by from 500 to 1000 fighting men. Though the forts were protected by a strong and well-contrived boom, yet the boats daringly cut away part of it under a heavy fire, and carried the place in a fight which lasted fifty minutes. The enemy stood manfully to their guns; and "a loss of six killed, two mortally, and fifteen severely wounded, was repaid by a very heavy loss of killed and wounded on theirs." Many chiefs were slain; two or three Seriffs in their flowing robes, and many Illanuns in their gay dresses and golden charms. Twenty-five brass guns were captured, and Malludu ceased to exist.

Mr. Brooke parted with his brave companion on the 25th August, and returned to Bruné, where he had a triumphant interview with the Rajah and his brother Budrudeen, who, with the spirit of an Englishman, was making active preparations for pursuing his enemies. Mr. Brooke, rejoicing, set sail for Sarawak in H.M.S. *Cruiser*, on the 3d September; and on the 20th, after a visit of five days to the Dyak tribes, Captain Bethune left Sarawak, and returned to England.

Mr. Brooke spent the rest of the year 1845, and the early part of 1846, in consolidating his government, in curbing the advocates of violence and robbery, and in reducing the pirates—rejoicing in the increasing trade of his territory, and in its gradual advance in civilisation. He had left Bruné in the possession of his friends, but no sooner had the English squadron departed than Pangeran Usop and his brother Pangeran Yakub attacked the capital. They were defeated, however, by the troops of Muda Hassim and Budrudeen, and were finally captured and executed. The great enemies of British influence having been thus destroyed, Mr. Brooke was confounded by the intelligence brought by the "Hazard" on the 29th of March—that a frightful and bloody catastrophe had occurred in the city of Bruné.

The Sultan Omar Ali, who is said to have the "head of an idiot and the heart of a pirate," seems to have taken offence at his uncle, the Rajah Muda Hassim, whom he had appointed his successor; and there is reason to believe that his devotion to England was the ground of his offence. In the dead of night Muda Hassim, with thirteen of his family, were attacked and slain. The Pangeran Budrudeen, though surprised by his assailants, offered a bold resistance, and when desperately wounded he retired outside his house with his sister and another woman. His servant Jaffer, and six other women, were wounded. Budrudeen ordered Jaffer to open a cask of gunpowder, and taking a ring from his finger, desired him to carry it to Mr. Brooke. Jaffer departed, and the Pangeran, with his two women, were blown up. Muda Hassim, with some of his brothers and sons,



retreated to a boat, and firing a cask of gunpowder in the cabin, the whole party were blown up; Mudah Hassim however, was not killed, but instantly blew his brains out with a pistol. In order to complete this treacherous and bloody drama, the Sultan engaged a man to desire Macota to kill Mr. Brooke by violence or by poison. Jaffer was sent by the Pangeran Muda Mohamed to warn the captain of the Hazard of his danger; and he accompanied Her Majesty's ship to carry the sad intelligence to Sarawak. When the news reached Mr. Brooke his grief and rage were excessive. "My friends," says he, "my most unhappy friends!—all perished for their faithful adherence to us. Every man of ability, even of thought, is dead—sacrificed. \* \* \* But the British Government will surely act; and if not, then let me remember I am still at war with this traitor and murderer. One more determined struggle—one last convulsive effort, and if it fail, Borneo, and all for which I have so long, so earnestly laboured, must be abandoned." \* \* \*

While these feelings were agitating him, one of the divisions of England's fleet was rapidly approaching the shores of Borneo, to avenge the murder of her allies. The Iris, commanded by Captain Mundy, had been nominated to the station which includes Borneo, and he had been requested by Mr. Brooke to visit the coast about the end of March. Admiral Sir Thomas Cochrane, in the Agincourt, accompanied by the Iris and Spiteful steamers, and joined by the Hazard, anchored off the Sarawak river, on the 24th June 1846; and on the following day the Admiral and Captain Mundy went in the Phlegethon to Sarawak, a town now containing 12,000 inhabitants. After enjoying Mr. Brooke's hospitality, and visiting a Dyak village, the Squadron, consisting of the Agincourt 74, Iris 26, Ringdove 16, Hazard 18, Royalist 10, and the steamers Spiteful and Phlegethon, sailed to the northward. On the 28th June they made an expedition up the Rejang, and surprised the pirate settlement of Kanowitz. On the 6th July they entered the Borneo river, and while at dinner with the Admiral, a large prahu, decked with flags, and containing handsomely dressed individuals, paddled alongside the Agincourt. The gentlemen came on deck as Pangerans, to welcome the Admiral with an apologetic letter from the Sultan. Believing them to be impostors, as they afterwards proved to be, and not men of rank, they were detained, and the prahu disarmed. The expedition, with guns, rocket tubes, and 600 bayonets, proceeded up the river on the 8th July. Four of the enemy's forts opened upon them with round and grape-shot, which was returned with rockets, and the ship's pivot-guns. After a quarter of an hour's cannonade, the gun-boats under Lieutenant Patey stormed the

battery about 90 feet above the river, pursued the enemy into the jungle, and captured all the ordnance and ammunition. The city battery and the hill forts now commenced firing on the expedition as it advanced. The fire of the Phlegethon upset the enemy's aim; and before the gun-boats could reach them, the artillery men fled in every direction. Thirty new pieces of cannon of large calibre, nineteen of which were brass, fell into the hands of the victors, and the Sultan and all the inhabitants fled into the interior. The loss of the British was only two men killed and seven wounded.

Escaping from the fury of his enemies, the Sultan retreated, with a body-guard of 500 men, to the village of Damuan, thirty miles from the capital, where he resolved "to make a stand, and fortify himself." Captain Mundy and Mr. Brooke, with 500 seamen and marines, set out in pursuit of him on the 10th of July, but after travelling through flats of mud and forests of jungle, soaked with rain, scorched with sun, and stung by mosquitoes, and finding no passable road to Damuan, they returned to the city, having captured six brass guns, burned the village of Kabiran Battu, and all the property of Hajji Hassim, the adopted son of the Sultan, who had fled to join his Highness. The weather having improved, and a new road to Damuan having been discovered, the expedition again set out, and after encountering every species of annoyance from rain, sun, mud, jungle, and insects, they reached the village of Damuan, from which the Sultan had made his escape only a few hours before. Having captured and destroyed the stronghold of the Sultan, with all the arms and ammunition, the expedition returned on the 16th. "Sir Thomas Cochrane was amused at the figure and costume in which Mr Brooke and Captain Mundy presented themselves to him—unshorn for four days, covered with mud, with a rig unchanged during this period, and the skin peeled off their faces, from exposure alternately to rain and sun."

Having been assured of protection, the dispersed inhabitants returned to the city. The Pangerans Mumin and Muda Mohamed communicated with the advance, but no satisfactory arrangements could be made in the absence of the Sultan. A proclamation, however, was read to the authorities, bearing that if the Sultan would return, and govern his people justly, and abstain from piracy, hostilities would cease; but that if he acted otherwise, the Admiral would return and burn the city to the ground.

On the 21st of July, the Admiral and Mr. Brooke, in exploring the mainland for coal, discovered a large vein, (opposite the island of Pilungan, and about six miles from the Moarra anchorage,) which has been ascertained to be a continuation of the strata in Labuan. "It will probably," says Captain Mundy, "not

cost more than seven or eight shillings a ton to stack it on Moarra Point, whilst coal at Singapore (and Hong Kong) is 32 shillings a ton, (from 30 to 35 shillings,) at least." The beds of coal which cross the Kiangi stream, at a very short distance from Bruné, are eleven and three feet thick respectively. The coal in the island of Labuan, now supplied to our war-steamers at 17 shillings per ton, may eventually fall to six shillings per ton, when wrought more scientifically, and with better tools. The H.E.I.C. steamer, *Nemesis*, was recently "coaled" from Labuan, and the engineers have reported that this coal is the best for steaming purposes which they have met with in India.

In their voyage to the north of Borneo, the British squadron visited the village of Kimanis, on the river of the same name, where they found the picturesque tomb of the rebel princes, Pangeran Usop and his brother, who were strangled by the order of the Sultan. They had fled to Kimanis, and endeavoured to hoist the standard of rebellion, but they were soon made prisoners, and, by "return of post," came their death-warrant—a formal official instrument, signed in October 1845 by the Sultan himself, now in exile, Muda Hassim, and Budrudeen, now murdered by the Sultan, and Muda Mohamed, now imbecile from wounds received at the hands of his Sovereign! The squadron then visited the river Mankabong, where they had a distant view of the larger towns—went on to Ambong, where the flourishing town described by Belcher had been destroyed by the Illanun pirates, for its wish to befriend the English—captured a well-armed pirate prahu, rigged for sixty oars—destroyed the war prahus and chief buildings of the pirate town of Tampussuk—and burned the notorious Illanun town of Pandassa, whose merciless inhabitants were "driven as fugitives into the jungle, to be dealt with by the aborigines, who had long groaned beneath their grinding tyranny."

After visiting the ruined fortress of Malludu, the stronghold of the great Arab pirate, Sheriff Osman, whom Captain Talbot had beaten and driven into the jungle in August 1845, the squadron proceeded to the Mambakut river, to attack the position of Hajji Saman. The English force was joined by forty war prahus, with 500 men, and armed with thirty brass swivel guns, belonging to the different chiefs in the neighbouring river who were favourable to a legal trade along the coast. Many rafts of bamboos, and a small fort, obstructed their progress, but they surmounted every obstacle, and reached a beautiful village, each house having a garden, sown in regular beds with cabbages, onions, &c., and the interior of the houses so neat, with excellent furniture, and culinary utensils, that had it not been for the display of human skulls hanging in regular festoons, with thigh and arm

bones occupying the intervening spaces, Captain Mundy would have believed himself in a civilized land. A little further on, they encountered and burned the fortified residence of the pirate chief—repelled an attack of the Dyaks with poisoned arrows—and after entertaining the native chiefs who had heartily assisted them, they returned to the Phlegethon.

Mr. Brooke returned to Bruné on the 19th August 1846, permitted the Sultan to repair to the city, and after receiving from him “many oaths and protestations of sorrow” for his crimes, he made him proceed in state to the graves of his murdered relatives, where he demanded justice on the murderers of the royal family. Mr. Brooke then proceeded to Sarawak, carrying with him, in the Phlegethon, the unhappy survivors and dependents of Muda Hassim’s family.

After a series of successful operations, described in the seventh chapter of Captain Mundy’s own Journal, the Illanun pirates were finally driven from the north-west coast of Borneo. Captain Mundy visited Bruné, and found the poor Sultan humbled and submissive, and ready to maintain the most friendly relations with Mr. Brooke and the British Government. A letter containing these assurances, addressed to Mr. Brooke, was delivered to him, on the 29th September, by Captain Mundy, on his arrival with the *Iris* and *Wolf* at Sarawak, which he found in a state of peace and prosperity, Mr. Brooke, at the time of his arrival, being seated at the head of his table, detailing to a few native chiefs the events of his campaign against the Sultan.

Having received orders to take possession of the island of Labuan in name of the Queen, and with the assistance of Mr. Brooke, Captain Mundy returned from Singapore to Sarawak on the 7th December. The *Iris*, having received on board the Rajah of Sarawak, proceeded to Bruné, where the treaty for the cession of Labuan was signed and sealed on the 18th December 1846. The island was accordingly taken possession of on the 24th December, in presence of a large assembly of Bornean chiefs, who had arrived in a flotilla of 30 sail, and who were entertained at a *déjeuner* by Captain Mundy.

The commencement of the year 1847 was rendered melancholy by the death of Captain Scott of the *Wolf*, at Labuan, and Mr. Airey, Master of the *Iris*, at Singapore; but when we consider the nature of the climate in which they served, and the dangers to which the expedition was exposed, we have reason to be thankful that objects so great and humane have been accomplished with so trifling a loss. Exclusive of *six* officers who fell victims to the climate, fifteen killed and forty-five wounded was the amount of casualties during Sir Thomas Cochrane’s expedition against the pirates.

In the middle of May 1847, Mr. Brooke embarked from Labuan in the *Nemesis*, and on the 29th of that month he had the Sultan's seal affixed to the commercial treaty with England. When the *Nemesis* was on its way from Bruni to Labuan, she encountered a fleet of Balanini pirates, with eleven prahus and 350 men, who, during an attempt to "enter into a parley with them," opened their fire along the whole extent of their line, by which a man on board of the *Nemesis* was killed. The steamer quickly returned the fire, and moving at the distance of 200 yards from one extreme of the position to the other, she poured in round shot, grape, and canister, from her two 30 pounders, which, with four long sixes, composed her whole armament. After two hours' cannonade, Captain Grey of the *Columbine*, with his own cutter, and two cutters of the *Nemesis*, made a vigorous attack upon the left of the enemy's position, and after a gallant defence, in which the men fought hand to hand in the water, two of the prahus were taken. Six of the prahus having been left on the beach, deserted by their crews, the *Nemesis* pursued other three that had fled, and Captain Grey proceeded to secure the prizes on the beach; but no sooner did the pirates observe what the steamer was about, than they rushed to their vessels, gallantly re-manned five of them, launched them with great rapidity, and strove to get to seaward of the cutters under Captain Grey. The action between the cutters and the pirates was an unequal one, and Mr. Wallage of the *Nemesis* observing this, returned to the assistance of the boats, and forced the pirates to seek for safety in flight. The English loss was two killed and six wounded, while the pirates left fifty dead on the beach, and ten killed in the prahu. The pirates displayed some skill in nautical tactics; and such was the desperation with which they fought that not one of them was taken alive. About 100 Chinese and Malays had been in confinement in this fleet. They were chained round the neck in couples by ratans; and as their barbarous captors had placed them on deck during the action, many of them were killed and wounded by the fire of the *Nemesis*. Only three of the pirate ships reached their native islands in the Sooloo Sea, the other three having foundered on the voyage. The Sultan of Bruni, in consequence of having heard the cannonade, sent down a flotilla of native gun-boats; and at Mr. Brooke's request, about 40 or 50 pirates, that had taken refuge in the jungle, were captured by the Sultan's forces, and executed, whilst the numerous captives were liberated, and forwarded to Singapore.

The pirate demons, thus justly punished, had, during nearly a whole year's cruise, committed the most cruel depredations. They had burned one of their Chinese captives alive, and perpetrated crimes too dreadful to relate. When near the river of Sa-

rawak, they discussed the question of attacking that flourishing settlement, but the presence of some ships of war at anchor off the town compelled them to continue their course; and it was when returning home, laden with captives and plunder, that Mr. Brooke had the opportunity of inflicting upon them that severe chastisement which their actual crimes, and their designs against himself, had so justly merited. In the month of June, when Mr. Brooke returned to Sarawak, he found that he had been appointed Her Majesty's Commissioner, and Consul General to the Sultan and independent chiefs of Borneo. He had previously resolved on paying a visit to England, and after making arrangements for the government of his province, he set sail for England, and reached Southampton in one of the Oriental Company's steamers, on the 1st October, 1847. Captain Keppel, Captain Mundy, and a few of his nearest relatives, welcomed him, after an absence of nine years, to his native land, to receive those honours and rewards which England never refuses but to her intellectual benefactors. The first Lord of the Admiralty had placed the Meander, commanded by Captain Keppel, at the disposal of Mr. Brooke, to convey him to Labuan as its governor and commander-in-chief, and had nominated his friend Mr. Napier to be Lieutenant-Governor of the island. Mr. Brooke was graciously received by Her Majesty at Windsor, and was consulted by the Government respecting the new field which he had opened up to British commerce. The city of London presented him with its freedom; the University of Oxford gave him the degree of D.C.L., and he was welcomed to all the clubs, both civil and military, which adorn the metropolis. A mission\* under high auspices, has been organized, for establishing schools, preparatory to the introduction of the Gospel among the Malays and Dyaks of that benighted land.

In a postscript to his work, Captain Mundy informs us that Admiral Inglefield had visited the Sultan Amor Ali, and found him, as well as his nobles, anxious to fulfil their engagements to Great Britain. The Admiral entertains a high opinion of the capabilities of Labuan as a settlement, on account of its fine timber, its rich virgin soil, and good water. About 200 natives were working the seam of coal at the north end of the island, and the steamers on the station were supplied from it.

We have thus endeavoured, and with no small difficulty, to give our readers, in a very abridged form, a continuous history

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\* Messrs. Macdougall and Wright embarked early in December, with their wives and families, and are by this time carrying on their labours at Sarawak. At the end of December preparations were in progress for the erection of the native school-house.

of the labours of Mr. Brooke, and of his brilliant campaigns carried on against the pirates and faithless natives of Borneo, along with his gallant friends Captain Keppel, Captain Mundy, and Sir E. Belcher. Although the works of the two first of these officers consist principally of the Journals of Mr. Brooke, they yet contain most valuable original chapters, which are well written, and highly honourable to their authors as men of good feeling and great intelligence. England may well be proud of having three such officers in her naval service—men so peculiarly fitted to exemplify in distant lands, whether savage or civilized, the prowess and humanity of their country. To the labours of Sir Edward Belcher, in Her Majesty's surveying vessel the *Samarang*, the sciences of physical and nautical geography are under great obligations, and the general reader will follow him with much pleasure over the wide field of observation to which his well written narrative refers. The work of Mr. Marryat, though principally distinguished by its beautiful embellishments, evinces considerable powers of observation and description, and had the youthful author been spared, he would doubtless have been an ornament to his country. The work of Mr. Low is full of most interesting information respecting Borneo and its natural history; and the science of botany owes to him several important discoveries.\*

Brief and meagre as is the preceding narrative, its details of atrocity and crime are sufficiently numerous and prominent to appal the stoutest heart. That the fairest portions of the globe, blessed with the finest climate, and teeming with the richest productions of organic and inorganic life, should be under the dominion of savages, who burn their living captives, and eat their parents alive,† and ornament themselves and their dwellings with the hideous relics of mortality—is one of those mysterious truths which we seek in vain to fathom. The thief that pilfers from us, the highwayman that robs us, the murderer that takes our life to save his own, the slave-dealer, and the slave-holder, are reputable characters, when compared with the ruthless and bloody pirates who prowl over the waters of the Indian Archipelago. Dwelling in lovely valleys, and fed almost by the hand of Providence with all the necessaries and luxuries of life, the Sultans and Princes of the East pursue piracy as a trade,—

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\* Mr. Brooke returned to Sarawak in the *Meander*, Captain Keppel. Since he left England he has been made a Knight of the Bath; and we have no doubt that intelligence will soon be received of his safe arrival, and the prosperous state of his territory. At this date (July 17th) no account of his arrival has reached the Colonial Office.

† See Mundy's *Narrative*, vol. i. p. 209.

equipping formidable armaments,—overpowering the merchant ship in its peaceful voyage,—shackling their prisoners as if they were beasts of prey, and disposing to the highest bidder, the living as well as the lifeless cargo. When we view the lot of the African slave in all its phases, from his kind treatment like a child in the domestic circle of his benevolent owner, to his oppressed condition under the lash of a cruel task-master, we justly denounce the system as unrighteous and inhuman. But what language can we find to vent our indignation or express our feelings, when we learn that the wives and daughters of England, following the fortunes of their husbands to their Eastern homes, are seized by the Buccaneers of the Tropics, tied hand and foot like cattle for the slaughter, and sent into hopeless servitude, or abandoned to the passions and the caprices of some barbarous owner? If England felt it her duty to break the chains of African slavery, let her now embrace the opportunity, so singularly presented to her, of extirpating the pirates which swarm round her Eastern Empire—of securing to her subjects the peaceful navigation of the Indian seas—of pouring the lights of religion and of knowledge into lands of darkness now red with crime—and of convincing the world that her deeds of mercy are not inferior to her deeds of glory. Mr. Brooke seems to be the instrument by which this grand object is to be accomplished. His gallantry in battle, his sagacity in government, his knowledge of the pirate and his haunts, and his deep sense of morality and religion, pre-eminently qualify him for the place which Providence has so plainly assigned him. Though exposed to all the hazards of climate and of war, his life has been almost miraculously spared. The kriss of the Malay, and the spear of the Dyak, have been brandished against him in vain; the deadly arrow, launched at his heart, has often missed its aim; and even the poisoned chalice has been dashed from his lips. While Europe is the scene of fearful change, and the theatre of foreshadowed convulsions, we descry in the East the same elements of instability—the germs doubtless of a great social and religious civilisation.



ART. VIII.—*The Rise and Fall of Rome Papal.* By ROBERT FLEMING. Reprinted from the first edition ; with Notes, Preface, and a Memoir of the Author. London, 1848.

THE events of this last February, while they have, in the most impressive manner, authenticated a prudential Rule, have strongly incited all men to disregard it. The Rule which has thus, and in so signal a manner, been illustrated and confirmed, is that which imposes caution and restraint upon the impulse to forecast the course of events, and to predict the history of nations. As if by an articulate voice from heaven, the political speculatist has been enjoined henceforward to distrust his sagacity, and to be as modest as those ought who in truth know nothing beyond to-day ; but then these same events, while they utter this caution in our ears, drive us on as with a tenfold force to condemn it ! Every day, with its new thunder-clap of spreading revolution, mocking yesterday's calculations, heightens that feverish impatience which leads us to speculate anew, and to anticipate to-morrow's history. Every man is every day saying to his friend, " We did not expect this yesterday ;" and every day he again asks, " What, think you, will be the course of things to-morrow ?"

This contrary influence, springing out of the very same series of events, and driving us into the commission of a fault which it warns us to avoid, must not be too severely blamed. The *Rule* is indeed sound and good ; and it would be an impiety not to listen to the corroboration which it has just now received. Every well-disciplined and religious mind will accept anew the lesson which teaches diffidence and modesty. But then—and this is equally true—the impulse to penetrate the future, which is wrought up to a sort of paroxysm by occurrences such as those that have signalized the present year, draws its force from the very constitution of the human mind ; and he would show himself fruitlessly and "unseasonably wise," who should undertake to preach it down. Man is so framed, that he can more readily forget the things that are behind, than cease to reach forward, in predictive speculation, toward those things that are before. The thought that we *have* lived quells the faculties : it is the thought that we *are* to live that stirs them. If the prophet could make good his credentials as master of facts as well as the teacher of history can do so, not a soul would remain in the lecture-room of the one, while the other might anywhere be listened to.

Thus it is, at this very moment, that while every soberly-minded man is saying to himself—I will never again surrender myself to

the overweening confidence of political writers, who tell us that such and such must be the fortunes of Europe for the next half century—he does not in fact refrain from putting the question to those who are reputed to be far-seeing—“How, think you, will it go in France? Shall we see a second '92? What will Germany do? What will become of Italy? How will it fare with the Pope? Shall *we* weather the storm?” Thus we question those who, on the 23d of February, surmised no more than ourselves what the 24th would bring to our ears!

But now, if there be among the several classes of society one class more likely than any other to be repeating, in a solemn tone, at this time, the truism, “Man knows nothing of to-morrow,” it is the same that will, with the keenest eagerness, and with the most intense anxiety, be prying into to-morrow's abyss. It is the *religious* who will at once give heed to the caution, “Thou knowest not what a day may bring forth,” and will the most flagrantly seem to disregard it. There is a depth of meaning in this fact—and a fact surely it is—that while the sincerely pious will hear the voice which has lately been uttered as from the heavens, they will be running hither and thither to listen to every seer who engages to unravel the mystery of the coming time.

Yet if the caution be fit, and if it be a genuine lesson of Christian wisdom, and if *also* the contrary impulse be natural and irresistible, there must be some mode of combining the two antagonist forces, consistently with reason and piety. Who can deny that this desire to look into futurity springs from the very constitution of our minds? Nay, the habit and the tendency so to do might be assumed as a sort of gauge of the grasp and power of individual minds. It is an indication of man's immortal destination that he is ever looking on toward an illimitable futurity. The more mind and soul, the less exclusively does the present hour occupy the thoughts. A great man, in a secular sense, is one who, being thoroughly conversant with the past, rules the present moment on the ground of his anticipations of the future; but the Christian man, whose entire inheritance is in the future, while he is carried toward it with a deep intensity of undefined hope, thinks himself furnished with special aids for opening its secrets, such as secular sagacity does not supply. More eager to know what is coming than other men, and more confident of knowing it authentically, it is hard to hold him back by considerations of any kind—it is hard to restrain him from running into indiscretions which tend to bring contempt upon Christianity itself. Hope is the element in which he breathes—expectation is the habit of his life; and besides, inasmuch as an earnest longing for the highest welfare of all men everywhere is his passion,

no great movement among the nations can take place in his sight which does not mightily stimulate the long-cherished and often disappointed belief, that a bright day for the world is close at hand. Now at last shall that new order of things take its commencement, under which whatever is heavenly shall prevail over whatever is earthly. So he thinks.

Christian men, therefore, are everywhere pondering the future; and each is doing so in his own fashion; or, we should say, each is doing so on the ground of principles which he has already assumed to be unquestionable. Few indeed are those who, devoid of all prepossessions, and not worth so much as a theory of their own, and diffident of apocalyptic schemes of interpretation, are now, on grounds approvable to reason, asking—what probably shall be the course of events throughout Europe, in relation to Christianity? Instead of any such non-hypothesis mode of inquiry, most men, in presence of the appalling revolutions that shake the European system, find themselves marvelously confirmed in their previous opinions. The European earthquake which has set everything else on the totter—thrones, social order, and commerce, has seemed, by a sort of instantaneous crystallization, to fix immovably whatever, in the minds of religious persons, might hitherto have existed in a fluid or a malleable condition. Every man's particular belief has gained firmness since the 24th of February; and every man is saying to his brethren—"Now at length shall the world be compelled to acknowledge that *our views* are correct."

It is thus especially with some two or three forms of religious belief, which, strikingly opposed as they are each to the other, have come of late to characterize, in a marked manner, the several compartments of the professedly Christian world. Diverse indeed are these vaticinations, both as to the principle whence they spring, and as to the conclusions to which they lead. Yet let it not be imagined that, because so diverse, one or more of them must be destitute of all colour of probability, and altogether irrational. It is not so; for each of these antagonist schemes might in its turn be set forth with shows of truth, and might be so sustained by citations of Scripture, as that it would be difficult not to surrender one's self to it as undoubtedly sound, and as exclusive of every other hypothesis.

Let it be imagined that we have entered a college cloister, and unobserved have mingled in the group of reverential disciples that surrounds the teacher of "Church principles." The Christian Plato addresses his followers in some such strains as these:—

"Until recent events occurred—until the very twenty-fourth day of February, it might have been doubted whether the period

which we seniors have lived through, was indeed a *religious* period; that is to say, whether it was a season through which deep spiritual principles have been in course of evolution. You yourselves until of late may have surmised that our habits of mind, I mean *ours*, as distinguished from *yours*, and our position, and our professional engagements, and our deep and long-formed convictions, have led us to attribute a too religious sense to an order of events, which in fact was chiefly if not wholly secular or political. No such surmise, surely, can you now entertain. Is it not conspicuously true, that the sixty years past have constituted a season of political revolution in an inferior sense, but of religious revolution in a genuine sense? Until this very moment, the fitful history of these sixty years may have seemed to want coherence; or to have waited for an intelligible interpretation: but now it has it. In the year '93, the modern Atheism struck her blow at the Church, through the heart of a most Christian king! And since then the same Atheism has been waging war, not against monarchy, not against aristocracies, not against civil order, but against the Church, and it has been doing so in Spain, in Italy, in England, as well as in France. The Atheist Emperor of the French was the Church's Pontius Pilate, and would that I could say that his late successors have played a part towards her much better than that of a Judas! Meantime life-blood has returned to the veins of the Church; in England especially she has arisen from the dust, in preparation as it were for her bridal hour, and in clear foresight of the moment when her adversaries—her open enemies—and her false friends, shall together rush on to their ruin. Throughout Europe at this moment the same Atheism under its various phases of—political reform, representative charlatanism, liberalism, dissent, and what not, is avenging the Church upon her adversaries and upon her faithless adherents, by those discords which faction is waging against faction to the destruction of all. The Church, confiding now in the near help of Heaven, sits tranquilly watching the end; and soon shall that voice be heard, 'Behold I make all things new.' The doctrine which *we* have been instilling into your minds, and promulgating these fifteen years, shall receive its confirmation, namely,—That the world can have no rest, but that which it is the office of the Church to confer and to secure.

“Until of late it might have been thought, and some of yourselves may have surmised it, that the function and dignity of the Church, as the power which must be supreme on earth, and by which alone social wellbeing can be secured, was going into abeyance, and was to find a substitute in the advancing improvements of political science and of popular enlightenment. Especi-

ally during the last five and twenty years it may have seemed as if the revolutionary chaos was gradually giving way to purely natural and economic ameliorations, and that a now well-understood political mechanism would permanently come in the place of that Spiritual Power, which, through the middle ages, had so happily been the guarantee of morality and of international peace. But in a moment all this modern mechanism has given way, and its fragments are drifting upon the deluge which is taking its course from end to end of Europe. It might, I say, have been imagined, that the European community was—contrary to all sound teaching, advancing in an auspicious course towards a final and pacific adjustment of its jarring interests, not only independently but in contempt of the only principle upon which peace and order can ever rest—that of the Church's supremacy. Mark me here, and understand that I utterly reject all those vague and insipid abstractions which are so often on the lips of misdirected men—such as “Christian influence,” or “Evangelic truth,” or the like, and which phrases, how well soever they may sound, mean anything or nothing, or they mean just what every man pleases to think they ought to intend! What *we* intend is a something great and real, a something which may be logically defined, and which men may look at, and may certainly recognise when they see it; it is that which, while it is unbounded in its powers and functions, is itself well-bounded, and is distinctly figured in its constitutions and offices. It is that which makes Christianity everything to us; and apart from which Christianity itself assumes the tones of a commination of wrath, and is no longer a dispensation of mercy. You will not imagine, that while I tell you that we have passed through a sixty years of chaotic confusion, we are therefore now certainly quite near to its end; and that the bright day of ecclesiastical order is dawning: I hope it may be so; but the ways of Heaven are inscrutable, and it may have decreed for us another half-century of the same fruitless struggle of men to withdraw themselves from the only rightful authority. The nations may continue their vain endeavours to substitute political constitutions for this authority, and to govern themselves on principles of natural reason and of mechanical equipoise. It may be so, or in a moment all such endeavours may vanish as a dream, and the true light may shine forth upon the world, from the only source of light!

“But I see that some of you still secretly think that the revolutions of the period of which we have been speaking, have been mainly political, and only in an incidental sense religious or ecclesiastical. Yet look at things more carefully:—in considering any course of events, it may be inquired; first, what they have actually been; and then, what they certainly would have

been, if a power that was absent or overthrown had actually been present and in force. Now, in assigning the French Revolution of '92 to its causes, whatever importance you may attach to those of them that were in a strict sense political, and say that the overthrow of the aristocracy and of the monarchy was the inevitable consequence of that previous state of things, which could no longer be endured, and which must, under any conditions, have broken up, I still affirm, *first*, that the true cause or deep impulse of that Revolution was the revolt of France against the Church; and *secondly*, that, amid those events, had there been no treason against the Church among its professed friends and supporters, and had the ministers of religion at that time known their office and dignity, and done their duty well, and had they been sound at heart, and if they had had the courage to rule in the storm, as God's ministers, and had known how to curb and to counsel the great, and to vanquish the low; had they then been worthy to act as mediators between hostile social parties, no revolution, or no *such* revolution could have had place. Useful and slow-paced reforms might, under the guidance of the Church, have been brought about:—the monarchy, beneath the ægis of the Church, would have been preserved, and Europe saved its battle-fields of twenty-five years, and its deluges of blood; and saved too, from what is worse than battle-fields or deluges of blood—outbursts of heresy and schism! I assume it then to be certain that the clue to the History of Europe during these past sixty years, is that assault upon the Church which, thanks to God, she has survived. But, as if to preclude the possibility of our misunderstanding that course of events which at this time fills us with dismay, it has been ordained that it should take its commencement at the door of the Church! Who can deny so conspicuous a fact—that the revolutionary storm of this year had its origin in an indiscretion the most extraordinary, on the part of the very rulers of the Church? The hurricane broke forth from Rome!—it broke forth from the conclave of cardinals!—It was the election of a Reforming Pope—incredible infatuation! that has set all these powers of anarchy in motion! The raft of European affairs is utterly broken up, all its cordages have given way; and it was the hand of a Pope that loosened the first of these cords! It is therefore the Catholic countries that are first feeling the ill consequence of this loosening of bonds; and there is a retribution to be seen in the fact. Look to that adjustment of the European polity which took place in 1815, and which, although it included the restoration of the Church, did not really restore her to her true position; and even for so much favour as she then received, she was greatly indebted to the intervention of heretical princes. The framework of that time was

political, not ecclesiastical; and therefore it is now crumbling to nothing. The Church, then treated by statesmen as only one interest among others, is now made the instrument of bringing down ruin upon all states, and first upon those that committed a sacrilege in consenting to her degradation.

"It must not be affirmed that it was the political misconduct of Louis Philippe, and his intrigues, that brought about the Revolution of February; nor was it the designed work of existing parties; for those best acquainted with the relative forces of those parties anticipated no such result, and were amazed as much as others in beholding it. Louis Philippe's fall is a proper sequel to the fact of his usurpation; but still more does it speak of that retribution by which wrongs against religion are always punished. The "king of the French"—it was a high crime to allow himself so to be designated—consented to administer a constitution which in fact he never honestly administered, and which in its principles outraged the Church in a worse manner than is done by our own toleration of heretics and schismatics. But how significant is the fact, that this Church, which he consented to degrade, has abandoned him to his fate, and has now given in her adherence to the mob!

"It would be easy to trace the same notes of retribution in the events that have attended the overthrow of legitimate authority in Prussia, and again in Austria. These events speak a language which none but perverted minds can misunderstand. But let us inquire how it fares with us at home. We have among us a true Church, and its genuine principles have of late been revived and triumphantly expounded. She lives, and promises to live; and England, which still gives her a home, although not her rights, stands, while thrones are falling on every side of her. How frightful soever may be the ecclesiastical disorders which take their unbridled course around us, the temple of God is not as yet overthrown; it has not been devastated; its sacred treasures are still within the veil; its daily sacrifice has not been intermitted; God is in the midst of her, by His true presence on her altars. More than a few of her ministers are found faithful, and hence it is that, notwithstanding the raging of the people, England enjoys repose while all the world beside is convulsed. It is not with us as it is in France and in Germany, where everything, even the very rudiments of social existence, are every day mooted anew, as if nothing was known and certain. Among ourselves clergy and people hold unquestioned those truths which impart in some measure the stability of heaven to the instability of earth.

"But you ask me to divine the future. It does not seem to me that those principles of anarchy which have marked the course of events in Europe now these sixty years, and which va-

riously express themselves in such phrases as—the advance of civilisation, social enlightenment, popular education, power of the press, representative government, religious liberty, free trade, emancipation, and a hundred other specious absurdities,—I do not think that the false principles of which these phrases are the expression have as yet fully wrought themselves out, or have exhibited their innate poisonous quality. The Tubal-Cain-demon of mechanical invention, and of democratic insolence, has yet to prove himself a demon, in the ruin he has to bring upon all things. It may probably cost us some years yet of confusion to work out this issue; but the day is coming—I see it as not afar off, when the nations, broken, shattered, bankrupt of hope, and in utter desperation, shall meekly look up toward the Church, and shall flock toward her as doves to their windows, and shall return with joy and weeping to her bosom, asking for themselves her maternal cares, and shall receive from her hand those boons which no reforms, no revolutions, no mechanisms, no liberty, no philosophy falsely so called, can ever confer—I mean an assured safety, a genuine peace, and that love and order which, though distinguishable blessings, are inseparable.”

But we shift the scene, and enter a gas-lighted, crowded, and handsomely appointed place of worship. The speaker, unencumbered by ecclesiastical costume, is lecturing, not—so he tells us—not upon the French Revolution, but upon the second Psalm; and in a tone of suppressed triumph he repeats the phrases—“The Lord shall have them in derision; Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron: Thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter’s vessel. Be wise now therefore, O ye kings; be instructed, ye judges of the earth.”

“In this place,” says the preacher, “and on this occasion, I abstain from topics that are properly political, or I refuse to regard political events in their political aspect; nevertheless, if it be the privilege of the Christian to look with calm indifference upon the agitations which shake the world, knowing that *his* part is in a kingdom that cannot be moved, it is, on the other hand, his duty to look at and to ponder the same changing scenes, considered as developments of the great scheme of providential government upon earth, and as all leading on toward a state of things which he is taught to anticipate with the earnestness of pious hope and desire. Now in this mood, Christian-like as it is, let us ask what has been the true, though perhaps the occult character of that amazing course of events which has filled up the past sixty years? It has been a period, you will say, of political change; yes, but more than this, it has been a season during which the shaking of the nations has been bringing down to the dust all those institutions and politics—the work of the



dark ages—and which—citadels of Satan as they are—have so long stood in the way of the triumphant progress of the gospel. The issue of all these political agitations—what has it been but to make the Papacy, and every sister tyranny, tremble in anticipation of its fall? What is it, during these sixty years of political tumult, that has been coming down from its high place, and preparing for its final exit? It is Church-despotism; I speak not of the Papacy specially, I speak of Church-despotism under whatever guise or disguise it may appear. Church-despotism, whether existing afar off or near to us, has during this stormy period been undermined; it has been sliding downward to the dust, its last shows of reality are fast fading from the view, its specious sophisms are understood and exploded, and soon, soon, it shall no more be seen on earth. Till of late you might easily have fallen into the error of supposing that the overthrow of Church-tyranny was not to be the end or real meaning of the revolutions of these sixty years. You may even have thought that this tyranny was refreshing itself, and preparing for a new term of activity. You may have trembled in believing that, on an amended plan, and established on a firmer foundation, Church-power was likely to be restored throughout Christendom, and that it would extend its baneful influence over heathen lands. But can you think so now? The 24th of February, has it not dispelled for ever all such apprehensions? or let me rather ask, did not the appearance, three years ago, of that wonder in heaven, a reforming Pope, give you indication enough of what was coming about, and of what we have seen in its commencement, I mean the overthrow of the Church; and this overthrow brought about by the folly of its head! The thunders which uttered their voice in '92 inarticulately, have repeated these sounds so full of hope to our ears and of dismay to others, most intelligibly in 1848. We seniors who heard the death-note of those institutions—called ecclesiastical—which usurp the authority of the Head of the Church, and have marvelled at the length of their reprieve, now await from day to day the trumpet-sound that shall announce the fall everywhere, of Church-pretensions, Church-splendour, Church-tyranny. Even at this very moment do we not seem to hear the voice of the angel who proclaims that 'Babylon is fallen!'

"It is a fact most significant, that the Church has already received, and is now again receiving, a mortal blow in that country which has been the scene of the latest and the most atrocious of those enormities which it has ever perpetrated. Is there no retribution to be discerned in this instance? Have not the sins of the fathers been visited upon the children? It was the guiltless successor of the authors of the St. Bartholomew, and of the

persecution of the Huguenots, and of the expatriation of the Protestants, who poured forth his blood upon the scaffold; and it was the clergy of the Gallican Church that perished in the same manner, or that fled in destitution to the very countries into which their predecessors had driven the pastors and the people of the Reformed Church. It has been this same France, revolutionized, that has inflicted upon the Papacy its deepest humiliations, that has despoiled her, and that has made her a creature of the state, and has now compelled her, as in mockery, to perfuncturate her mummeries in the instauration of a Government which has outraged whatever, in her esteem, is the most sacred! Once again she licks the dust, and in the fall of her false patron, Louis Philippe, finds a new shame, while her ministers are hurried hither and thither by a mob which compels them to sprinkle the trees of liberty with holy water! But in what plight, think you, will this same Church come forth from this storm? Oh! she will come forth stripped and torn, and ashamed ever again to lift up her head among men. Let us turn for a moment towards Italy, the home of the Church. Can you assure me that at this very moment, while I speak, there is a Pope at Rome, or anywhere else? Do you believe that, if such an event were now announced in Italy, as the final abrogation of the Papal authority, the people of Italy would wear mourning for a day? I do not think they would; I think they would exult in the overthrow of that which to them has long been a mockery and a nuisance. But let us look in another direction. Nothing, as you are well aware, that deserves to be called religious liberty has hitherto been enjoyed even in those countries that were the birthplace of the Reformation. Much as *we* have yet to complain of, under what is called a perfect toleration, what should we say to, or how should we endure, *Prussian* religious liberty? We should spurn such a mockery, and should prepare ourselves to die in the endeavour to win for ourselves, and for our children, the right to think, to speak, to act, in matters of religion, in a manner absolutely uncontrolled by the state. But things being as they are throughout the Protestant countries of Europe, and spiritual tyranny having so firmly established itself within them, can we wonder, or can we regret to see the very foundations of social order broken up in all those countries. If the Papacy fall, every polity must fall too which professes, and which acts upon the principles of spiritual despotism. What is going on, therefore, among the states of Germany, is the breaking of those bonds which hitherto have prevented that noble-hearted people from thinking and acting as Christian men. Why has infidelity, under its several guises of pantheism and neology, taken possession of the German mind? Why, but because that faculty of thought,

that freedom of speech, and that liberty of action, which true Christianity demands, and apart from which it cannot exist, have been denied to the German people? Absolutism and the gospel shall never be seen walking hand in hand. Strange indeed and most perplexing would have been the spectacle, if, while atheistic France is in a state of dire confusion, and if, while papistic Italy, and Austria too, are drinking of the same cup of dismay, Prussia should have held on its course in peace—Protestant and intolerant as it is.

“But what say we of our own country? May she long enjoy her insular immunity from foreign aggression, and her exemption from revolutionary violence! And yet who that looks impartially at our condition—social, political, and ecclesiastical—can dare to indulge a confident hope that it shall be so? How much is there among us that might justly bring down the wrath of heaven upon England! How many wrongs are there rankling in the bosoms of men which may in a moment involve our boasted Constitution in general ruin! But I forbear: it is only a deep conviction that compels me to profess the belief—nay, is it not a conspicuous truth—that the course of events, not through these last few months merely, but through fifteen years past, has been tending toward one and the same issue—an issue appalling, perhaps, to our dread of convulsive changes, yet animating, must it not be, to the hopes of a soundly constituted Christian mind? You will easily understand that I have nothing less in view than the utter demolition of all those institutions, falsely called ‘Churches,’ which have so long corrupted and debased the Christianity they profess to uphold, but the triumphant course of which they obstruct and forbid. If, then, you ask me to divine the future fate of England, I will be the prophet no further than to predict—and this I do with assured confidence—that whatever agitations we may be destined to pass through, and whether they may be social or political—whether severe in the extreme, or mitigated—whether sudden or slow in their course;—the end of them shall be to bring about the fall and disappearance of national Churches! Or, let me otherwise express myself: I would say, then, that the fall of national Churches shall be a circumstance inevitably consequent upon the utter and indignant rejection, by all Christians, and all men, of that doctrine upon which the priest has, throughout many centuries, built his usurpations. What is the Papacy? Nothing but priestly usurpation. How then can the Papacy fall without dragging down with itself, and into a common ruin, priestly usurpation of every species, and in every land? In a word, then, whatever the *political* result of the revolutionary movements of the present moment may be, this shall be its *prin-*

*cipal* result, namely, the fall of that spiritual despotism which has now run through a period of sixteen hundred years. This despotism fallen — then shall *that* ‘kingdom’ be set up upon earth which, as it is spiritual, ‘cannot be moved.’ The pomps and pageantries of hierarchies shall be seen no more on earth ; but then ‘the tabernacle of God shall be with men, and He shall dwell among them !’ ”

Yet once again the scene shifts, for we enter a consecrated structure, the “duly appointed minister” of which, in tones of the deepest intensity, and of governed vehemence, and with an awe in his looks as if the last judgment were impending, expounds to his congregation the sacred meaning of the things that are now coming to pass on the earth ; he predicts, moreover, and without a falter, the things that are to be. His finger holds his pocket Bible open at an Apocalyptic line ; and each of his hearers has already found the very place. The words are these—“And there was a great earthquake, such as was not since men were upon the earth, so mighty an earthquake and so great.” Not in the style of the teacher whom we first listened to, whispering his mystic explication of “Church principles” to a band of disciples, nor yet with the denunciative boldness of the second speaker does *this* preacher address the acquiescent congregation around him. Dark shadows, portending dire calamities near at hand, overcloud his brow, and yet the gleam of a remote hope plays upon his lips, and once and again for a moment smooths his forehead. But the wrath of heaven rolls its thunders from his tongue : “‘Wo, and wo again to the inhabitants of the earth’—that is to say, the *Roman* earth ; yet ‘peace shall be upon Israel,’—upon our British Israel. The smile of the Almighty blesses and preserves its sacred institutions, its pure, apostolic, and antipapal Church.” But do not let us misjudge this stirring preacher. It is true his bosom heaves with an overweening spiritual confidence in the certainty and excellence of whatsoever he believes, adheres to, and defends. It is true that the very thought of the “scarlet abomination of the seven hills” brings language from him in a torrent, that sounds too much like “cursing and bitterness,” like imprecation and “all uncharitableness.” Nevertheless if you know the preacher better than he can be known in the pulpit, you will acknowledge that he has a large heart, a heart full of Christian benevolence, and hands ready for every good work. He looks and speaks far more fiercely than he feels. His temper and his rhetoric are what belong to him as an interpreter of prophecy. Call upon him on Monday morning with a “case of distress,” and you will find him the kindest creature in the world ; but thus he speaks:—

“Men had begun to doubt, and some even among ourselves, and some of whom we had hoped better things, had begun to doubt whether these things which we, and other instructed servants of God, have long been alleging from Scripture, and proving to be true, on most sure evidence of the same, were indeed as we have affirmed them to be. A while ago, men around us, and some even of those to whom I speak, were crying, ‘Peace, peace, there shall be no more war or tumult in our times!—It shall not be,’ they have said, ‘for the nations of Europe have at length come fully to understand their true interests; they have learned the inexpediency and the folly of war. Governments and people alike are growing wise—wise without the help of that wisdom which is from above. Never again shall the clarion of war awaken its demons—never again shall there be tumult or violence in the well-policed streets of European capitals. Sedition, civil slaughter, and war, are things of history only. Anarchy has had its day; but now intellectual light, science, literature, free institutions, free trade—together with the ripening good sense and good feeling of mankind, forbid at once civil disorders and international conflicts.’ Many have thus spoken, and have declared their conviction that those who have interpreted the Apocalyptic visions to them must have erred in their calculations, and have mistaken the times, and miscalculated their epochs. In this style many around us, and perhaps some of yourselves, have been used to speak or think. In your bosoms thoughts like these have wrought distrust towards us. You did not understand those events in the track of which the Papacy has these two years past been preparing the way for its own downfall, and digging its own grave. How superfluous a labour, for Heaven has prepared for it a yawning abyss, into which, as a millstone, it shall descend in a moment! Many have said—how vain a flattery!—‘Romanism is reforming itself: it shall be *Popery* no longer: the Roman Catholic Church will soon take its place as a mild and purified form of Christianity, not unsuited to the habits and feelings of the south of Europe; and itself worthy to be recognised by ourselves in a fraternal manner.’ So men thought only a few weeks ago. But what think they now? Instead of regarding the past sixty years as a period through which, and by means of its many calamities, gradual ameliorations—political and religious, have been in progress, bringing on a safe and permanent condition of things throughout Europe, instead of any such delusive views of our times as these, all seriously minded men will *now* at last grant that these sixty years constitute *one* era, which had a fearful beginning, and which is now coming to a frightful end—that as in its beginning it showed itself to be an *era of religious* convulsion, so now in its end it is declaring the

same thing. This sixty years was marked, at its commencement, by the pouring out of the vials of wrath upon the Apostate Church of Rome—upon ‘the seat of the beast.’ And it has marked itself, in its course, by a series of events tending to the breaking up of the Papacy; and now it marks itself, at its close, by events which it is impossible we should misinterpret as precursive of the pouring out of the dregs of the cup of wrath, and of an utter and final overthrow of the Romish apostasy. Not to utter a word which might seem to minister to our own repute as the interpreters of God’s word, I will simply appeal to your inmost convictions, and ask, have *we* been wrong in our interpretation of the trumpets and of the vials? Surely not. You grant us that, in the main, we have truly interpreted the page which is now open before us in relation to the past. But you say to us, ‘Go on, and lift the veil of to-morrow.’ Nay, it is because we verily believe that the time is at hand, is even at the door, that we stand back in awe, and choose rather to be silent. Wait yet but a very little while, and this world’s affairs, as related to God’s truth, shall ask no interpreter. Be sure of this, however, and you see it now coming about, that those Protestant nations which have been unchurched by their own infidelity shall have their full share of the judgments that are coming upon nations darkened by an Apostate Church. As to ourselves, far be it from me to affirm that sharp trials may not be appointed for us! See how much there is among us of this same Continental infidelity! See how much contempt of God’s law and ordinances! See what Sabbath-breaking! See to what an extent we harbour the ministers and emissaries of the Papacy! See how far our statesmen have been encouraging God’s enemies in disheartening His friends and in putting to shame His approved servants! Look, moreover, at our religious divisions, and consider to what an awful extent that guilt is incurred by many among us, which the inspired Apostle does not hesitate to put by the side of the most heinous offences. I mean the sin of schism, a sin which has come to be almost boasted of by some who make high pretensions in religion! On all these, and many other accounts, we may well tremble, as a people, in prospect of God’s judgments; yet shall not the righteous Lord deal favourably with a land ‘holding the truth,’ professing obedience to his Word, and zealously sending it forth among the heathen! Shall not Heaven smile on our many institutions of Christian charity? In a word, may we not humbly hope that this favoured land shall be as the ark, while the Divine judgments sweep over the face of the earth? Nay, is not the voice from heaven at this moment uttering the gracious command to us His servants, to us the people of this island, saying—‘Come, my people, enter into your chambers until

these calamities be overpast?" I *do* therefore hope security and peace for this our land. I do hope for the upholding of our sacred institutions, and for the maintenance among us of the ordinances of religion *authentically administered*. As to the nations of the continent, I see not what should avert from them the woes that are so clearly predicted, or what shall turn from their lips that vial, the outpourings of which are now visible. Wrath! wrath! must be the portion of those who, on the one hand, have received the mark of the beast, and who worship him; and on the other hand, of those who have cast off the very profession of the gospel. I will say little concerning those who flatter themselves with the hope of ameliorations, civil and religious, to be gradually introduced, and so of an early return of the nations to order, peace, and morality; I can only wish them well rid of a delusion savouring so much of the wisdom that is of this world, and which goes so near to put open contempt upon the clearest intimations of the prophetic Scriptures."

It would not be very difficult to clothe in a specious form of words the speculations and the prognostications of another, and again of another religious theorist, or to make each in its turn appear probable. Each of the three, the characteristics of which have now been hastily traced, if it were set forth with care, and sustained by its own chosen arguments, might so be made good, as that it would be far more easy to admit it as certain than to prove it to be fallacious. It is so with each, because each theory rests upon, and disjointedly conveys, a momentous truth. In other words, a momentous truth, seen under a partial aspect, inspires each of these three teachers with a confidence which is well-founded so far, but which is preposterous in relation to those points of belief that distinguish one theory from the others.

In abatement of all such overweening confidence we should say this—that if our anticipations of the future are founded upon *visible probabilities*, and if they are derived, by methods of reasoning, from facts political or social, then ought it to be granted that, as the convulsions of the last few months have taken all calculation aback, and have astounded the "wise and prudent" as much as they have amazed the unthinking, it is evident there are causes now at work which are too little understood, or which are too vast in their present scale of operation, to warrant any confident assumptions whatever, as to the course or issue of tomorrow's catastrophes. So far as human foresight might be available just now, our position resembles that of a man—if such a case may be imagined—who, having been snatched by some preternatural force from his own latitude, and put down by night upon some other, where he is unable to determine the points of

the horizon, so that he knows not whether he is looking east or west, discerns a gleam of light, yet he dares not surmise whether that streak of crimson be the sinking twilight, and is to be followed by a long night, or whether it be the hopeful breaking of a dawn. At this moment of gloom, who shall affirm, with any confidence, whether the brightness of a new day, or the terrors of a wintry night, are in prospect for Europe and the world? We are standing upon the sands of the sea, the waves of which are all in wild tumult, and are thundering at our feet; but is the tide ebbing, or is it flowing? are we safe where we stand; or are we liable to be swept away by the swelling surge? None can tell us. There are no tide-tables applicable to these unknown shores. The nations are not merely in a fitful state, and open therefore to crossing accidents which could not be foreseen, but they are in a state which, the more attentively it is considered, will the more appear to be without any rational parallel in history. The civilized community has, during this half century, moved forward toward a position immensely in advance of any which heretofore has been occupied by human societies. The book of history, although boys at school must continue to read it, will henceforth barely command the serious attention of men; the destiny of the nations for the future shall overlay and cause to be forgotten the story of their fortunes past, as if the volume itself were a palimpsest.

But if, on the other hand, quitting as hopeless our hold of political or philosophical speculations, we were to regard this earthquake year as the time of God's visible interposition, and to think of it as an hour in which the wild passions of men were, as immediate causes, to bring about the Divine purposes in some unaccustomed manner, compelling all men to acknowledge with awe the hand of the Almighty—then, and on that supposition, should not religious men keep silence? should not those who fear God keep silence before Him, in the belief that "He cometh to judge the earth in righteousness?"

On limited fields, or within certain narrow precincts, one may indeed, with some degree of confidence, anticipate the future—always premising that some mighty influence, now not apparent, or not thought of, may come in to give a wholly new and unimagined direction to the course of events. Thus, for instance, it may be allowable to conjecture the probable consequences of events which are likely to affect the Romish Church. Protestants are expecting the downfall of the Papacy; but what is it precisely that they look for? Do they distinguish between the Paparchy and Romanism? Probably not; or not in any well defined manner. Could any event that can be thought of as probable to take place in Italy, or specially at Rome, contain in itself a virtue that should work a material change in the moral



and religious condition of 300,000,000 of the human family? Not unless we choose to suppose, at the same moment, a supernatural intervention accompanying such events, and itself little short of miraculous. If such an event consisted in the annihilation of the Pope's secular power and state—in the final demolition of all which hitherto has made up the contrast between Peter's earthly condition and that of his successors—if this denuding and impoverishment of the apostolic See were to be suddenly effected—and probably it will be effected—and if the head of the visible Church, voluntarily stepping down, or violently hurled down, from his seat among princes, were to walk away from the Vatican to the cell of a Dominican convent, staff in hand, what would he do but ascend, in the very same day, a seat loftier than the loftiest of regal or imperial thrones—that of a free, spiritual domination, bowed to with a passionately enhanced devotedness, by a fourth or a fifth of the human family! A Pope dethroned temporally, or abdicating as a prince, would, in the present condition of the Roman Catholic world, and even if he should be clad in rags, and compelled to beg his bread, wield an authority more widely extended, and more intently regarded, and more cordially sustained than any which a human hand has ever yet grasped. In this sense understood, the fall of the Papacy would almost certainly be the resurrection or reïnstauration of Romanism. In fact, a thorough carrying out of the theory of Romanism—and how specious a theory is it!—seems to be now waiting for this very turn in affairs, namely, a renunciation, or throwing off from it of whatever is visible, tangible, worldly, and the bold announcement of a scheme of government which shall be purely spiritual—shall be absolute, universal, and itself holding in contempt, not merely the pomps and vanities, the luxuries and the embellishments of this world; but sternly refusing to put to its lips more of earthly good than a dry crust and a cup of water. The world, we may be sure, will never again see a Leo X., but it may see, and probably will see, in one person, a Dominic, a Ximenes, and a Loyola.

We might, however, advance one step further, and grant as not improbable the abolition of the Papal office—the non-election of a successor to Pius IX., the proclamation through the world of the startling fact, that there is, and will be no more a Pope! A mighty revolution truly! and one which men must note as fraught with consequences most momentous. But would this event—after all that Protestants could make of it, would it metamorphose the souls of the millions of mankind to whom Romanism is more as a reality, more as a necessity, more as a solace, and more as a good, than Protestantism is to the mass of Protestants? If the sudden annihilation of the vicarship of

St. Peter, meant and brought with it the sudden extinction, within the bosoms of men, of so much of the light of Christianity as Romanism has hitherto conveyed to them, then wo be to the day in which Popery breathes its last sigh! But it could not be so: nations would not morally expire merely because they were told there was no more a Pius, or a Gregory, or an Innocent at Rome, to care for them. A moral and spiritual throe would bring forth, within every community, a succedaneous Pius. To millions of our fellow-men, the *Priest*, and his offices, are more important than the *Pope* is to them. When they shall be told that there is no more a *Pope*, they will sit down in sackcloth upon the earth, and sprinkle ashes on their heads. When they find that the *Priest* is no more, they will rush headlong down the precipice of despair and impiety.

Roman Catholic nations (supernatural influences apart,) are not to be evangelized, or protestantized by force of catastrophes. The fall of "Babylon"—and we are far from sure what the apocalyptic "Babylon" is, or what it includes—when it takes place, may be precursive of the spread of Christian truth;—or it may open the way for it: it may be the rolling away of a stone from the mouth of the sepulchre. But a miracle, beyond the range of miracles, would be the occurrence of a moral and spiritual revolution, as directly consequent upon, or produced by, a political or ecclesiastical convulsion. Any expectation of *such* a result, to spring from *such* causes, would be of a piece with the supposition that a change of ministers—the fall of the Whigs, and the coming in of the Tories, would ensure us a mild winter, or a fine summer. Whatever may be the remote result of natural catastrophes, and the *beneficial* effect of which must be looked for, after the lapse of a thirty or a fifty years, their *immediate* and visible consequence is ordinarily, if not always, detrimental to public morals, and obstructive to the spread of Christianity.

What is likely to be the result—moral and religious—of the political commotions of Germany? we mean of the several Germanic nations. Oh! it will be said, already the tyranny of the "spiritual magistrate" is giving way. The preachers of the gospel, our evangelic itinerants who so lately were summoned before the ecclesiastical tribunal, and fined and imprisoned for daring to call men to repentance otherwise than as permitted by law, and who, in fact, could do nothing effectively for awakening the consciences of men, may *now* take their course, at will, through towns and villages, "none daring to make them afraid." To some extent it is so, just at this moment; and it is possible, moreover, that if Germany be permitted to realize only a half of her present intentions, some important concessions, in favour of what, in England, we mean by religious liberty, may be con-

stitutionally secured. Yet even this benefit, if it be really enjoyed, implies far more of intelligence on the subject than at present prevails anywhere on the Continent, and it demands also an immensely better feeling, on the part of the Established Clergy, than they can now pretend to. The first rudiments of religious liberty—if the phrase be understood in a genuine sense, require to be taught and explained, as well in France and Switzerland, as in Germany, in Prussia, in Denmark. The most lax of neologists—men out of whose stock of Christian belief you could scarcely make up religion enough for a Hume or a Gibbon, are often as unknowing in the principles of religious liberty as any Austrian archbishop.

But grant all you will as to the establishment of religious liberty, and as to the happy consequences thence to result, let us calmly consider what are the natural and inevitable effects of the convulsions that are now in progress upon the national mind; and let it be supposed that these convulsions are to take the most auspicious course possible, and are to involve as little as may be of the characters of a catastrophe. Let us suppose that absolutism is to die out as tranquilly as the snuff of a candle, and that the Germanic races are to come into the enjoyment of a happily-equipoised representative polity—let them reach the acmé of British or of American constitutionalism—what will be the consequences of such a change, as touching Christianity? Germany—who can deny it?—has outstripped us far on the paths of ecclesiastical erudition and of Biblical criticism. On these fields not only has research been carried further, and in a sounder manner, by German professors; but a taste for such pursuits has been much more extensively diffused than among ourselves. Germany, therefore, has a firm hold of Christianity, *as a matter of learned inquiry and of ingenious disquisition*. Then, again, it holds to religious abstractions, and in a sense, to Christianity, through the medium of its taste for metaphysical speculation. German thinkers, whose actual belief, if put in words, would scandalize even the *free-thinking* among ourselves, may, in style and habit, and in aspect and tone, seem personally to be quite as religious as the most religious among ourselves.

Now, not to name some other causes to which this—if one may so term it—religious preëminence may be attributed, it has manifestly resulted, in an indirect manner, from that condition of political thralldom which has precluded the intellect of Germany from the field of political speculation. The bold and active minds of Germany have been “shut up” within the dim precincts of antiquarianism and of metaphysical theorizing, *because* they have been shut out from those precincts of reality and of intense excitement which are opened to a people by free institu-

tions, like those of England and America. Why is it that we cannot match the German scholars? and why do we come off so poorly on the listed enclosures of metaphysic combat? Why, but because we are all of us, or nearly all, intent upon the vivid interests of the great and real world. A parliamentary career, a professional career, with its high rewards—a mercantile career, with its opulence, is open to every energetic spirit. As for a life of hard reading—eighteen hours' study *per diem*—it will not pay! As for theories of the universe!—to what earthly account can they be turned? The German mind, which has so long been caged by absolutism, as a moping spectator of political movements, has excelled on arduous lines of research by a dire necessity: it has become erudite and profound, moodily, and in revenge of its oppressions. But *now*, what will take place? The prison walls are crumbling in this earthquake; the fences are already levelled; all men, and foremost the men of most intelligence, are rushing onward toward the platform of political development. Men are beginning to breathe as well as to think; and they will henceforward act more than they meditate. The public weal, with its real and its imaginary interests, will drive out of their minds whatever has a less potent hold of the hopes and passions of men. How then will it fare with nice points of criticism, or with transcendental philosophies, when some vital parliamentary question is to be carried?—just as it fares with straws and tatters when a sudden gust of wind takes its course through a paved square.

In England we may easily be cool upon matters with which we have always been familiar; but in Germany novelty will drive men toward frenzy. Besides, when the tumultuous emotions of this era of change have subsided, there will gradually open before the people of all classes new courses of commercial and professional enterprise, as well as of political ambition. This will be the natural consequence of political liberty; and it will be hailed, too, as its invaluable fruit. Every man's energies and time will be worth to him five-fold more than they were heretofore. Men will find the opportunity for making fortunes who, under the old system, never dreamed of such a thing as possible, and who lived contentedly upon what they will soon learn to think of as a despicable pittance. The habits of the middle classes will become more expensive; and as the price paid for show and luxury, they must surrender their light-hearted physical tranquillity: there will be less holiday-making, and more toil and more care, and more of the corroding alternations of hope and fear. London, and Manchester, and Liverpool, and Glasgow will repeat themselves wherever a thorough political emancipation takes place. There will then be fewer philosophers, and fewer scho-

lars; but many more combatants upon the arduous field where fortunes are won and lost.

Need it be proved that mighty changes, such as these, must powerfully affect the religious condition of any people, and especially of a people whose hold of Christianity has been, and is, attenuated in an extreme degree? A reply, if needed, to a question on this point might be found in looking to the gradually expanding operation of the very same order of causes among ourselves. Have not the ever swelling tides of political agitation wrought their obliterative effect to a great extent upon the religious mind of England? Do not the ever enhancing and the imperious demands of commercial and professional life, the iron tyranny of competition, with its knotted whip, do not these things bring into jeopardy, and are they not every day more and more bringing into peril, ingenuous and simple-hearted Christian feeling? Does not this tyranny of business drive hundreds and thousands of professed Christian men out from their closets, to save, it may be, yet a remnant of their religious hopes in their pews? as when the town is on fire men rush with their valuables to deposit them in the Parish Church.

Well therefore may it be apprehended that, in Germany, where Christianity itself hangs by a thread, the sudden stimulus given to the most turbulent and the most stirring passions and desires, all of a worldly sort, will, both by the excitements and by the necessities therewith connected, banish almost from the thoughts of men the things that are unseen and eternal.

Let it be fully granted that the proclamation of an entire religious liberty, from side to side of Europe—liberty to teach, and preach, and proselyte; liberty to worship anywhere, everywhere, and anyhow; liberty to write and to print and to distribute, to sell and to give, tracts and Bibles; in a word, British religious liberty, and more, if more be desirable—would open a field of promise which Christians would exult to see outspread before them. Be it so: nevertheless we must profess to think that the concomitant excitements of political, professional, and commercial ambition, likely at the same moment, and as a consequence of the very same revolutions, to be brought to bear upon the Continental nations, will, on any ground of probable calculation, operate with ten—twenty times the force, and in a direction opposed to the spread of Christianity. The proclamation of Continental religious liberty would set scores and hundreds of good folks among ourselves a-travelling instantly, with their portmanteaus crammed with tracts and Testaments—French, Italian, German, Spanish, and the rest; and the subscription-lists of Continental Societies would swell at an amazing rate. But we much doubt if the nations of the Continent, who think themselves far

in advance of us on all grounds of philosophy, will ever accept Christianity at *our* hands. We do not believe that France, Germany, Italy, Spain, will ever consent to import *our* theology, or *our* notions of the Gospel. When they return to Christianity, they will do so energetically, *indigenously*, and independently. They will do so in a manner which, while it will rejoice every Christian bosom, will astound and scandalize Church-ridden good folks of all parties, among ourselves.

Such a revolution, we devoutly believe, shall come in its time; but at present—and setting off as of little account the facilities it would afford to British itinerant zeal—religious liberty in France, Germany, Italy, and Spain, would be something like the unloosing a corpse—the knocking off marble chains from a marble statue—or the unstopping of an empty bottle! Religious liberty is indeed an incalculable boon when granted to a people among whom *religious intensity of feeling* has long been pent up. But is this the case anywhere between the shores of the Atlantic and the deserts of Siberia? Every morsel of religious liberty that has been granted by successive Governments in England has been conceded with a solemn feeling, as if an experiment were making which must put in peril, the church, the aristocracy, and the throne; and on the side of the recipients of the boon it has been accepted with a depth of emotion like that of a man who at length looks upon the sky after a life of unjust imprisonment. In France, if not in Germany, religious liberty would be “decreed” as easily as the remission of a halfpenny toll, and would be accepted—we know not in what mood, unless it be that of those who take something that is offered them in these terms—“Does anybody care for this?”

Momentous changes, happily affecting the religious condition of the nations of the Continent, may be the issue of the present revolutionary commotion; but if so, such changes will take their rise from causes *not as yet visible*, or not yet put in movement. It is otherwise among ourselves. This same European earthquake is now acting—is re-acting upon England and Scotland, in a manner which, if it be not glaring and conspicuous, is such as presents an outline of awful grandeur, dimly revealed, in the mists of futurity, to the eye of the thoughtful.

The Future!—“what shall it do for England?” We know not; but we see the Christianity of England, as affected by the social revolutionary crisis of the Continent, preparing to develop itself so as it has not hitherto, either in modern times, or at any time since its first promulgation. A page will explain what we mean. Christianity has developed its energies singly in the course of ages. The rudiments of truth, all clearly defined as they are in the canon of Scripture, have been *chronologically*

brought into activity, or made prominent. Not indeed as if any *new* principle of faith, or any *new* mode of piety, was from time to time evolved—(any such supposition we must hold to be equally unfounded and pernicious)—for, on *our* supposition, nothing has in any age been brought forward which might not have been seen, understood, and established at any previous time. The Church historian should make it his task to trace and to exhibit these successive developments of the Christian system, and should, moreover, endeavour to show that a certain reason and order has been providentially observed in the series; each epoch having had a relation to the preceding period as a result of it, and to the following as its precursor.

Not to attempt in this place a theme so extensive, it may be enough, in the way of exemplification, to look to the history of recent times. Within a century three perfectly distinguishable developments of the Gospel have had place; the *first* of these has manifestly passed the height of its intensity; the *second* is perhaps passing it; the *third* is yet in full course. But there is a *fourth*, destined, we must believe, to break upon the world, and to renovate the Church; and we risk the conjecture that those social convulsions that are now taking place are the means appointed to usher in among ourselves this new, and probably final display of the salutary powers of the religion we profess. The great question of the *equipoise of classes* within the social system, which, as unsolved, is racking Europe, and France especially, with ruinous violence, and which, unless it be truly and speedily solved, must shake the British Constitution also—this problem can, as we believe, be practically disposed of only by the aid of influences which Christianity is to furnish. But then it is not Christianity in *its now actual condition among us* that can render the sort of aid which the inveterate evils of the social system are demanding. Christianity must travail anew, and must bring forth her last product of power, before she can save us as a people from convulsions, or work deliverance for us in a secular sense; and therefore is it that this peril, and these dark alarms, and these mutterings of dismay surround us; and therefore it is that political dangers go on blackening our prospect until, in the midst of this agony, the truth which subsists in a latent state among us shall be brought out and become effective. That is to say, the *ultimate power* of the religion of the Scriptures shall gain a full expression, and shall take hold of the world's affairs, ruling them in a new manner.

We have said that three distinguishable developments of Christianity have had place within the last hundred years. The Reformation had obtained for us, and consigned to our keeping—Christianity according to the written word. This was

the meaning of the revolutions of the sixteenth century; and its text was—"to the law and to the testimony." The *work* of the Reformation still abides; for all communions that have separated from Rome still rest upon this foundation, namely, the supreme authority, and the sufficiency of Holy Scripture.

The middle of the last century—the years that date just one hundred years back from this time—saw, in the preaching of the Wesleys and of Whitefield, and their immediate followers, a development of Christianity which was not simply *extraordinary* as to its extent, and as to its efficacy, but which was *new* and peculiar. The Methodist movement, taking its stand upon the basis of the *Reformation Gospel*, which itself was such an unfolding of the meaning of the apostolic writings as had *never before* been effected, moved forward from this ground, and the Methodist leaders brought the *lately understood Gospel* to bear, with unprecedented effect, upon the consciences of men *individually*. The simplest and the most rudimental idea of Christianity, as a call to repentance, and an offer of mercy, and an opening of heaven, and a dispensation of the "gift of God"—this rudimental idea filled the hearts and occupied the minds, and broke ever and again from the lips of preachers, whether Arminian or Calvinistic:—this *fresh Gospel* was METHODISM.

About forty years seems to be the allotted period of a religious epoch; and at the end of that term, or near it, Methodism, in its character as a *new development* of the Gospel, had accomplished its functions, and had itself subsided into a tranquil and permanent ecclesiastical condition, taking its place among other and older communions. Its beneficial influences were indeed far from being terminated; its vitality was exhausted; its preachers proclaimed the same glad tidings with happy effect, and they believed themselves to be wearing the mantle of their Elijah. But it was not so. A new Evangelic power—a power springing out of Methodism, independent of it, was about to descend from heaven to earth; and the mantle of Elijah was soon seen to have come down upon the shoulders of the Founders of Missions.

It might at first sight be thought that the missionary enterprise was nothing more than a mere carrying out, into heathen lands, of the Methodistic zeal, and of the Methodistic Gospel. But it showed itself at once to be quite another matter. In heaven's eye it was a development altogether new, and which was to bring into play a very different order of motives and emotions, and was to give prominence to objects which *never before* had been distinctly discerned by the Church, or steadily regarded as of prime importance. The Christian Church (of all communions) was to the core revolutionized by the Missionary Development: its tone and dialect, its topics and its occupa-



tions were all changed, and shifted, with wonderful rapidity, and with equal *completeness*. Well might it have been said forty years ago—"old things have passed away, and behold all things have become new!" Methodism was an intensity coming to a focus within men's bosoms, individually; it was *concentrative* mainly, and diffusive incidentally, or in a secondary manner. But the missionary development was in a feeble sense, concentrative; while its *energies* were all diffusive. If Methodism exhibited the light of heaven, brought with irresistible force to bear upon each heart, the missionary dispensation was a beam of day, illuminating a distant expanse. That the two developments were essentially different, and that the one was not a mere branching off of the other, became manifest, or might easily have been inferred, from the almost antagonist style of that order of personal religion which came to be characteristic of each. The missionary piety is not a personal intensity; but a mild benevolence. Methodism might, and sometimes did carry unsound minds on towards insanity. The missionary zeal might impel unsound minds, not indeed toward insanity, but toward absurdity. The very scene of the two movements was shifted, for the one had taken place ordinarily within walls consecrated to the worship of God;—the other occupies boards trodden yesterday, and to be trodden to-morrow, by the world. It is the same Christianity indeed, which *once* held to the church, the chapel, or the meeting-house, but which now resorts to the Town Hall; we must not however so far delude ourselves with names as to imagine that one and the same Religious Development has run on from the one class of structures to the other.

Methodism had its forty years as Heaven's ambassador to men: it has now gone to its *parish*, where, Heaven forbid that it should relax in its useful labours. The missionary zeal, too, has had its forty years, as a distinct development of a certain order of Christian motives. It is not now waning or subsiding; but it is assuming a *permanent form*, and is conforming itself to established modes of procedure as an instrument of foreign Christianization; and Heaven forbid that its labours should be relaxed or restricted, or that its funds should be diminished! In the next forty years the several Missionary Societies may effect far more good than they have effected in the past forty; and there is reason to indulge so cheering a hope. But the missionary epoch, *as a dispensation*, has passed the point at which another epoch might be looked for as commencing.

Just as the missionary zeal sprang out of Methodism, so out of the missionary zeal has sprung (mainly although not wholly) that now current development of the *energies* of

the Gospel which we are witnessing. The order of causation on this ground is natural. Christianity when it awakens the consciences of men individually, impels them to teach every man his brother, and it calls all men brethren, and desires the salvation of all. In this order, care for the soul comes first; but care for the body immediately follows. The evangelist visits men in their homes that he may persuade them to repent: he finds them there destitute, famishing, naked, and utterly wretched. He reports what he has seen. But from the moment that this report reaches the ears, and sinks into the hearts of Christians, the very Gospel they entertain becomes in a manner transmuted within their bosoms. In other words, Christianity, brought on a large scale into near communion with the bodily wretchedness of men, spontaneously develops an energy of its own—an energy proper for the occasion. Then comes on the dispensation of compassion, under which the wants of the body excite a sympathy more vivid than that which relates to the wants of the soul.

It is quite true that Christianity has, in every age, and even under its most corrupt forms, proved its heavenly origin in this very manner; that is to say, by producing and by rendering effective, a sympathy of which heathen nations knew nothing. But that development of Christian compassion which is now midway on in its epoch, has received a character quite new and peculiar from the alliance it has formed with three powers, heretofore scarcely known to it. The *first* of these is the legislative and administrative powers of the State, a reaction from which imparts to it gravity and momentum. The *second* is the voluntary "society" power, whence it derives an intensity of excitement, and in connexion with which it spreads itself over a wide surface, and takes effect upon thousands of minds, instead of tens, as heretofore. The *third* of these modifying influences is that derived from those established principles of political economy which regulate Christian benevolence in accordance with what should not be called worldly prudence, but rather scientific discretion. The most simple-minded philanthropists have at length come to understand that mere love and pity, left to follow their own impulses, may injure those whom they would help. Raw sympathy, brought into a state of excitement by Christian motives, is a power actually to be dreaded, if it act on a large scale. Thus modified, therefore, and thus brought into relationship with civil government, with voluntary associations, and with the principles of political science, Christian compassion, directed toward the alleviation of the bodily sufferings of men—especially of the lowest classes—is a new power, and the present is the era of its development.

But there is a power yet to be elicited—a power proper to our holy religion, and most characteristic of it, and which the now imminent perils of the social system throughout Europe, and not least so in this country, seem to be bringing into activity. What we intend is something more stern than the *sympathy* which the Gospel generates, and more serious than the *zeal* which it inspires; we mean—that sense of Right which it so solemnly authenticates, which it will yet bring to bear; not simply, as heretofore, upon the individual behaviour of men, one toward another, but upon the relationship of class to class, throughout the social system, and the momentous operation of which will, as we conjecture, give a character to those revolutions that are impending upon the civilized world. Christianity, we believe, is now about to do for civilized communities that which no political reforms, and no political philosophy, and certainly no insurrections, can ever effect. If it were asked, What shall be the future of England? the prediction might be risked, that, inasmuch as Biblical principles have here a firmer hold of the human mind than in any other country, it shall be the chosen field whereupon the last development of the powers of the Religion of Christ shall take place; and wherein shall be carried out, in a signal manner, that dispensation of Justice under which nations may prosper permanently, and be at peace within themselves.

Are we supposing that Christianity shall come in to frame political constitutions, or that texts shall be cited in Parliament for the purpose of overruling contrary decisions of political science? By no means: a very different office do we assign to the Bible, and a very different function to its interpreters. An illustration of what is intended presents itself at hand. Take the case of that mere compassion, or sympathy for the bodily sufferings of those around us, to which the motives of the Gospel impart intensity. Those who are most susceptible of this sympathy, and are most alive too to Christian influences, are often impelled, in their benevolent eagerness, to adopt measures, the tendency of which would be, if not instantly, yet after a while, to aggravate these miseries, or to spread them over a wider surface. Here then comes in the guidance and the corrective influence of Political Science—of Political Economy, and of that practical discretion which is acquired in administering any system of relief, whether voluntary or statutory. In this case, it is the office of Christianity to call out the benevolent affections, and to impart to them a momentum which at length prevails over the sluggishness, and the selfishness, and the blind prejudice that stands in its way. The Gospel generates the emotion, and keeps it in a state of efficient activity; and then the office of

Political Science is so to instruct, and to inform this power of sympathy, that the end it aims at, namely, the improved condition of the wretched, shall indeed be secured.

Now, in the case before us, what we suppose as yet to take place, is analogous to what we have here referred to as actually taking place. The Bible will afford no *direct* aid in digesting political constitutions, or in framing enactments intended to regulate the rate of wages, or to define the respective rights and privileges of classes. From the Bible we shall never be able fairly to extort any such things as a criminal code, or a system of taxation, or a scheme for regulating or for restricting the employment of capital: it was given to the world for no such purposes. But is it therefore not available for giving effect to those measures of amelioration which a ripened political science shall point to and authenticate? We are confident that it *is* thus available, and believe, as we have said, that the present urgent perils of the country are the means destined for bringing out, from the depths of the Christian System, those long latent energies of Justice, apart from which the clearest demonstrations of political science will never take effect. National perils, and the distresses of classes, while they compel political science to ripen and to promulgate its conclusions, shall, with a sort of convulsive throe, call out and bring into operation, a salutary force from the Christian Code. Political Science shall determine what *is* Justice, as between class and class, and shall tell us on well ascertained grounds of experience, what those measures are, which may be looked to for securing to each class its wellbeing; and then a hitherto unknown and unimagined intensity imparted to Christian principles, shall break down all opposition, and shall bring out, in fact, the true and the good in the structure of society.

It cannot have escaped the notice of intelligent readers of the Bible, that in almost all those passages, as well of the New as of the Old Testament, which the devout mind clings to as predictive of ultimate felicity for the human family, there appears, at the end of the vista of hope—a tribunal of Justice. We entirely put out of view every one of those passages which, on grounds of reasonable interpretation, should be regarded as bearing upon the adjudication of men, individually, at the tribunal of an after life. We now refer to those passages only which it is scarcely possible to understand otherwise than as prophetic of the condition of the nations on earth. The Messiah's kingdom in this world, (we are implying no opinion as to what is called "the Personal Reign,") this kingdom of the Son of David is spoken of in terms which convey, as its

distinctively characteristic feature, the idea of a stern administration of JUSTICE, and of Justice for heretofore oppressed classes. The instances are very many, and they all bear one import, and they might all be brought under interpretation, as various expressions of that prediction—ill as it seems to accord with what we are apt to regard as the tenor of the Gospel, and which the Son of Man himself utters, when He promises to those who shall faithfully “keep his works”—and shall prove themselves the fit ministers of his kingdom, that they “shall have power over the nations,” and shall “rule them with a rod of iron,” and under which administration those nations shall be broken to shivers “as the vessels of the potter.” If this be a prediction quoted from the second Psalm, and throwing it forward to the period of Messiah’s triumphant entrance upon his kingdom, then it indicates in the clearest manner what we now assume, namely, that a dispensation of inflexible JUSTICE—justice for the nations, and administered on behalf of the wretched, shall be that which is to fill up the intentions of God’s dealings with men *upon earth*.

Nothing can be clearer to the same purport than is the tenor of the seventy-second Psalm. That it is predictive of the Messiah’s rule on earth has always been believed. It is, in a word, the foreshowing of a rule of right coming in upon inveterate wrongs, and subsisting and continuing for a lengthened period to carry forward its purposes, while wrong also co-exists. The Messiah shall “judge thy people with righteousness, and thy poor with judgment, and shall break in pieces the oppressor.” Let the Psalm be read anew with this idea—that it holds forth the *principal characteristic* of a future dispensation, the end of which shall be universal peace on earth. The thirty-second chapter of Isaiah bears entirely the same import—“A king shall reign in righteousness,” under whom “princes shall rule in judgment.” An efficacious development of the first principles of morality—principles *taking precedence of motives of benevolence*—shall bring in the epoch of tranquil happiness, and thus “the work of RIGHTEOUSNESS shall be peace, and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance for ever.”

Hitherto Christianity has won its praise, and has demonstrated its heavenly origin, far more conspicuously as an impulse of mercy, and as bringing relief for the wretched, than as a rule of right. So long as the world has been managing its own affairs in its own way, the Gospel has wandered hither and thither over the field, binding up the wounds of the victims of cruelty, and pouring in its own oil and wine. But when the time comes for Christ to rule the world, then those offices of mercy which

in times past have been its glory, shall take a subordinate place, so that the stern energies of justice may bear sway. Is not the forty-fifth Psalm a prediction of Messiah's reign on earth? and what is its tone? it is the very same. A stern and *martial* administration of JUSTICE among the nations is, in a word, what it means; and this is the marking feature, the *note of recognition*, whereby the coming in of Messiah's kingdom shall be known and shall be hailed by his people:—thus shall the redeemed nations greet his advent—"Gird thy sword upon thy thigh, O Most Mighty; in thy majesty ride prosperously, because of (for the sake of) truth, and meekness, and righteousness, and thy right hand (administrative energy) shall teach thee terrible things." "Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever; the sceptre of thy kingdom is a *right sceptre*."

The pith of these, and of many other well-remembered passages, is this—that, *at the end*, and when the Divine scheme is winding up, and is reaching its long-intended and long-postponed purpose, the religion of Christ shall bring to bear upon *the social and national condition of mankind*—a heretofore unthought of development of the eternal laws of justice. In the midst of that glare of glory which prophetic Scripture instructs and encourages us to look to with eager hope—in the very midst of that heavenly effulgence, there is discernible a symbol sharply defined by its dark contour against the brightness of the vision, and it is the "Iron sceptre" of Messiah's kingdom that we there descry.

If, then, we are to speak of the Future—and of the Christian Future—and of the Christian futurity of the British people—we should not think of predicting catastrophes;—not because catastrophes may not actually come, for they may seem quite probable; but because they do not lie within our ken. We do not profess to be prophets. We have learned that political calculations are cobwebs, or are likely to be swept away like cobwebs, and that Biblical calculations, if definite, are perilous, and too often illusory. What we *are* thinking of is the development of a principle, and which is a main element of revealed religion, and which, hitherto, has not merely had a too feeble influence upon men individually, but which has never yet taken a forcible hold of any social system, or had a conspicuous part in adjusting and rectifying the political and economic relationship of classes. Then a step further we advance in conjecturing that those shocks of the European earthquake which have in them a social, rather than a merely political meaning, shall so affect this country as to bring out the latent energy of the religion which *we* (alone almost among the nations) cordially adhere to and profess.

This development of a latent principle must come on along with, and as consequent upon, a new perusal of the Scriptures—that is to say, the perusal of them in a new light. The Reformation brought about such a new perusal of them, or a reading of things that had often been read before, but had never before been so understood. Methodism was produced and carried forward by the means of such a fresh reading of the words of life. And has not the Missionary zeal given us, in a sense, a new Bible? has it not brought out of their dark corners scores of bright passages that had barely been noticed by our predecessors? Within these forty years the Bible has come to be what it never was before, namely, a Missionary Manual. So shall it be when the first putting forth of the Iron Sceptre shall attract all eyes, and shall carry trembling and awe into the slumbering consciences of professed Christians. It would not have been equitable at any time previous to the present Missionary era, to have brought an indictment against the Christian ministry at large on the ground of its neglect of those missionary texts which *we* have at length learned to understand as an imperative command to carry the Gospel into heathen lands. For *us* now to neglect this duty, and to overlook these texts, would be to bring down upon ourselves the heaviest guilt. But our fathers had not been awakened so to read the Scriptures; the time was not come, and all slumbered until it came.

It is the same as to a large class of passages, the clear import of which has rarely, if ever, been set before the people from the pulpit. Passages there are, which, when the time of awakening comes, shall break like a thunder-clap upon Christian congregations. The preacher will tremble as he takes his text, and the people will tremble as they hear it expounded and applied. What will then be new? not the text, or the interpretation of it, as if critical ingenuity had at last dug down upon some fossil sense that had never before been thought of. What will be new will be a mind to accept as true, and as applicable to ourselves, some of the simplest and the most intelligible phrases and sentiments of the Bible.

The eliciting and the establishment of any one class of truths has almost always involved a temporary occultation of some other truth. So it has been, that while the import of Scripture, as a message of pardon and a revelation of free grace, has been recovered, and has been set clear of the incrustations of sixteen centuries, the not incompatible, but antagonistic import of Scripture, as revealing a great scheme of retribution, has well-nigh been lost sight of. But now—so we may safely conclude—now that the doctrine of grace is fully recovered, and now that it has taken

its due place in the belief of Protestant Churches, whence it shall never again be removed—now may that other truth, upon the counteractive influence of which the equipoise of revelation depends—now may it without risk be fully brought forward, be boldly announced, and authoritatively enforced. If the doctrines of grace are irrefragably certain, not less certain is the doctrine of an administrative scheme of government, exact, universal, un-deviating, and in the carrying out of which Eternal Justice is to be honoured.

But how shall we reconcile principles so contradictory, or how expound the Gospel and the Law, so as to save the integrity of both? To attempt this is not our task. An easy task shall it be when the Bible comes to be listened to, theological logic apart—an easy task shall it be when Christianity has developed its ultimate energy, as an expression of eternal rectitude!

It would not perhaps be extremely difficult to follow out in idea that chain of causes which may bring about among ourselves, and ere long, such a development as we have spoken of. Our social condition, especially as a mercantile and a manufacturing community, is becoming every year more critical, and more perplexing; meantime, the now present and unlooked for convulsions of the continental nations are reacting upon us, in a manner which the boldest minds dare not distinctly look at, or inquire into. A moment may come, and it is perhaps at hand, when social perplexities *must* in some manner be met and disposed of. But shall we meet them as they have been met in France, by murderous collisions of class with class—by street slaughter—by the mowing down of mobs with artillery, and by a plunge through blood-reeking revolutions, to land upon the *terra firma* of a military despotism? Not so; may we not devoutly hope it? But if not, then it must be in another manner, and in a manner which shall throw an unwonted stress upon the moral energies of the country, or upon the religious convictions of all classes.

Destitution and distress, perhaps enhanced and diffused, or if not actually increased, yet reported, adduced, and brought out more distinctly to view than at present it is,—this exhibition of suffering, must at the same moment quicken the alarms of statesmen, and excite in an extreme degree the sympathies of the more feeling portion of the community. The sluggishness of public men will be broken in upon, and large measures of relief will be thought of and propounded. At the same time, such arrangements and mitigations as “charity” can command, will be had recourse to. But it will quickly be discovered that the social problem is one that is not to be dealt with on any such ground



as this. The difficulty is too mighty to be disposed of delicately and lovingly. The malady is of a sort that will not yield to emulgent—the lotion of sympathy frets the patient as much as it soothes his anguish. In a word, although mercy is never out of season, it will be felt that the era of mercy, as chief agent for the relief of the sufferings of classes, is past. After a brief and awful pause, it shall be acknowledged that the era of RIGHT has come on. But Right—whence is it to be derived, or from what principles reasoned out, or by what sanctions authenticated, or by what penalties enforced? If it were attempted, at such a moment, to make out and to define the limits of social justice, on any principle known to the British Constitution, this method of procedure could bring out no results commensurate with the occasion, and for this reason, that no *such* occasion, no *such* social crisis, no *such* portentous problem, has ever been contemplated, much less provided for, by the British Constitution, or by any other political framework, ancient or modern.

If recourse were had, in such an emergency, to abstract doctrines, or to scholastic systems of moral philosophy, or to some theory, happening just then to be in vogue, nothing but interminable debates could be the consequence. Universities might wrangle for ten years, before any conclusion which practical men could comprehend, and adopt, could be arrived at. We are not however without resource. Christianity is part and parcel of the law of the land, and therefore it is a recognised and constitutional authority. Moreover, Christianity is the cordial belief of great masses of the people—upper, and middle, and lower; it is therefore an *authority*, the intervention of which would readily and gladly be hailed, not by one rank or interest, but by multitudes of every rank, and especially so in an hour of fear and perplexity.

What then is it that might, at such a moment, take place? not, as we have already said—that Revelation should be brought in to supersede the functions of civil society; far from it. Legislative wisdom, and statesmanlike ability, and practical good sense, would combine to devise, to digest, and to elaborate the measures best to be adopted; and then, those measures having been assented to, and approved—BIBLE FORCE would come in to carry them through, sweeping away irresistibly, all oppositions of class selfishness and prejudice. Such and such measures (and we should quite overstep what we think to be our function in presuming to specify them) having been propounded and discussed, and voted as good, not by the legislature merely, but by the British people, there would be no question whether they should, or could, be put in force. Public men will have devised these

measures, the legislature will have passed them, and then heaven itself will see to what remains. Neither Moses nor the prophets, neither David, nor Solomon, nor Isaiah, nor Jeremiah, nor Ezekiel, nor Paul, nor James, nor even our blessed Lord, will teach us how to frame Acts of Parliament, or on what grounds of political expediency societies should be constituted ; but when Parliaments have ascertained what it is which a crisis demands, and when experienced writers have informed us in what modes our endeavours may best be carried forward, then prophets and apostles, in tones never before listened to, shall enjoin the due performance of the part which we have thus assigned to ourselves.

When once BIBLE POWER has, by any such social crisis, been brought to bear, in an open manner, upon national interests—when once the “sign of the Son of man” has thus been seen in the political heavens—when the iron sceptre has caught all eyes, that is to say, when Christ’s authority shall, in a signal instance, have prevailed in controlling state affairs, then shall this same power be seen to be taking effect in a thousand instances that were not at first thought of. Sympathy and mercy, applied as they have been, and are, to the alleviation of the miseries endured by classes, are like the fragrant ointment poured forth by piety and love ; but the word of truth and justice when once it shall be uttered, shall take effect upon the diseased social body in another manner :—“Go, for thou art healed of thy plague.” To what an incalculable extent would the weight of distress now pressing upon all classes be relieved, simply by an efficacious recovery of, and return to, public and private rectitude ! If commercial reverses visit us periodically, as pestilence and famine may visit us, in the form of judgments from heaven, how greatly are these reverses aggravated, as they affect classes, and individuals, by the defective morality to which custom and familiarity have given a loose sanction ! There may be room to question whether even the most disastrous of those overthrows which the trading and commercial classes have sustained, would have occurred at all, had there been diffused through all classes a higher-toned morality.

All thinking persons feel that the never yet adjusted relationship of class to class, in our social systems, is an urgent problem, carrying with it every kind of difficulty, and which the now-pending revolutionary conflicts between classes, on the Continent, are rendering more difficult and more perilous every day among ourselves. Great organic changes, or measures equivalent to organic changes, must be brought to bear upon the social malady—or otherwise it will, in this country as it has in France,

come to its crisis spontaneously, and with an accompaniment of the direst calamities. These changes, or these measures of relief, we believe to surpass the powers of the legislature to give effect to them, even if they do not surpass its wisdom to devise. The alternative therefore is the occurrence of a terrific crisis, and the repetition of such at short intervals; or else the bringing in of a force new to politics, and hitherto latent in the inspired writings.

It has been latent, hitherto, because that state of the social system which should bring it into activity belongs to the present time, and is itself now only partially developed. What might be called *social consciousness* is that which distinguishes the civilized communities of modern times. This consciousness implies, not only a wide spread cognizance of the condition of the several classes that make up the body politic, but a *feeling* pervading each class, and connecting each with the others, by a sort of vital sympathy. The body politic is continually coming into nearer and nearer analogy with animal life. There is within it one sensorium, toward which all sensations tend, and one nervous system, affected throughout by any morbid condition of any part, or member. Representative government, whether it may be more or less complete, theoretically, or practically well managed, is but one of the modes of rational consciousness, and only one medium of the national volitions. Through the press, and by the means of that extended and instantaneous interchange of feeling and will which belong to a commercial state, and which the recently contrived velocities of correspondence and of transit so wonderfully facilitate, every thing that is anywhere thought, felt, suffered, intended, willed, or done, is instantly reported, understood, and (to use a physiological term) is duly assimilated, and is commingled, either as aliment, or as medicament, or as infection, or as poison, with the system.

But this universally diffused social consciousness brings with it a relationship, between class and class, of mutual dependence, and of obligation, which otherwise could not be alleged. Men who live under an absolute despotism, as in Turkey or Russia, witness individually the wrongs that are endured by others individually, or by classes, with apathy, or with sympathy, as it may happen, yet with no consciousness of an implied moral responsibility, and with no sense of moral reciprocity. But whether we distinctly admit the fact or not, the *feeling* that spontaneously arises in every bosom, on parallel occasions, in countries where the agents of government are responsible, where there is popular representation, a free press, and absolute liberty of speech and action, is wholly of another sort. This feeling has in it some-

thing of that tumultuous restlessness which attaches to the active moral sentiments. The reported sufferings of classes, or the knowledge of their degradation, their ignorance, and their hopeless destitution, excites, (at least in sound minds,) not compassion simply, but a self-reproaching disquiet, of which we do not easily rid ourselves. "These things," we say to ourselves, and to one another, "ought not so to be: they *must* not be suffered: something *must* be done, or attempted, to bring in a remedy."

Now, this is a modern feeling: it is the accompaniment of an advancing political condition; and it is the symptom of the diffused vitality of the social system. What then follows? or what is it that must take place in consequence of this vitalizing of the social mass? In a country within which a *definite moral code* is recognised as of ultimate authority, and is bowed to because its sanctions are held to be valid, in such a country it is inevitable that this same moral code, which heretofore was only of private interpretation, or which took little effect except as it bore upon the conscience of the *individual* in his behaviour toward *individuals*—this code, sustained by its awful sanctions, must, and will, eventually, come into effective operation, as bearing upon what we may call the social, or the political conscience. In this country the decisively practical turn of the national mind, and the dislike of abstract or metaphysical reasoning, as applied to substantial interests, happily comes in to aid the national feeling in favour of Christianity as an ultimate authority in morals. Already we may discern the onward movement of a silent process, which is bringing all the difficult questions of class wellbeing up to the tribunal of the one recognised religious authority. Unless dire catastrophes should come in to throw us aback, and to break up the social machinery, it must ere long come about, in this country, and notwithstanding the prevalence of infidelity and impiety in the highest and in the lowest classes, that these political problems will be dealt with on the ground of RIGHT, as affirmed, defined, or implied, in Holy Scripture.

The present turmoil throughout Europe, and in France especially, is going on, no one can guess toward what issue, unless it be military despotism, because nothing is recognised abroad as fixed and unquestionable; nothing is bowed to as of ultimate authority; nothing is revered because it is held to be sustained by sanctions. But it is not so among ourselves; and in any case in which a mass is internally agitated, the parts in movement will arrange themselves at length around the one part or element that is fixed. In England, although every thing may be brought under discussion, and every thing sacred may be questioned; yet

not for ever. The religious convictions of the great majority of the instructed classes are firm. The Christian belief of the British people is an anchorage, and it is a fulcrum, and it is a foundation; and the agitations that shake the nations only tend to throw so much the more stress upon this one and only point of immovable support, which the civilized world feels to be anywhere under its feet.

Facts and appearances irreconcilable with any such supposition as this might readily be alleged; and the hope it would encourage might easily be made to appear chimerical. We profess it, nevertheless, and are bold to say that, while diffident of any interpretation of Apocalyptic symbols, we discern, amid the alarms and confusions of the passing hour, bright indications of the coming on of that last development of the Christian system, which is the drift of all prophecy, and which shall render Christianity, toward the nations, a dispensation of Justice, more prominently than hitherto it has been a dispensation of mercy.\*

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\* It is not an approvable practice to place at the head of an article the title of a book of which nothing is said in the course of it. We condemn, therefore, in this instance, what we have done, and can only say that we should hold it to be not merely, in a *literary*, but in a *moral* sense, wrong, so to treat any living writer. In this case many of our readers will long ago have formed their own opinion of the remarkable essay of which the little volume before us is a good reprint. The *merits* of this essay, or the grounds and reasons of that attention which it has lately received, could not be properly considered within the compass of a few pages.

- ART. IX.—1. *The Camp and Barrack-room; or the British Army as it is.* By a late Staff-sergeant of the 13th Light Infantry. London, 1841.
2. *The Autobiography of a Working Man.* By "One who has whistled at the Plough." London, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, 1848.
3. *Recollections of Rifleman Harris.* Edited by Henry Curling, Esquire, Half-pay, 52d Regiment. London, 1848.
4. *Hansard's Parliamentary Debates.* Vol. 91. (Third volume of the Session of 1847.)

IN this great year of the Christian era, 1848, it is, doubtless, a very humiliating fact, that the representatives of the people have been voting away large sums of public money for the purchase and the support of the instruments and agents of human destruction. It is a very humiliating fact, we say, but it is one which stares us most obtrusively in the face. Our better reason may revolt against it—Christian morality may deplore it—but *there* stands THE SOLDIER at the corner of the street.

There he is—the hundred thousandth part of a great thing called an Army. A great thing wonderfully organized—most ingeniously devised; a very imposing, a very costly thing, made up of very varied materials, but most homogeneous as a whole. It is hard to say what it does not contain. Nothing so hard, nothing so soft; nothing so full, nothing so empty; nothing so gay, nothing so mournful, as not to be a part of it. Light plumes, and heavy ordnance; the empty drum and the well-charged shell; the gay music, and the mournful funeral-pall—there are all sorts of contrasts and contrarieties in it, but how complete a thing is it as a whole! Look at the intricacy of its machinery—the wonderful adhesiveness of its parts—the unity and integrity of it. Dispersed though it be in a fragmentary state over the whole surface of the globe, there are chains and wires, which take no account of space, keeping it together as surely and irrefragably as though it were a compact mass. Within this mighty circle, there is nothing so majestic—nothing so insignificant, as not to be brought into immediate contact with each other. The minutest component of that great fact—the British Army, has an intimate affinity and is a matter of immediate concernment to the greatest and most glorious of the realities, who give a dignity and a radiance to the whole. There is a link, which unites the small child who tinkles the triangle with the mighty warrior who conquers nations, overturns dynasties, and revolutionizes the world. The voice of that small hero of the triangle may make itself heard by the great hero of history; and not so

insignificant is the child—being an atom of that great comprehensive army, but that his injuries will be resented and redressed by the veteran of a hundred fights, and a hundred orders.

It is no bad sign of the times, though better signs our successors may be called to discourse upon in the five-hundredth Number of this Review, that England has just begun seriously to concern herself about the condition of the men who fight her battles abroad, and guard her property at home. Better soldiers it is scarcely necessary that they should be—for they have beaten nearly all the world; but it would seem nothing so difficult to render them better men. Hitherto almost everything has been against them. They have been bad because they have not been expected to be better. The world has set a mark upon them, and they have not belied their credentials. It seems, up to the middle of the nineteenth century, to have been our pleasure to call them the most depraved of men, and our study to keep them so. As a privileged class of evil-doers they have been regarded, and it would seem as though society were unwilling to disturb a time-hallowed fact of such universal acceptance. There are traditions to which we cling with extraordinary tenacity, and the reprobate character of the soldier is one of them. To “swear like a trooper”—“to drink like a trooper”—to do every evil thing that is done under the sun “like a trooper”—are legendary forms of speech which we do not very willingly dismiss into the limbo of worn-out superstitions. There are conventional notions of a soldier much cherished by the civilian, which work out their own realization. When men are not expected to be better, there is little chance of their ever becoming so.

In no country in the world is the soldier so heartily despised as in England: and in none is he more cordially admired. Men look down upon him with unbounded contempt; women look up to him with passionate adoration. He is ridiculed on the one side; he is worshipped on the other. He is at once a lobster and a hero. He is insulted in the streets; he is courted from the areas. The butcher's boy shoulders his empty tray with a face full of impudence, and the cook-maid, as she retires with the joint, looks back at him with a face full of love. His red coat, his erect carriage, his handsome person, the halo of bravery which surrounds him, gladden the eyes, possess the imaginations, and fill the hearts of the gentler sex, whilst men think him a very poor creature indeed, because he may not put his hands in his pockets, stay out after night-fall, or get drunk at discretion. They see that he is at the mercy of the drill-sergeant—that he has sold his liberty for a shilling a-day—that he is turned into a mere machine, without an opinion of his own, without even the ordinary privilege of a free and enlightened citizen to wear as

much dirt upon his person as he pleases. For all this they heartily despise him; and because he is adored by the women, they, moreover, cordially detest him. Besides, he is mixed up in their minds with some undefined notions of taxation—and that is enough in itself to render him the most unpopular animal in the world.

But how few there are in any condition of life who trouble themselves to look beneath the surface—to penetrate the outer shell of this strange thing we call a soldier—to associate with his name anything beyond visions of pipe-clay, ramrods, sponge-staffs, the lunge, and the “rigid miseries of the goose-step.” And yet he is an intelligent being, to a point a little above instinct; and might be made a reasonable creature. We have tried hard heretofore not to emancipate him from the thralldom which sits so heavily upon his moral and intellectual being; but a new light is now beginning to dawn upon the country. Some doubts have been entertained whether a soldier may not after all have a soul to be saved; and to the credit of the last Parliament be it recorded, that the condition of the soldier was in 1847 elevated by both Houses into a topic of grave and earnest discussion.

With most unfeigned satisfaction do we regard and with most unqualified commendation do we allude to these efforts to legislate for the British army; and we speak of them now with the assured conviction that every new Session will advance the cause of Military Reform, and give birth to new measures calculated to raise the character of the soldier. It is well that at the head of the measures, which have already received the assent of Parliament and the approbation of the country at large, should be one the object and tendency of which is to loosen the chains of military bondage—to render the soldier, by the limitation of his time of enforced service, less of a slave than under the old soul-subduing system of enlistment for life. The Bill introduced in March 1847, by the present able and benevolent Secretary at War, and generally described, somewhat vaguely, as the *Army Service Bill*, is a move in the right direction—an initial step essential to the success of all after-measures for the amelioration of the condition of the soldier.

For—look at the manner in which the army is recruited. It is a “voluntary” system, with nothing that is voluntary in it but the first precipitate plunge—the folly of an hour which is pregnant with the repentance of years. Think what it is that has consigned so many men to a hopeless life of military servitude. Think of the efforts made to entrap the raw material of a soldier—the gilded bait which is cast before his eyes—the wiles which are employed to delude him of the little reason that he has—the craft that is put forth to catch and the violence which



is exercised to keep him. What can be more discouraging than his first initiation into military life? If thought be not stagnant within him—if in the fulness of his suffering all power of reflection has not utterly died—he must soon become painfully conscious of the fact that his new life is a cheat and an imposture. The time-honoured couplet descriptive of the pleasure of being cheated has to his case no application. It is all misery from first to last—head-ache at the beginning, and heart-ache to the end. He has enlisted in heedlessness or in pique. He has quarrelled with his sweetheart or been dismissed by his employer. In a state of mind peculiarly susceptible of such impressions, he has been dazzled by the gaudy ribands and the shining accoutrements of the recruiting-sergeant. Every strip of coloured sarsenet streaming from the cap of the seducer—every well-polished plate and buckle that glitters on his person—has a separate spell to lure the victim to destruction. The stirring notes of the drum and the fife seem to summon him to a career of glory. He is intoxicated before the *treat* begins—before the first glass, proffered by the tempter, has been tossed off in the tap-room or the drinking-booth—before the man of the gay ribands has begun his attractive survey of the *arva beata divites et insulas* over which lies the path of the soldier. It has been all over with him, we say, long ago. The voice of reason—the voice of affection—the voice of conscience—they have all been drowned by the merry music of the recruiting party. The man of the ribands stands treat like a hero, and talks like a demigod. It is “far above singing” to Hodge. He is all a-gape with wonder and delight. Another glass, another story, and he sees in the ascending clouds of tobacco-smoke great battles fought, great victories accomplished—a manhood of glory and an old age of honoured ease. He is prepared to believe anything that is told him: his credulity would grasp even a Roman triumph, with himself for the hero of it, if Ribands were only to set him upon the track. But no need of that: he has taken the shilling without it; he has sold himself to the recruiting-sergeant; he has “gone for a soldier;” and a hundred thousand of these gone creatures make “the finest army in the world.”

This is the ordinary receipt for making a soldier. There are variations, but not very important ones. One, however, seems to be worthy of especial consideration, as it affords a remarkable contrast to that which we have above described. There we have seen the case of the soldier made by the recruiting-sergeant—of the victim of gay ribands and strong drink—of the simple one who swallows the bait in utter ignorance, to be terribly undeceived. Now we make the acquaintance of a very different personage—a fellow who is not to be charmed by recruiting parties, charm they never so wisely; who is more than a match for the

hero of the ribands ; who knows tricks worth a score of his. This is the man who has "seen better days"—the ruined spend-thrift, whose last hope of raising the wind is gone ; who has exhausted the patience and perhaps the purses of his friends ; who has disgraced himself and his family ; and who now, with the prospect of starvation before him, hopeless beggary in the streets, or a residence in a prison, turns his thoughts to the army as a refuge for the destitute, and in a determined spirit of *felo-de-se*, deliberately enlists. There is a jaunty, rakish, care-worn look about him. Outwardly and inwardly, to use his own language, he is desperately "seedy." He has nothing but youth in his favour ; and drink and debauchery have pretty well eased him even of that recommendation. He looks older than he is ; he has far less stamina than Hodge—but then he is a trifle less clumsy. He will get through his drill quicker than the bumpkin, if he choose ; but the chances are that he will not choose. He knows that he has taken the last plunge, and has ceased to care about himself. He has long ago forfeited his self-respect, and he has never had any delusions about the glory of military life. He has enlisted, in all probability, for foreign service : he is going to the East Indies. In the eyes of Hodge the army is the army ; he neither knows nor cares what particular section of it is doomed to absorb his life. Well-born knows better. He has an idea of his own on the subject. He chooses his own regiment, knowing its destination ; he is not beguiled by vagrant ribands at country fairs, but he goes deliberately to the dépôt of the regiment he has selected, and settles the matter with all his faculties about him. His desire is to leave the country at the country's expense ; and he thinks, on the whole, that he would rather go as a soldier than as a convict.

Here we have the two extremes of recruit manufacture—the first sample, it must be understood, belongs to a very large, and the second to a very small class. There is an intermediate state which seems to unite something of the simplicity of Hodge with the intelligence of Well-born. Between the country bumpkin and the ruined clerk or broken gentleman stands the artizan or mechanic. Of 1000 recruits it may be estimated that 628 are agricultural labourers and servants, 310 artizans and mechanics, 43 clerks and shopmen, and the residue of 19, gentlemen's sons, in various shapes—as medical students, lawyers, &c. This is the distribution guaranteed by Sir Howard Douglas, and we are by no means inclined to question its accuracy. Neither are we inclined to question the truth of the assertion put forth by the same authority—that the agricultural labourers make the best soldiers, and the gentlemen's sons considerably the worst. We have known examples to the contrary, but not sufficient to dis-

turb our belief in the soundness of Sir Howard Douglas' estimate of the general character of gentlemen recruits. We admit that the army gains little by them—they are Her Majesty's hard bargains. "What then?" the opponents of the Limited Enlistment Act answer—"a proof of the absurdity of commending and supporting the bill, upon the plea of its drawing into the army a *better class* of recruits." A schoolboy would be whipt for being so out in his logic. The well-born scamps of whom we speak do not constitute a better, but a worse class of recruits; they belong, indeed, to the very worst. There is not a military reformer, in or out of Parliament, who would ever think of including in any "better class" the scum of the aristocracy. What we wish to attract to the ranks of the army, designating *them* as a better class, are better members of the same grades of society. We would fain see men, whether born in a hovel or in a mansion, carry the best of themselves to the army; we would fain see them enter our ranks, not with broken fortunes, beggars alike in character and in substance, but with the lustre of no failure and no disgrace upon them—in the flush of youthful hope, and the freshness of youthful innocence, looking to the profession of the soldier as one to elevate him above, not to sink him beneath his fellows, to provide him with a comfortable subsistence, to place him in a respectable position, and to call into action—not as now hopelessly to repress—all the best instincts of humanity. The army has been too long regarded as a vast social cess-pool or sewer, into which the offscourings of every class are carried by the force of adverse circumstances—a reservoir for every imaginable description of human filth and human rubbish. One step better than death or transportation, men have turned to it, in the last gasp of failing fortune, rather than perish in a gutter, or end their days in the hulks; and they have, ere now, after a trial, thinking themselves miserably mistaken, fallen back upon death or transportation after all.

And that it has been so, we have abundance of evidence—evidence assuming almost every conceivable shape, to convince us. As a last resource, men have allowed themselves to be swept into the army, and have bitterly repented of the deed almost before it has been done. The very leavings of humanity though they be, they have tried, in the morning-hour of reflection, to rise above that degradation. Society, in the emphatic language of scripture, has spewed them out; but they have still recoiled from the thought of that uttermost humiliation. Waking from their long drunken slumbers, great is the effort to free themselves from the toils of the betrayer—but it is too late; the fatal shilling has been taken;—there is nothing left but submission or desertion.

Let us hear a voice or two from the ranks on this subject of enlistment ;—firstly, how these recruiting parties have been wont to set about their work :—

“ When on the recruiting service in those days, men were accustomed to make as gallant a show as they could, and accordingly we had both smartened ourselves up a trifle. The sergeant-major was quite a beau in his way ; he had a sling belt to his sword like a field-officer, a tremendous green feather in his cap, a flaring sash, his whistle and powder-flask displayed, an officer’s pelisse over one shoulder, and a double allowance of ribbons in his cap ; whilst I myself was as smart as I dared appear, with my rifle slung at my shoulder. In this guise we made as much of ourselves as though we had both been Generals, and as I said, created quite a sensation, the militiamen cheering as we passed up and down, till they were called to order by their officers.”—*Recollections of Rifleman Harris.*

This is the first step—a huge practical lie at starting. There must be all this false show of finery or nothing can be done. What follows is quite in keeping with the initial cheater ; there must be more fraud—juggling and drugging ; men must be turned into brutes and kept so, until they become outright soldiers :—

“ The appearance of our Rifle uniform, and a little of Sergeant Adams’ blarney, so took the fancies of the volunteers, that we got every one of them for the Rifle corps, and both officers into the bargain. We worked hard in this business ; I may say that for three days and nights we kept up the dance and the drunken riot. Every volunteer got ten guineas’ bounty, which except the two kept back for necessaries, they spent in every sort of excess, till all was gone. Then came the reaction. The drooping spirits, the grief at parting with old comrades, sweethearts, and wives, for the uncertain fate of war. And then came on the jeers of the old soldier ; the laughter of Adams and myself, and comrades, and our attempts to give a fillip to their spirits, as we marched them off from the friends they were never to look upon again ; and as we termed it, ‘ *shove them on to glory.* ’ ”—*Recollections of Rifleman Harris.*

And so soldiers are made. All this is significant enough ; but, perhaps, a single example of this style of recruit-making will make the matter still plainer :—

“ We reached Rye the same night, and I recollect that I succeeded in getting the first recruit there, a strong able-bodied chimney-sweep, named John Lee. This fellow (whose appearance I was struck with as he sat in the tap-room of the ‘ Red Lion ’ on that night, together with a little boy as black and sooty as himself) offered to enlist the moment I entered the room, and I took him at his word, and immediately called for the sergeant-major for approval. ‘ There’s nothing against my being a soldier,’ said the sweep, ‘ but my black face ; I’m

strong, active, and healthy, and able to lick the best man in this room.' 'Hang your black face,' said the sergeant-major, 'the Rifles can't be too dark; you're a strong rascal, and if you mean it, we'll take you to the doctor to-morrow, and make a Giniral of you the next day.' So we had the sweep that night into a large tub of water, scoured him outside, and filled him with punch inside, and made a Rifleman of him. The sergeant-major, however, on this night suspected from his countenance what afterwards turned out to be the case, that he was a slippery fellow, and might repent. So, after filling him drunk, he said to me—'Harris, *you* have caught this bird, and *you* must keep him fast. You must both sleep to-night hand-cuffed together in the same bed, or he will escape us;' which I actually did, and the next morning retraced my steps with him to Hythe, to be passed by the doctor of our regiment."—*Recollections of Rifleman Harris.*

And so soldiers are kept. It seemed, in those days, a *prima facie* impossibility, that any man, having enlisted, or having been enlisted—for in these matters the passive is always more fitly to be used—in a state of stupefaction, whether from drink or from despair, should ever, on returning to the possession of even a moiety of his senses, desire to hold to his bargain. Old soldiers knew well the improbability of the thing; and so they kept their prey fast with hand-cuffs.

There was good reason for this, apart from military zeal and loyalty to the Crown. A recruit lost was so much out of the pockets of the recruiting party. Private Somerville of the Scots Greys, in his "Autobiography," tells us the story of his enlistment. It is amusing and to the point; it illustrates the advantages of prompt action in these matters, and may afford to the uninitiated an explanation of the phrase "taking the shilling." Somerville and a friend, being in very desperate circumstances, deliberately resolved to enlist into the Greys. These young men were then in Edinburgh, and there also was a recruiting party from that attractive corps. The net was not thrown over them; they deliberately entangled themselves in its meshes:—

"W. N. had seen the Greys in Dublin, and having a natural disposition to be charmed with the picturesque, was charmed with them. He knew where in Edinburgh High Street to inquire for the corporal, and having inquired, we found him in lodgings, up a very great many pairs of stairs—I do not know how many—stretched in his military cloak on his bed. He said he was glad to see any body up stairs in his little place, now that the regimental order had come out against moustachios; for since he had been ordered to shave his off, his wife had sate moping at the fireside, refusing all consolation to herself and all peace to him. 'I ha'e had a weary life of it,' he said plaintively, 'since the order came out to shave the upper lip. She grat there—I am sure she grat as if her heart would ha'e broken—when she saw me the first day without the moustachios.' Having listened

to this, and heard a confirmation of it from the lady herself, as also a hint that the corporal had been lying in bed half the day, when he should have been looking out for recruits, for each of whom he had a payment of 10s. We told him that we had come looking for him to offer ourselves as recruits. He looked at us a few moments, and said if we meant it he saw nothing about us to object to; and as neither of us seemed to have any beard from which moustachios could grow, could only congratulate us on the order that had come out against them. \* \* \* We assured the corporal that we were in earnest, and that we did mean to enlist, whereupon he began by putting the formal question—'Are you free, able and willing to serve His Majesty King William the Fourth?' But there was a hitch; two shillings were requisite to enlist two recruits, and there was only one shilling. We proposed that he should enlist one of us with it, and that this one should lend it to him to enlist the other. But his wife would not have the enlistment done in that way. She said 'that would not be *law*, and a bonny thing it would be to do it without it being law.' 'Na, na,' she continued, 'it maun be done as the law direct.' The corporal made a movement as if he would take us out to some place where he could get another shilling; but she thought it possible that another of the recruiting party might share the prize—take one of us or both—so she detained him, shut the door on us, locked it, took the key with her, and went in search of the requisite King's coin. Meanwhile, as N. was impatient, I allowed him to take precedence of me, and have the ceremony performed with the shilling then present. On the return of the corporal's wife, who though younger than he in years, seemed to be 'an older soldier,' I also became the King's man."

We do not think that this matter of "taking the shilling" has ever been set forth so intelligibly, and certainly never more entertainingly, to the mental vision of the uninitiated. It is not, as some think, a mere metaphor; no, the shilling performs an important part in the ceremony, and once taken there is no retreating.

No retreating except by desertion: to retreat is then to desert. When such the manner of enlistment, who can wonder at the number of desertions? In the debates last year upon the Limited Enlistment Act, it was stated that in three years 28,000 men had been committed to gaol, and 8000 men had deserted. Desertion follows, in most cases, as the result of after-repentance. In *some* it is a piece of deliberate roguery. It is not always that the recruit is a raw one; he has been known, in some instances, to be more than a match for the recruiting-sergeant—nay, for all the regimental authorities:—

"A private of the 70th regiment," writes Rifleman Harris, "had deserted from that corps, and afterwards enlisted into several other regiments—indeed I was told at the time (though I cannot answer for so great a number) that sixteen different times he had received

the bounty and then stolen off. Being however caught at last, he was brought to trial at Portsmouth, and sentenced by general court-martial to be shot."

And it was stated in the course of the debates last year in the House of Commons, by Captain Bollero, that he had known instances of men who had enlisted eight or nine times, received the bounty-money, and then deserted. The magistracy of Great Britain know well what the system is. Some instance of habitual fraud of this kind is probably familiar to every man who has sat for a few years on the bench. The bounty, as we shall presently show, which is actually received by the soldier, is now-a-days so small, that if the offence be committed upon system—if desertion be made a trade—it is necessary to conduct the business on a somewhat extensive scale. It will not answer merely to dabble in it.

The fact is, that sometimes a clever fellow is found who is more than a match for the recruiting-sergeant. The man of feathers and ribands is caught in the net of his own eagerness. He overleaps himself, and finds that he is the betrayed and not the betrayer. Men ere now, we say, have driven a profitable trade as recruits; have enlisted under various disguises; and turned to good account the zealous cupidity of the great cormorants, who would have made them their prey. There is often some clever acting in these cases, and many amusing stories might be told of the way in which the knavery of the barrack-room has been over-reached by the knavery of the world.

The bounty-money, though only payable in part, and often being little better than an absolute delusion, is a great temptation to the roguery of these cunning fellows, who are confident in their ability to over-reach the recruiting-sergeant. The balance of active cheater, however, is hugely on the side of the system. If the service be defrauded by one recruit, it amply revenges itself by defrauding a thousand. And this is a more fertile source of desertion than the other. Some run away to cheat; others because they are cheated:—

"During my stay at Chatham," writes the author of the *Camp and Barrack-Room*, "desertion was of frequent occurrence, and I understood to a greater extent than had been previously the case. This evil had its origin in a complication of causes, the major one being the manner in which recruits were treated on their joining, when not only was the bounty given them absorbed by the purchase of necessaries, but likewise the larger portion and in many instances the entire of the subsequent month's pay. Thus for two or perhaps three months, the recruit would only receive two, at the most threepence per diem; and young lads having good appetites, this trifling sum

would be expended in procuring something, by way of an evening meal, their ration meals only embracing a breakfast and dinner. Having accordingly no money to spend in amusement, and imagining they must continue to be similarly situated whilst in the service, young soldiers become quickly disgusted with it; and, when destitute of principle, desertion on the first opportunity followed almost as a matter of course."

This delusion of bounty-giving is, indeed, a crying evil. The soldier on joining the army, instead of finding himself as he is led to believe, with so much in pocket to spend after his heart's desires, is in the long run brought in, if he do not give "leg bail" in good time, a debtor to his regiment. No one, writing from the ranks, in these times, fails to raise a complaint upon this subject. The staff-sergeant of the 13th Light Infantry speaks of it; and the private of the Scots Greys exposes the grievance, in a minute account of his own commercial dealings with the authorities of his regiment:—

"I received" he says, "nominally a bounty of £2, 12s. 6d., but only 10s. of it in cash; the remainder went to help to furnish my outfit. A cavalry soldier requires two pair of over-alls in a year—and he is only allowed by Government one pair. He is allowed 6s. a-year for boots. All his shoes and repairs, and an extra pair of boots, probably every third year; every article which I have named, including the saddle-bags and corn-sack, must be paid for out of stoppages from his pay, with the following exceptions: one pair of cloth over-alls, one stable jacket, and one dress coat annually; 6s. a year for boots, and 3s. for gloves, and a new cloak every six years. Besides the sum of £2, 2s. 6d., which was appropriated from the bounty, I was indebted to the regiment about £3, 10s. for this outfit. All other recruits were the same. The rations costing from 6d. to 8d. per day, according to the contracts for provisions, and 1d. per day for vegetables, were first paid for by stoppages. We got 2d. of daily pay, and all remaining went to pay off the debt. These stoppages during the first years of a recruit's service, together with the endless drilling on foot, and on horseback, and the hard stable-work, generally gave young men an unfavourable opinion of soldiering. But the beginning is not so disheartening now, since the period of enlistment is shortened. The recruit keeps up his spirits when he sees a limited time before him, at the end of which he will still be a young man, and may leave the service if he dislikes it, or remain if he does not choose to leave."

This is good testimony in favour of limited enlistment—but before we revert to it, a word or two more on this subject of Bounty. No doubt, it is a great delusion—a lie altogether—and if it be a fertile source of offences against the service, it is only another illustration of the great Shaksperian truth, that of our pleasant vices are made instruments to scourge us. The whole



system indeed, is one of fraud; and fraud begets fraud in all conditions of life.\* As we sow, so must we reap. The evil is one admitted alike by the reformers and anti-reformers of the army—by men who supported the Limited Enlistment Act, and by men who opposed it. Sir Howard Douglas, who strenuously opposed at every stage Mr. Fox Maule's Army Service Bill, took occasion whilst so doing to animadvert upon the present delusive bounty-system:—

"The whole system of bounty," he said, on the 30th March 1847, "is a delusion on the soldier. Whatever bounty is promised should be a reality, and paid in money; part on enlisting, and the rest on joining; but by charging the bounty with the payment of the soldier's kit, the recruit finds that instead of being in credit for the remainder of the bounty, he is usually in debt. This occasions great disappointment, it is in fact deception, and is no doubt a fruitful cause of discontent and desertion. In the French service the kit is provided for the soldiers. So in the service of the United States, where the soldier is better off than in ours; the premium on enlistment is more liberal, the pay is about the same, but every article of personal equipment, besides clothing—namely shirts, flannels, stockings, socks, and shoes, are provided by the public; and thus a great many British soldiers, deserters, are found in the ranks of the United States Army. He should not propose to continue the bounty at the present nominal rate, but give some real bounty, and provide the kit at the public expense."

And so from the two extremes of the army, from the General as from the private, we receive the same strong testimony against the present delusive system. There can be no doubt about it. We require no stronger evidence of the evil of the present mode of enlistment, with its glittering promises of bounty and other blessings, than the simple fact that it is altogether *A LIE*.

And public opinion has at last begun to set in strongly against a mode of enlistment begun in fraud, and often perpetuated by violence. We must get rid of this blot altogether; we must induce men to enter the army with their own free will, and with all their faculties about them. It has been long believed that this is impossible—that no man with his senses not more or less disturbed, would bind himself down for life to a service of which

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\* Forty years ago, Sir John Doyle, speaking in Parliament of the desertions which took place under the well-known "Parish Bill," and the diminution of this offence under Mr. Wyndham's Act, well observed—"But, perhaps, it is not quite correct to set down as deserters those who received bounty under the Parish Bill, and were never heard of more; for such fellows never joined, or meant to join, any corps, and therefore could not strictly be called deserters, but robbers; and I am not sure that it would be quite incorrect to consider those as accomplices who held out such temptations to them." No doubt they were accomplices; and they are accomplices now, though after a different fashion. During the war men got the bounty, and then deserted; now, they often desert because they never get the bounty at all.

practically he knows nothing. And now, at least, we have bethought ourselves seriously of obviating this necessity of lying by word and deed—of defrauding the embryo soldier, and then coercing him—of depriving him first of his faculties and then of his liberty; we have at last bethought ourselves, we say, of the possibility of obviating all this, by abolishing the old system of life-enlistment; and a bill has been introduced for the purpose of rendering the service “more palatable” to the masses of the people, and so obtaining “voluntary recruits.” A system of limited enlistment has now been adopted. The infantry soldier enlists for ten years; the cavalry and artillery for twelve. At the expiration of that first period of service the soldier has the option of re-enlisting—if in the infantry for eleven years, and if in the cavalry for twelve. Should he not be inclined to re-enlist, he may still enrol himself for a deferred pension, and obtain it after twenty-two years—every two years of such life on the retired list being equal to one on active service. This is the most material portion of the New Enlistment Act. In it is contained that without which all efforts to ameliorate the condition of the soldier must prove futile. It is the first step towards the elevation of the military character. It is an attempt, and a noble one, to place the whole military system of the country upon a basis of liberty and reason, of truth and morality. The great edifice of the British army is no longer to be built of lies, and propped up with violence. Better days are dawning upon us.

It has taken a long, a very long time, to force these principles upon the recognition of the representatives of the people. What was at last done in 1847 was vehemently contended for in 1805. There is very little which can now be said upon the subject which was not said in that year by Colonel Crawford and Mr. Wyndham. Army reform is a plant of slow growth. “Is it,” asked Colonel Crawford, in 1805, “fitting that without some plea of strong necessity, we should suffer that a man, because in a moment of thoughtlessness, caprice, or perhaps temporary distress, he enters into the army, should be deprived *for life* of the liberties and rights which the people of this country enjoy, under that happy constitution which we prize as so great a blessing?” And for years and years the country was contented to answer—“It is fitting.” Nay, even now, there are able and influential members of the military profession, in Parliament and out of Parliament, who cry aloud—“It is fitting,” and tell the military reformers of the present day, who would make a man, not a slave of the soldier, that they are “ruining the army.”

Now we have so great faith in the principle, that neither individually nor nationally is there ever ruin in righteousness, that

we should ourselves be altogether satisfied with the fact, that the great change of which we speak is a change which it is morally right to effect. But we are not about to deal with the question after this fashion. There are conventional requirements which must be satisfied. Reason and experience are appealed to by the opponents of the measure, and they are not content that we should take our stand upon its simple morality. It was well said in the course of the debates of 1805, that though a great deal of authority had been brought forward against the project of limited enlistment, there had been little or no argument to shake it. And so in the debates of 1847. Authority was appealed to by the opponents of the Act, but argument was sadly wanting. Yet, even in the matter of authority, it fell out that where it was expected to be strongest, it unfortunately broke down. The opinion of the Duke of Wellington, which was to have been conclusive against the Bill introduced by Mr. Fox Maule, was given in its favour. The "highest military authority of the age" both spoke and voted in support of the measure. There was characteristic caution in the speech, but it was not the less effective; and the Douglasses and Londonderrys, who believed that they were echoing the sentiments of the great Duke, found that they were scouting the creed of their master.

The Duke of Wellington hinted at a possible evil which might arise out of the measure. But what can human sagacity achieve with which some possible evil may not be associated? He spoke of the advantages of retaining old soldiers in the service. All parties, we presume, are agreed upon this point; though some, may be, have shown too great an inclination to underrate the services of young soldiers. What *they* have done, history declares. Now the case in reality seems to be this:—Old soldiers are for the most part either very good or very bad. We have known excellent men, steady, well-conducted, well-trained, hardy and gallant fellows, pass from boyhood to middle age, still stationary in the ranks. There have been educational barriers to their promotion. Not a word has been said against them in the character-book, except that they can neither read nor write. With these accomplishments to aid them they might have been sergeant-majors in time, or perhaps in stirring periods have even obtained commissions. But we have known other old soldiers of a very different class. Debarred by repeated acts of misconduct from all prospect of promotion, they have become hardened and reckless. There is no chance and there is no hope for them. Their whole life is one long calculation of the relative sources of self-indulgence—a striking of the balance between so much pleasure and so much pain—the luxury of the military crime, and the wretchedness of the military punishment. A

day's debauch may be purchased by a week's solitary confinement. The debauch over, and the imprisonment over, they are no worse off than before. Perhaps, long experience has taught them something of cunning, and they escape punishment where younger hands would be sure to attract it. And so they go on, till non-commissioned officers are weary of reporting, and commissioned officers of registering and punishing their crimes. Though on active service, if not enfeebled by dissipation, as in all probability they are, they may march well and fight well, with only some occasional excesses, in their own peculiar style, to consign them to the tender mercies of the provost-marshal, these men are not good soldiers. They are the worst soldiers in time of peace, and in war far from the best. Now, to get rid of this last description of old soldiers, and to retain the first—to cast out those who set an evil example to the young, and to keep those whose conduct it is well to emulate, were surely not to weaken the efficiency of our regiments. It appears to us that the New Enlistment Act is calculated to produce these very results. On the expiration of the first term of service the good men are likely to re-enlist, and the bad to take their departure. If we are not greatly mistaken, the real soldier will be anxious to renew the contract, whilst the man who has altogether mistaken his profession, will be eager to break the chains of what to him is military bondage, and to rush into civil life.

Nothing renders life in the ranks so endurable as good conduct. Habits of regularity once contracted soon cease to be irksome. Clock-work punctuality is a thing of no difficult attainment, and once obtained, there is nothing in it to harass and distress. Cleanliness—the experiment fairly tried—is soon found to be a blessing; and there is a luxury in self-respect, which, once tasted, men are sure to cultivate. The present is not so unendurable to the good soldier; and there is a future before him to solace and encourage him when his spirits are temporarily depressed. The opening years of his military life he knows to be the most trying. Every year improves his condition. The first term of enlistment is one of probation—of trial—of upward-toiling—of hope-sustained endurance. That term of his military servitude embraces all that is most irksome in the soldier's career. Then is it that he is subjected to hard training—that he is at the mercy of others—that he is compelled to deny himself, to discipline himself, to mould himself to new habits. The next term of enlistment is one of attainment. The soldier reaps then what he has sown. The fulfilment of his hopes appears to be near at hand. The rewards of his service are within his reach. Not to re-enlist is then to sacrifice, as it were, all the capital of time, labour, and suffering which he has in-

vested, just as the investment is about to become profitable. Just at this turning-point of his career, the man of evil habits, who is always in difficulty, who has a damning array of offences scored down against him in the character-book, who has no prospect of promotion, and nothing seemingly before him but the same long line of extra-guards, weeks of solitary confinement, drams stopped and pay forfeited, with, perhaps, an occasional appearance under the hands of trumpeter or drummer, with troops drawn up in hollow square—will begin in all probability to think that he has had enough of it. But the good-conduct man will not throw up his chances of an after-life of better things. He has got over the worst, and he will not let it go for nothing: it would be folly, indeed, to throw up the game just as the winning cards are put into his hands.

But here it will suggest itself to all who have given any consideration to the subject, that we have been regarding the soldier as he was under the old life-enlistment system, and not as he will be under the operation of the new Army Service Bill. Here we have our Reserve in hand. They who talk about the refusal of our soldiers to re-enlist on the expiration of their first term of service, in most cases view the matter with eyes accustomed only to regard the condition of the soldier as it has been under a system which we are now beginning altogether to reform. The short-service soldier will, it is reasonable to expect, be a very different personage from the life-service soldier. It is only fair to calculate upon a great and most beneficial change in the feelings and habits of the soldier—a change in itself sufficient to secure the re-enlistment of a large proportion of the men who enter our ranks. Army-service under the new Act becomes altogether a different thing—the soldier, we repeat, a different being: he is a free man, not a slave. He has not sold himself, body and soul, to the recruiting-sergeant. There is hope for him on this side of the grave. Despair does not render him reckless, and therefore he stumbles not at the very threshold. It is the bewildering effect of the reflection, that in a moment of drunkenness or caprice, he has bound himself for life to a service which **may** prove abhorrent to him, that often at the very outset of his career, has plunged a youth into a slough of vice from which he has never extricated himself.

In answering this one objection, indeed, we bring together in long array a large number of the more manifest advantages which recommend the new system of enlistment. Whatever, under the old system, may have been the feelings with which men, on the expiration of their first ten years of service, have regarded their profession, we feel confident that so great a change will be wrought by the new Enlistment Act upon the *morale* of the army,

that we need entertain no fear of our regiments being drained of their old soldiers. The groundwork of our faith we have in part declared. Something more remains to be said. One of the declared objects of this great measure of Military Reform is, to attract to our ranks a better class of recruits, and to obtain their services, for a time, without violence or fraud. Nothing short of the most deplorable prejudice could assert that limited enlistment is not likely to prove more attractive than life-enlistment—that the shorter the time of service contracted for, in the first instance, the more willing to enter the service our youths are not likely to become. Our faith is large, that all the disgraceful tricks—all the cheatery and lying—all the drugging and stupifying, which have been long resorted to, in times of war and of peace, to recruit the army, will disappear under the more enlightened system which has now happily been sanctioned; and that we shall soon see our regiments recruited by men who have deliberately entered the service, not in a state of drunkenness—not in a state of desperation—not under the influence of anger or caprice, but advisedly, with the consent of parents and the approbation of friends—calmly calculating the chances of future reward—hopefully regarding the service as one with which it is honourable to be connected, and steadfastly resolving to do their duty in such a manner as to do credit to their profession, and to retain their own self-respect.

And this, indeed, is a great change; for, to tell the truth, it has hitherto been the case, that when a man has “gone for a soldier,” his friends have regarded him as a gone man. The enlistment of a son or a brother is looked upon very much in the same light as his death or his transportation. Some, indeed, think that it is not merely death and burial, but something even beyond that. Certain it is, that out of the army there prevails the worst possible opinion of what is going on within it. It is not, we are afraid it must be conceded, regarded by the lower orders as an honourable profession, or even as a respectable trade. There are few parents, among the industrious classes, except when some great victories have raised the nation’s gratitude, and swelled the chorus of popular acclamation, who experience any feelings of exultation at the thought that they have children in the army. They generally shake their heads and sigh, looking upon the fact as a family misfortune. Now, it is hoped and believed that the new Enlistment Act will, in this respect at least, work out a great and important change in the feelings and habits of the people; the army will no longer be regarded as the last resort of misfortune and misconduct—as the refuge of men hopelessly broken in fortune, or irredeemably sunken in vice. Parents will direct the thoughts of their children towards it, and

young men will regard it as an honourable maintenance for them during the best years of their life, and a certain provision for declining age. Thus it is that we shall draw into our ranks a "better class" of recruits. We do not, we repeat, want broken gentlemen, or ruined tradesmen—they make the worst soldiers—we want well-conditioned members of the working-classes, looking upon their connexion with the army as a privilege not as a misfortune—as a source of pride and happiness, not of shame and regret.

Entering the service under more hopeful and encouraging circumstances, there is a far better prospect of our recruits becoming good and contented soldiers, and as good and contented soldiers, of their desiring at the expiration of their first period of enlistment, to renew their contract with the Crown. Limited enlistment alone would bring about a better state of things, and without it no other improvements would be effective; but it is not upon limited enlistment alone that our army reformers are now relying. The limitation of the period of service is the first step, and the most important one in the great march of military reform; but, that taken, there is no thought of halting. The general condition of the soldier has recently attracted no ordinary amount of public attention. The evils which have so long existed in the army, which have so injuriously affected alike the physical and moral wellbeing of the soldier, which have depressed him so greatly in the social scale, and rendered his life one long term of utter discomfort, are not likely to be longer disregarded. Some changes have already taken place; and there is a growing inclination among thinking men, in Parliament and out of Parliament, to address themselves earnestly to this great work of Military Reform—a work which it is no credit to the nation to see only just commenced. The first ten years of the new Enlistment Act will not leave the soldier at their close what they found him at their commencement.

We have already out-grown the belief that the soldier is a ruffian "to the manner born," and that it is a hopeless thing to attempt to humanize him. In the great march of public opinion, the heresies of to-day become the truths of to-morrow, and the "new-fangled doctrines" which we scouted with contempt, are accepted as commonplaces of general recognition. There may still be a few who think, or pretend to think, that too much care will spoil the soldier—that to make him a happier and better member of society would be to render him a worse member of the army. There always are men behind the age in which they live; who tremble at the thought of every innovation, and think ruin the only synonyme of reform. Such men have been long used to contemplate the soldier in a state of uttermost degrada-

tion, and in that state of degradation would they keep him. But the intelligence of the country is a long way in advance of these exploded notions of military servitude; and the soldier is recognised as a man, with a human heart beneath his cross-belt, and a human brain beneath his forage-cap; a sentient, reasoning creature, with intellect and affections, a little blunted perhaps by the indurating circumstances which have hitherto surrounded him, but not so suppressed that the action of better influences may not again restore them to their natural activity.

Our great mistake hitherto has been that we have not given sufficient thought to the soldier as he is—*off parade*. We have looked too much at the pipe-clay. We have been too easily satisfied with the consideration that his arms and accoutrements are well cleaned—that he is well set up, well drilled—that he stands stiff as a statue, with eyes front, immovable as stone; that he never mistakes his right for his left, is never out of line, never out of time, but always regular as clock-work in his motions, and as steady as any machine. These are great things, we acknowledge; but there is—something else. The soldier is not always “standing at attention”—is not always “at the shoulder”—is not always under the immediate eye of his commanding-officer. It is fitting that he should turn out for inspection without a particle of fluff on his coat or a stain upon his accoutrements; but it would be well to think a little more of him, when he has turned in again—to remember that there is to the soldier a barrack-life as well as a parade-life, and bethink ourselves how we can render the former as conducive as possible to his physical comfort as well as to his moral health.

To this end there is nothing of more importance than that he should be well *housed*. The country is, by this time, pretty well convinced that if there be one outward thing more than another calculated to advance the happiness and morality of the people, it is the erection of dwelling-houses in which they may obtain accommodation for themselves and families, without submitting to every possible discomfort, and exposing themselves and all who belong to them to every evil influence which can contagionize the system and corrupt the heart. This effort to create *homes* for the people is one of the noblest movements of modern philanthropy. It is to the want of a home that we may attribute so much of the suffering and so much of the crime which are so destructively rife in all the cities and towns of the empire. Provide the soldier, too, with a home, and see what will be the result.

It may almost be said that there is but one crime in the army. It may put forth many different ramifications, but radically it is one and the same. Whether the branch be neglect of duty, insubordination, violence, or dishonesty, still the root is *drunken-*



ness. Look at the character-book of every company in the service; see the crimes which are registered there.—“Under the influence of liquor” on parade—“drunk and disorderly in barracks”—“drunk and abusing Sergeant Jones, or striking Corporal Smith;” here the offence is directly recorded. Then how many more follow—disposing of his kit—being deficient of so many articles of regimental clothing, and so on, with drunkenness either as cause or effect. What clean character-books there would be if it were not for the drink! But it is a thing to be wept not to be marvelled over—we pity the offender more than we revile him. It is his misfortune rather than his fault that he falls a victim to a state of things which he cannot, let him do what he will, ameliorate or escape.

It is the same in civil life—men who have no homes, no domestic comforts, no sources of quiet enjoyment, rush eagerly to the bottle. There are many reasons why, in military life, that great vortex should be still more attractive, still more perilous—why destruction should be more rapid and certain. Thousands are ruined every year—ruined as men, ruined as soldiers, by the absence of everything like comfort and quietude in barracks. The wretchedness of barrack-life is not easily to be appreciated by men who have not tried it. To the well-disposed—the uncorrupted, it is absolute torment. From early gun-fire to evening tattoo it is one long series of annoyances and aggravations. Let him do what he will he cannot find peace. Privacy there is none—tranquillity there is none. It is all exposure, all noise; all misery, all demoralization. There is but one cure for all—but one stimulant in his depression, but one refuge in his agony. He flies to the bottle; he takes to dram-drinking. He gets what he can from the canteen, and something more from less authorized sources. His pay is soon gone; he borrows at large interest; his credit, like his cash, is quickly exhausted, and then he “disposes of his kit.” Punished for that, and under heavy stoppages for the replacement of the missing articles, he pillages his comrades, or takes to the highway. Crime has become an excitement to him; he braves all; he cares for nothing. He begins to think that, when he made his choice between existence in barracks and existence in a penal settlement, and decided in favour of the former, he made the great mistake of his life. So he becomes a candidate for transportation; and, perchance, he succeeds. Some, however, bent on thoughts of colonization, have recently miscalculated the chances; and instead of emigrating to Van Dieman’s Land, have been shot down like dogs. The recent history of the European Army in India is pregnant with examples of such terrible mistakes.

It would be no such difficult matter to elevate the moral cha-

racter of the soldier if we could keep him from yielding to the allurements of drink. But there is not much hope of this, so long as we cast him abroad upon the world, to seek his pleasure out of barracks. There is nothing to keep him at home. In point of fact, there is no home to keep him. Everything about him is public, exposed, uncomfortable. He may lounge about on his cot, half-asleep, and half-awake; or he may stroll about the barrack-square; or smoke a cheap cigar in its vicinity. But domestic enjoyment is utterly denied to him. Be he married or single, it is all the same: he has no home in barracks. Hundreds are crowded together, with as little regard to decency as to comfort; there is nothing in the world to induce the soldier to spend his time off parade in quiet, rational pursuits; he is not supposed to have the ordinary wants of humanity; and yet with everything against him, with everything to demoralize, with everything to drive him to the bottle, he is expected to be infinitely more steady and sober than men in every other condition of life. The least unsteadiness of gait; the least bewilderment of manner; a flushing of the face, or a thickness of utterance—and the vigilance of the non-commissioned officer sets it down at once to the influence of liquor. He is put through his facings; and wo betide him if he boggles at the “left about three quarters.” It is right enough that we should endeavour to keep him from drinking, but there are better ways of doing it than by putting him through his facings, and then sending him to the guard. The “hangman’s grip” will, after all, never “keep the wretch in order.” It may sink him lower and lower in the abyss of destruction; it will never lend him a saving hand. Neither extra-guards, nor solitary cells, nor the cruel cat, will ever keep a man from drinking; the more he is punished, the more utterly he is stript of his self-respect, and the less cogent therefore all inducements to self-denial. The sense of shame is soon deadened within him, and then his descent is rapid and sure.

There is no more difficult question to determine with satisfaction to the inquirer than that of military punishments. Humanity writes page after page upon one side; experience writes page after page on the other, and still the question is undecided. The new Enlistment Act, it is hoped, will render it one of easier solution. The profligate personnel of the army is always asserted in proof of the necessity of retaining the most severe and intimidating forms of punishment. “Think,” it is said, “of the ruffianly elements of the British Army—think of how the off-scourings of society are swept into our ranks; and then say whether we can with safety cease to hold the lash *in terrorem* over them.” By drawing into our regiments a “better class of recruits”

we shall, in a great measure, remove this difficulty; and if having gained their services in the first instance without violence or fraud, we can retain them by good and humanizing treatment, we shall effectually abolish the use of the lash, without passing an Act for the purpose.

This, indeed, appears to be the grand desideratum. It will satisfy both parties. The legal retention, and the practical abolition, of the lash, would gratify the abstract humanity of the one, and the practical experience of the other. No one contends that there is anything desirable in the perpetuation of a brutal and degrading form of punishment; and, perhaps, of all others, military men themselves—the very men who argue against the total abolition of corporal punishment—are those whose inward souls most strongly revolt against the brutalizing system, and who most desire in their heart of hearts to see the discipline of the army maintained without a resort to it; but experience has taught them that there are men in every regiment whom it is wholly impossible to control without violence—men violent and brutal themselves to the lowest possible degree, lost to all sense of shame, stript of all the noble attributes of manhood—scarcely in one respect above the brutes that perish, and in many far, far below them. Out of the army, even candid and unprejudiced people are wont to entertain most mistaken opinions of the feeling which obtains in the army respecting this great matter of corporal punishment. The necessity of its retention is a source of the deepest regret to a large proportion of the officers of the army. Personally, it is to them pain and misery past counting. There is not in all Her Majesty's dominions, far and near, a class of men imbued with kindlier sympathies, with more humane tendencies, than the officers of the British army. It is, often and often, with throes of inward pain, which it would be hard for men not subjected to such trials, to estimate aright, that the members of Courts-martial, after much earnest thought—the verdict of "guilty" pronounced—proceed, one by one, beginning with the youngest and most inexperienced of the military judges, to pass that terrible sentence of so many lashes on the bare back. And when to this is superadded the greater trial of seeing the punishment inflicted, as is the case wherever an officer sits in judgment upon a man of his own regiment, it will, if we only throw a little heart into our consideration of the matter, appear to us plainly enough, that the member of that court-martial, if he be not altogether stone, must suffer acutely, as every stroke descends upon the bleeding back of the culprit. The spectacle of the infliction of corporal punishment in the army is one which words cannot easily characterize—such mingled feelings does it inspire. It is solemn

and disgusting—terrible and humiliating. The officer clenches his teeth as one determined not to betray his feeling; the soldier often clenches them, with mixed feelings of anger and determination. Young men are sometimes wholly unable to bear it. We have seen newly-recruited soldiers fall to the rear overcome by the horrors of the spectacle. A punishment-parade has, indeed, rarely come off without seeing some of the spectators carried from the ranks fainting. It is not merely because the small proportion of *officers* present renders such an occurrence among them nearly a hundredfold less probable; but because education imparts habitual self-control, under such circumstances, to men of a higher class of society, that we have the means of recording, as the result of some experience, that *officers*, though sympathizing in every nerve and fibre of their frames with the agony endured by the culprit, seldom or never give way, but brace themselves up firmly to witness it all to the end. It is a fact, however extraordinary it may appear to men who have given no thought to the subject, that the members of aristocratic circles, who have been cradled in luxury, and whose youth has been a time of self-indulgence, do, in the hour of trial, display a mastery over themselves, a power of self-endurance, a strength of will, and an amount of patience, such as we look in vain for among those classes which have been habituated to hardship from the very hour of their birth. The clubs and saloons of London have turned out the most gallant and the most enduring officers that have ever faced an enemy in the field, or undergone toil and privation throughout a harassing campaign. But these men, whatever the amount of their self-control, do not feel less painfully the agony and humiliation which they inflict upon their fellow-man and brother-soldier, when, at the end of the proceedings of a Court-martial, they write down the sentence of the lash. Deeply do they deplore the cruel necessity; but they feel that, however inhuman the punishment, there may be worse inhumanity behind. Under the system of enlistment which had too long obtained—under the system of domestic military government which we are now only beginning to reform—it was felt that the lash, however bad in itself, was only a necessary auxiliary—an evil part, as it were, necessary to maintain the harmony of an evil whole. There was nothing, they knew, but downright brutality in the punishment itself; nothing but what was most sickening and most degrading. The formation of the hollow square—the stripping of the victim—the cording of his hands—the mustering of the trumpeters or drummers—their peeling for the work—the fingering of the cat by the first executioner, preparing to deliver his twenty-five—the descent of the first stroke—the slow counting of the lashes

—the periodical “stop”—the stepping in of the new man—and then, worst of all, the terrible laceration of the back of the victim; as, lash following lash, swollen and discoloured from the shoulders down to the loins, the white flesh of the culprit becomes one dreadful mass of purple jelly—it is a sight so sickening, even in the retrospect, that we would fain turn away from its contemplation.\* There is nothing that can be advanced against corporal punishment of more force and cogency than the simple fact, that for the offences of one guilty man so many innocent are condemned to suffer. The length of these terrible punishment-parades has now been greatly diminished; the legal number of lashes that can be inflicted by Courts-martial of any description has, indeed, been reduced to so low a figure that military judges are unwilling to inflict the punishment upon the grosser class of delinquents, (and upon none others ought it ever to be inflicted,) except as an addendum to another penalty. And it must, we fear, be recorded as a fact, that the limitation of corporal punishment has forced our military tribunals, in some

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\* The amount of suffering inflicted upon the culprit varies much with variety of constitutions and temperaments. Some are unable to bear the infliction even of an hundred lashes; the surgeon steps in before half the sentence is carried into effect. Others will bear several hundreds, without a cry or a groan, clenching between their teeth a piece of Indian rubber, or some more resisting substance, and quietly, when the punishment is over, putting on their shirts and jackets without assistance, and walking off to the hospital, whistling a tune as they go. Private Somerville, in his “Autobiography,” has given us a minutely detailed account of the sufferings he endured under the lash. When the first stroke descended, he says, “I felt an astounding sensation between the shoulders, under my neck, which went to my toe-nails in one direction, my finger-nails in another, and stung me to the heart as if a knife had gone through my body!” When the second lash was delivered, he “thought the former stroke was sweet and agreeable compared with that one;” and as the farrier proceeded, he “felt his flesh quiver in every nerve, from the scalp of the head to the toe-nails.” As the cruel work went on, he writes, with a vivid recollection of the past agony, “the pain in the lungs was more severe than on my back. I felt as if I would burst in the internal parts of my body. \* \* \* I detected myself once giving something like a groan, and to prevent its utterance again, I shut my tongue between my teeth, held it there, and bit it almost in two pieces. What with the blood from my tongue and my lips, which I had also bitten, and the blood from my lungs, or some other internal part ruptured by the writhing agony, I was almost choked and became black in the face.” After receiving an hundred lashes, Somerville was taken down. The case, owing to circumstances with which the majority of our readers are probably familiar, created considerable sensation at the time. The more recent case of Private White, who was flogged at Hounslow, and who did not long survive the punishment, has also acquired considerable notoriety from the melancholy circumstances by which it was attended. But neither in the one case nor the other was the punishment inflicted comparatively severe. In the attendant circumstances of the first, there was much that it is impossible to speak of without unqualified condemnation; but in the last, there was nothing to justify the virulence with which the army authorities were assailed. It was an untoward event which might have followed the infliction of any other description of punishment; and the manner in which the whole case was prejudged, and the inquiry into its circumstances conducted, was anything but creditable to the public functionaries concerned, and the section of the public and the press which abetted them.

instances at least, to fall back upon capital punishment ; and the backs of our soldiers have been spared at the expense of their lives.

If we could have abolished the penalty of the lash, not by rendering it an illegal, but an uncalled-for punishment, how much more should we have accomplished. Crime has not diminished in the army. There has been nothing to cause its diminution. Hitherto everything has been against the soldier—everything has retarded his moral advancement. The best feelings of his nature have been crushed within him ; if he has been found evil, he has been kept so—if not, he has been made so ; but we are now hoping for better things. We are thinking more of the comforts of the soldier ; we are thinking whether we cannot treat him better, and, in the first place, whether we cannot house him better. It is the absence, we have said, of all household comforts that drives the soldier to the bottle. It will never do, having drawn into the ranks a better class of recruits by the attractions of the Limited Enlistment Act, to disgust him at the very outset of his career—to show him how wretched a life is that upon which he has entered. Our barracks are stately buildings, viewed from a distance ; but how wretched are they within ; how limited is their accommodation ; how total is the disregard of all decency, as of all comfort, manifest in their internal arrangements ? Sir De Lacy Evans did good service when he brought this important subject last year to the notice of Parliament and the country—pointing out that in small barrack-rooms of 32 or 33 feet by 20 broad and 12 feet high, twenty men were often housed together, eating, drinking, sleeping there—doing everything but exercise ; then showing that these barrack-rooms were often the scenes of great immorality and indecency, there not being “ the smallest provision for married men, who with their wives were often obliged to sleep in the same room with nineteen other men ! ” “ The women, indeed,” he said, “ were often *confined* in that room.” There may be less dirt, less putrid effluvia in these barrack-rooms than in those wretched tenements of Bethnal Green, and other places in the neighbourhood of our large towns, which have attracted so much of the attention of Sanitary Commissioners and philanthropic individuals ; but the crowding together in the dwelling-houses of our soldiery is as wretched and demoralizing as in the worst purlieus of the most over-peopled city in the empire. Sir De Lacy Evans pointed out to the House that in many of our barrack-rooms there is only a space of nine inches between the bottoms of the beds and the tables on which the soldiers dined. The space between these beds is often no more than five inches, but to allow more room for getting in and out, two of these narrow cots are pushed closely together. And thus herding in these wretched rooms, the soldier

is compelled, if he would stay at home at all, to spend his time off parade. What sort of enjoyment has he? The best friend, in all human probability, which he can find there, is sleep; but even that is denied to him. There are half-a-dozen men in the room talking together—boisterously you may be sure—blasphemously and indecently it is more than probable. Reading is out of the question. There is too much noise—too much practical joking going on. He is in an atmosphere of disquiet: he can do nothing. Day follows day, and still the same weariness—still the same idle efforts to kill time. All his faculties run to waste—all his moral sensibilities are blunted: the vicious are there to tempt him, and he is tempted; he finds a home in the canteen or in worse places, and in spite of the best resolutions at starting, soon stumbles into the pit.\*

Mr. Fox Maule has dealt with this subject of Army Reform generally in a spirit of high-toned philanthropy; but we cannot agree with him when he alleges as an objection to the extension of barrack-accommodation, that “if men were accustomed to all the conveniences and comforts of extensive barracks, they would not without discontent subject themselves to more contracted and narrower abodes when circumstances might render it necessary that they should do so.” We believe this to be the greatest possible mistake; we believe, indeed, that the very reverse of the proposition here set down would be found, when tried, to represent the fact. Nothing reconciles men so much to necessary hardships and privations, as the knowledge that they are not, and the assurance that they will not be, subjected to *un-necessary* hardships and privations. Only give men confidence in the desire of their superiors to inflict no unnecessary sufferings upon them, and they will bear cheerfully those sufferings which they

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\* The same disregard to the comfort of our soldiers as is shown in the matter of barrack-accommodation, is exhibited in the manner in which we ship them on board our transports for foreign service. Let us take one example of many:—“The cold and discomfort of ship-board,” writes Captain Fane in the opening chapter of his ‘Five Years in India,’ “seemed to please our men as little as their officers, and though on our first embarkation we had not lost a man, and all seemed cheerful at the thought of foreign service, yet, after the experience they had already had, we found that many declined a second trial; and though some were again brought back, still our muster-rolls at our second embarkation on the 4th January, wanted several of their usual complement, from desertion. Poor fellows! one could not blame them, for nothing could be worse than the arrangements made for their comfort and convenience by the Transport Board. Instead of their deck being filled with hammocks, which could be taken down during the day, and thus leave space for the free circulation of air, the place had been blocked up with what are termed berths or standing bed-places; which made it far more difficult to keep the place clean, and contributed neither to the comfort nor convenience of its occupants.” This is a very under-charged picture of the misery to be encountered on board every crowded transport-ship—especially in the tropics.

know to be inevitable. The recollection of past benefits is the best guarantee to them that their happiness is not disregarded. We can imagine nothing less calculated to maintain a contented spirit throughout the army, than a recognition of the principle laid down by the Secretary at War. It surely is not by keeping our soldiers in a state of habitual discomfort that we can best preserve them from discontent.

It was much more to the point—much more like Mr. Fox Maule, when he said that the fact of the matter was, that we are now arriving at a time when it was expected that the progress of improvement should not be stayed in any quarter; and admitted that “considering the progress of civilisation, there was much fault to be found with the crowded manner in which the soldiers were kept in some of the barracks.” Yes, indeed, there is much fault to be found—there is every fault to be found; and mere financial considerations, conclusive as they often are, cannot deter us from thinking that this matter of barrack-accommodation ought to engage the earnest and immediate attention of Government. The whole country is crying out for better dwelling-places for the labouring poor; and shall the servants of the Crown, supposed to be under the immediate protection of Government, be left to herd together as wretchedly and indecently as the most miserable paupers in our over-crowded towns? Talk as we may about the cost of erecting barracks—and under the present system of Ordnance-erection the expense we know is grievous—there is no real economy in housing the soldier badly. Sir De Lacy Evans last year, in the course of the interesting debates on Army Reform to which we have several times alluded, said, that he could assert, “without the fear of contradiction, that the Government increased their pension-list more by their neglect of the health of the troops in barracks, than the expenditure necessary for their improvement would amount to;” and we believe that nothing was ever uttered with more truth.

But we have the assurance of Government that the subject of barrack-accommodation, and especially with reference to the admitted wants of the married soldier, will be duly considered, and that all that can be done in the present financial condition of the country, will be done to increase the comforts, and improve the moral condition of the British soldier. We are aware of the difficulties which beset their path—we know what is the outcry for a diminution of military expenditure. The very men—men whose philanthropy we do not question, and whose sincerity we do not doubt—who talk most fluently about the blessings which may be bestowed upon the poor, by erecting for them comfortable homes—homes which will have the effect of keeping the parent from the beer-shop, and the child from the pavement—



would grudge the public money spent upon the extension and improvement of barracks, as though the soldier were not a fellow-creature, beset by equal (and in truth, he is by far greater) temptations, and equally to be rescued from vice, by providing him with a comfortable home. Let us diminish our military expenditure if we can. It is a mistake to suppose that we can diminish it in this way. It would be but a penny-wise and pound-foolish economy to deprive the soldier of the means of preserving his health, and retaining his respectability. The world is, we hope, beginning to recognise truths such as these in civil matters, and it will not be long, we hope, before it duly applies them to the affairs of the army. We may spend something less on military prisons and military hospitals if we spend something more on military barracks. It costs something to make a soldier; and having made him, the best thing we can do is to keep him as long as we can.

There is no doubt, however, that in spite of all the outcry against military expenditure, there never was a time at which a greater disposition to ameliorate the condition of the soldier existed among all classes of the inquiring and reflecting public. The finest army in the world has hitherto been no credit to us as a moral, whatever it may have been to us as a military nation. But the signs of the times are propitious. There are better days in store for the soldier. Whilst we are rescuing other classes from perdition, we shall not leave the soldier to perish. Every year will see some addition to his physical comforts—to his means of moral improvement. "I see no good reason," said Mr. Fox Maule, "why the canteen-room might not be converted into a reading-room, in which the soldier might profitably engage his leisure hours." Only give him the means of profitably engaging his leisure hours, and see what he will become. It is because he has not the means of profitably engaging his leisure hours that he is what he is—a reproach to a Christian Government.

And, indeed, there would seem to be every prospect of a speedy amelioration in the character and habits of the British soldier. We have no fear of the Limited Enlistment Act draining the army of its old soldiers. Before it can take effect we shall have drawn into our ranks men whom it will be worth our while to keep there, and who will find, as time advances, that their position in the army is worth keeping. The period we hope is not far distant when English soldiers will consider that no greater punishment can be inflicted upon them than a silent dismissal from the service. Such, indeed, is the feeling in the native army of the East India Company. "The dismissal of a man from such a service as this," said an old native *Soubahdar*

to a British officer, "distresses not only him, but all his relations in the higher grades, who know how much of the comfort and happiness of his family depend upon his remaining and advancing in it; and they all try to make their young friends behave as they ought to do." We cannot achieve all this in the British army, because, in a country where provisions are so highly-priced, we cannot pay the soldier as we can in India, so much in excess of his necessary expenditure—we cannot supply him with the means of providing for a distant family. But much would be done if we could only teach him, and all connected with him, that it is an honour to serve the Crown—an honour to bear the name of a soldier, and that the more members of a family are so connected with the State the more that family is ennobled.

"No man," writes Colonel Sleeman—an officer of the Company's army, whose successful exertions for the suppression of Thuggee have not yet been adequately rewarded, "can have a higher sense (than the native soldiers of the Company) of the duty they owe to the State that employs them, or whose salt they eat, nor can any men set less value upon life when the service of that State requires that it shall be risked or sacrificed. No persons are brought up with more deference for parents. In no family from which we draw our recruits is a son, through infancy, boyhood, or youth, heard to utter a disrespectful word to his parents. Such a word from a son to his parents would shock the feelings of the whole community in which the family resides, and the offending member would be visited with their highest indignation. When the father dies the eldest son takes his place, and receives the same marks of respect—the same entire confidence and deference as the father. If he be a soldier in a distant land, and can afford to do so, he resigns the service and returns home, to take his post at the head of the family. If he cannot afford to resign—if the family still want the aid of his regular monthly pay, he remains with his regiment, and denies himself many of the personal comforts he has hitherto enjoyed, that he may increase his contribution to the general stock. \* \* The knowledge that any neglect of the duty they owe their distant families will be immediately visited by the odium of their native officers and brother soldiers, and ultimately communicated to the heads of these families, acts as a salutary check upon their conduct; and I believe that there is hardly a native regiment in the service in which the twenty drummers, who are Christians, and have their families with the regiment, do not cause more trouble than the whole eight hundred Sepahees."

Such is the picture, drawn by a competent authority, of the *morale* of the native army in India. It is a truly voluntary service. There is no fraud, no violence practised to recruit it. Men of good family and good character enter the ranks with pride, with pride do they remain there, with pride too they see

in old age their sons taking their place. They are but poor heathens, for the most part uneducated; and yet our Christian England can boast nothing of the kind.

The retired Indian soldier sits in the shade before his cottage door, speaks with gratitude of the Company Bahadur, boasts of his services, and inspires his sons with zeal to follow the same honourable career. He is in his new state of being the most loyal of subjects. He has been well-paid during the best years of his manhood, and in his old age he is well-pensioned. There might be thousands and tens of thousands; but of such men the State would not be afraid. But we, in this Christian, loyal England, are talking with alarm of the dangerous effects which might result from the intermixture of the military elements with the great mass of social life. Can we with safety, it is asked, so leaven the lump? That remains, indeed, to be shown. The result will be good or evil, as we choose to make it. If by neglect and ill-treatment we turn the discharged soldier into a bandit, there will doubtless be danger in the dispersion over the country of so many bitter enemies of the State. But what lamentable confession of weakness—we might almost write of wickedness—is there in this declaration of fear! If we only do our duty to the soldier whilst in harness, he will, when released from his military bonds, be the best friend of the State—a willing, an able, an active ally in times of popular commotion. It all depends upon the treatment we give him. If we turn the soldier out of the army, at the expiration of the first ten years of service, disgraced, branded, beaten—writhing under a sense of injuries inflicted upon him, mindful of a long series of petty humiliations and corroding discomforts, with nothing to be thankful for, with everything to resent, a manumitted slave, burning with an unappeasable desire to revenge himself upon his late masters—we shall, doubtless, find in the hour of peril that the “bloody instructions” which he has derived from us will “return to plague the inventor.” It would be only fitting retribution if such were to be the case. But the remedy, or rather the prevention is in our own hands. We have but to do simple justice to the soldier, and in the hour of trouble we shall find in our time-expired men the best safeguards of the empire. We can imagine nothing more serviceable in the hour of threatened revolution than the loyalty of some thousands of time-expired soldiers, mixing, here and there with the civil elements of society, thankful for past benefits received, and hopeful of future advantages—the most cogent source of worldly gratitude—under a system calculated to retain the loyalty and affection of all who have rendered service to the State. And this would seem to be a matter of no such difficult achievement. The power is in our hands to retain

the life-loyalty of the soldier, if we would only exercise it in a thoughtful and sympathizing spirit.

It was stated last year, by Mr. Sidney Herbert, in the House of Commons, that there are in our police forces no men so steady and well-conducted as those who have served in the army. And it will at once suggest itself to every mind that there could be no better means of securing the life-long affections of those who have once worn her Majesty's uniform than an extension of the system of civil employment. The subject has engaged the attention of army-reformers, and there are grounds to hope that the Select Committee on the Army, Navy, and Ordnance estimates, before closing its labours, will take the matter into its consideration. Sir. H. Verney, in the month of March, made a motion in the House of Commons, to the effect "that it be an instruction to the Select Committee on the Army, Navy, and Ordnance estimates, to consider whether the character of the army and navy might not be elevated by the more frequent employment of discharged soldiers and sailors, who are duly qualified, in subordinate offices of various public departments—for instance, in the customs and excise offices, under the Admiralty and the Horse-guards, dock-yards, victualling-yards, arsenals, &c., so that additional prospect of reward for meritorious conduct might be held out to soldiers and sailors, and that during their employment a portion of their pensions might be saved to the country." The motion was subsequently withdrawn; but the matter is one which, in connexion both with the good conduct of the soldier whilst in the ranks, and his loyalty on retirement, is worthy of the deepest attention of all who are interested in the elevation of the military profession.

The two objections which have been urged most strenuously against the Limited Enlistment Act are, that it will drain the army of its most experienced soldiers, and that it will fill with dangerous subjects the ranks of civil life. We have endeavoured to show that, if attended with those other reforms, the necessity of which is so generally acknowledged, and to the prosecution of which many able and influential men are devoting their best energies, the result will be the very reverse of that anticipated by the opponents of the measure. Let us suppose the character of the soldier to be unchanged at the end of the next ten years; let us suppose the new Act to have drawn into the ranks no "better class" of men; let us suppose that the cause of military reform makes no progress; that nothing is done to ameliorate the condition of the soldier; to elevate his character, to enhance his comforts, and to excite his gratitude; let us suppose that the next ten years are years of utter inactivity, leaving the army at the end in the same state in which they found it at the beginning;

and nothing seems more probable than that our old soldiers will avail themselves of the new Act to convert themselves into bad citizens. But we anticipate no such stagnation in the tide of human affairs. The country is now more than ever sensible of its duties to the men who fight our battles in war, and protect our property in peace. Military reform does not necessarily involve increased military expenditure—nay, the most important changes are those which will be attended with a considerable financial saving to the State. It is the best economy to take good care of the soldier. The better we treat him the more money we shall save. The country will readily recognise this truth; and every year will take deeper and deeper interest in the condition of the soldier. There is no chance of Army Reform halting on its present ground—it is even now at the quick-march, the quick will soon become a double; and they who now anticipate all manner of perilous consequences—the veterans of the old school, who love not “new-fangled changes”—will, at the end of ten years, which Heaven grant they may live to see, gratefully acknowledge that right in principle, so also safe in practice, is this system of LIMITED ENLISTMENT.

- ART. X.—1. *Reminiscences of Daniel O'Connell*. By a MUNSTER FARMER. London.  
 2. *The Nation*. Dublin, 1848.  
 3. *The Irish Felon*. Dublin, 1848.  
 4. *A Letter from one of the Special Constables in London on the late occasion of their being called out to keep the Peace*. London, 1848.  
 5. *Life and Times of Aodh O'Neil*. By JOHN MITCHEL. Dublin, 1845.

IN no country on the face of the earth had the progress of improvement been more distinctly marked than in Ireland for the last fifty years. In all that constitutes material wealth—in all that can be expressed in the language of the Political Economist, the increase was such as no nation had ever before exhibited. In habits, in feelings, in good conduct, general society had advanced beyond what the most sanguine could have hoped. Its higher ranks were not, perhaps, superior in accomplishments to the Charlemonts and Dalys of the last century, but it is some evidence of the progressive civilisation of the general body of society, that in our time, no man, of whatever class, has stood out in the distinct prominence of the *Heroes* of the Irish Parliament. The men who in our day have appeared in Ireland, have been, one and all, of smaller size—of mere human dimensions. Great men, no doubt, though magnified somewhat beyond their proper greatness, were these sons of Irish earth—sons, too, of the Saxon of the third or fourth generation—

“Giant sons  
Of the embrace of angels.”

—for, whatever be the destinies of Ireland, no sophistry can alter or evade the fact, that no distinct claim can be made for any portion of the population on the score of an original difference of race, or, if a distinction be insisted on, there can be no doubt that through almost the entire island the blood of the British settlers predominates. In Grattan's glowing panegyric\* they still live—these men of 1782—the lights of what was called the Irish Parliament—Malone, Pery, Brownlow, Osborne, Flood, Burgh, Daly, Forbes. “I attribute,” says Grattan, “to this constellation of great men, in a great measure, the privileges of your

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\* Grattan's “Answer to Lord Clare,” Dublin, 1800. The passages to which we particularly refer may also be found in Curran's “Life of Curran,” vol. i.

country, and I attribute such a generation of men to the residence of your Parliament." We feel no surprise that the imaginations of young and ardent men should seek to create again the glorious phantom of a nation. The scenes of 1843 in Ireland were, in their way, very remarkable. O'Connell, as if stung by insanity, went from place to place, congregating thousands and tens of thousands to listen to declamations so vague that one solitary sentence of all that he then uttered, though printed in every newspaper in the empire, and though commented upon by the Crown lawyers—a class of critics who are not likely to allow any one word of the text which they undertake to illustrate to be robbed of any part of its force—has not fixed itself in the public mind. Yet this very vagueness rendered it more likely to blend with whatever hopes and aspirations, indefinite and unlimited, were antecedently indulged by his hearers. The spring, and summer, and autumn of that year were a time of unusual beauty. It is scarce possible to believe that O'Connell was both serious and sane—*either* he might have been—consistently with his conduct during that strange year; the wonderful old man had at all times great elasticity of spirits, and the thousands round him and Tom Steele at his side kept him in good humour with himself. He almost felt amused at his power over those assemblages. At a public dinner, after the first of the meetings, he said—"when I think of the multitudes by whom I have been surrounded to-day, and the bright eyes that looked on me, the elasticity of spirits that was there—when I beheld on one side those smiles and female loveliness, and on the other those reverend gentlemen bringing benedictions, I will ask the men of Meath—will they be slaves?" On another of those occasions a French gentleman asked O'Connell how was it that such multitudes preserved such perfect order? "It would," replied he, with a complacent and half-supercilious smile, "be impossible in any other part of the inhabited globe; but, you know, the Irish are the politest of all people." Nothing could be more perfect than O'Connell's exuberant cheerfulness, through this almost royal progress from place to place—waging the war of words with the Fírbolg, and the Dane, and the Saxon. The Government at first looked on at these strange demonstrations, doing little more than from time to time corresponding with Justices of the peace—who from love or fear attended the meetings—in official letters, which for the most part avoided any distinct expression of opinion on the moot point—of whether such meetings were in themselves violations of the law—admitting that the expression of opinion, on either side of the question, by a magistrate, could not be regarded as an offence, but insisting that, whether assemblages so large as to suggest reasonable apprehensions for the public peace

were legal or not, no Government opposing Repeal could allow persons to remain in the commission of the peace who went to Repeal meetings, and on these grounds dismissing, or being dismissed by the magistrates—for these gentlemen seemed many of them impatient for the martyr's crown. Winter came, and with winter the State prosecutions of O'Connell and others for a conspiracy of which it is scarce possible to exaggerate the guilt, if it be measured by the amount of injury done to the country. Our estimate of crime ought however in no case to be determined exclusively by our opinion of the consequences of the act which we call criminal; and in the Irish agitation the steps by which what at first seems to have been idle bravado, became changed into what cannot be well called by any other name than treason, were so gradual, that the agitators have a strong right to the benefit of the principle. In disturbing the peace of the country, they rendered it impossible that any one honest course of exertion should have any reasonable chance of reward. The country was poor, and for any development of its resources there was the absolute necessity of capital. The condition of conducting any trade, which in the slightest degree depended on dealings with the great bulk of the population, was entire subservience to the despotism of a few men calling themselves by some fantastic designation or other—Liberators, Pacificators, Repeal Wardens, Committees, Conciliation Halls, Confederates. To these persons a considerable portion of the profits of every retail trader, through great parts of the kingdom, was sent, and a worse consequence was this—that every man led or forced to subscribe, regarded himself as a partner in the concern, which was worked with untiring industry. They were plundered and the country was injured, but a promise was for ever held before them of advantages to be ultimately realized.

It is hard to conjecture how far O'Connell was in earnest in his repeal agitation. Our own impression is that his contradictions were those of a man yielding to the impulse of the moment—at all times sincere—ever to be reckoned on. He was fond of saying, and he succeeded in persuading himself that agitation was in no case mischievous. "There are," he said, "grievances, or there are not; if there be, agitation for their redress is desirable—if there be not, agitation will be harmless, for it will be ineffectual." He sometimes in addition to this claimed for it the merit of putting down secret conspiracy. The fallacy of all this is too transparent to deceive any but those who are the victims of a willing delusion. The perpetual war of words in which he engaged his countrymen, rendered any thing like calm reflection impossible. It kept men of fevered and restless spirits for ever before the public eye, and almost tempted every man into the ranks of party. Never was there a man whose own proper usefulness was so



impeded as that of O'Connell himself, by the public life he led. It is probable that no man of his time had the same acquaintance with the influencing motives by which Irish society was governed as O'Connell. Of all its secret springs he was intimately cognizant. The external history of Ireland he knew as well as any man, but—what is of more moment than anything that could be learned from Carte or Borlase—he knew the people themselves. There is, perhaps, no man living—certainly none except Lord Monteagle and Lord Stanley—whose knowledge of all that relates to Ireland at all equalled or approached his. O'Connell's was, from professional and other opportunities, a knowledge of their very inmost feelings and associations of thought, which not only gave him an almost magical power over what seemed the one mind of multitudes of men, but what is of a thousand times more moment, led him right with almost the certainty of instinct, in his appreciation of any proposed measure of legislation for Ireland. He thought not alone of the abstract law, but of the genius of the people for whom it was intended, and when he could throw off the advocate, as he did remarkably in all his examinations before Parliamentary Committees, and very often in his speeches on Irish subjects in the House of Commons, there was no man by whom more valuable instruction was given; nor do we know of any incident more unfortunate for the empire than his factious abandonment of his proper position as a member of the legislature, when, misled by the glittering phantom of Repeal, he retired to his Dublin senate, and ceased to go to the House of Commons. Had O'Connell trusted to himself alone, and to the natural power of good sense, combined with a perfect knowledge of the subjects which he might have been expected to discuss, he would have accomplished almost infinite good; for there never was a body of men in the world more anxious to learn, if possible, the actual truth, and to legislate on a perfect knowledge of facts than the British legislature in our day has been.

When Emancipation had been once carried, it seems to us plain that all rational ground for agitation had ceased, and that the effort to create two laws of opinion—two irreconcilable societies in the same kingdom—was the most mischievous and foolish task in which man was ever engaged. O'Connell's avowed principle of, under the pretence of agitating for the redress of some supposed grievance, gaining, not the object which he affected to seek, but some other, makes us think that he was not in earnest in the Repeal agitation; but, as we before intimated, we do not think it possible to discover in his conduct any principle adequate to solve the problem which it suggests. He did not speak of the separation of Ireland

from England—we believe he did not contemplate it; but it was undoubtedly contemplated by the younger men with whom he acted in what was called the Repeal year. The public mind is so familiar with the thought of O'Connell as leader in all the popular movements in Ireland, for the period during which his name occurs so often, that it may startle some of our readers to be told that he but followed in the train of others in that formidable agitation. O'Connell in the agitation of 1843 was, at first, we think, but imitating and acting the feelings and passions of other men. He was roused reluctantly and with difficulty into a public discussion of the question of Repeal which Professor Butt challenged. It had become with him but a word; with younger minds it was a thought, an animating principle; or rather, with them the feeling of country—a feeling which the mind seeks to express and embody in a name, and thus give an outward life to all its hopes, and dreams, and wishes, all that it loves, all that it remembers, all that it can imagine; that feeling which no man, civilized or savage, is, or can be, without—sought for a corresponding object. To the Italian, *Italy*, though surely there never was anything that in the political world corresponded with the conception indicated by the name, has been at all times a spell-word of hope—to the mind it is a unity. And so of Ireland. There is no period whatever of its history on which the mind can for a moment repose—but in the words of Schiller and Coleridge, “the heart needs a language;” the unsatisfied instinct of country demands an object, and what it does not find it seeks to create. As in the case of all the passions and feelings of a being, whose life here is an education for another life, there is not and cannot be any outward image that in any respect approaches the idea that seeks realization. In the most happily circumstanced country, the more intense the feeling of patriotism in the heart of the most ardent lover of his country, the more will he endeavour that his country shall be worthy of his love; but the instinct itself is one that never receives—and because man is an immortal being destined for more than earth—never can receive full gratification. Still that it should be suffered to die away as a field-flower which is never to bear fruit, that it should be rooted out as a vicious weed—which would seem to be always the policy of the mere selfish statesman—arises, we think, from a total misconception of the nature of Man. The union of England with the other constituent parts of the British Empire, was later and less perfect in consequence of the foolish policy of destroying the records and warring with the language, as in the case of Wales, of the countries successively annexed to the larger division. There was no reason why Wales should not

have preserved its history, as York, or Westminster, or Northumberland, or as traditions or records of families are preserved. To seek to destroy such records or traditions, so far from effecting its purpose, is almost certain to give them greater distinctness and a more enduring life. The man who is murdered is likely to be remembered longer than he who is suffered to pass away in the natural course of human mortality. If there be no violent interruption, such as this false statesmanship introduces, the love of country, beginning as in all cases with the thought of home and kindred, finds an enlarged sphere. The original conception is not destroyed, but is included in a more comprehensive notion; and it is a fortunate circumstance when the imagination aids this process of the mind by a common name. Could, for instance, the British Islands be called by some common name, we think their thorough incorporation would be essentially aided. The thought of their component parts, and the fact of their having been united by other than natural ties, would not be presented to the mind except when it served some necessary purpose, and the feeling of country would become gradually connected with the common name. We dwell on this because we have no doubt that in the generous feeling of country, in a feeling that expresses strong and unselfish sympathy, with all that we can conceive of truest and noblest and best, Faction has its firmest hold on the heart; because we are convinced, that it will never do to seek to root out original instincts of our nature, or affections and hopes, which are so inwoven with our nature from the earliest period at which it can be subjected to our observation as not to be distinguishable from instincts, and that in the abortive effort to eradicate them, and substitute mere shrewdness and subtlety and notions of self-interest, a vast amount of uncalculated evil is done. Our theory would not destroy or neutralize or lessen the feeling. It would not substitute one country for another. It would not displace a single affection. It would no doubt be inconsistent with the notion of any one of the constituent parts of the empire becoming a separate kingdom, but it would not be inconsistent with any state of facts that has ever had actual existence; for though you have the names of separate kingdoms, have you ever had the fact in any sense in which any living being would wish it recalled? We should wish the thought carried into legislation, and instead of Ireland being treated as a separate integral in our Acts of Parliament, we should wish that where distinct legislation was necessary, its smaller divisions were mentioned, so that the thought of it as one undivided kingdom, should as little as possible be assumed in the forms of language. This may seem fanciful, but the more

it is dwelt on the more will its importance appear. However, for a long while the balance of convenience must regulate such matters, and may be against our view.

We have said that O'Connell, in the year 1843, was but acting under the inspiration of other minds. We have said, or our language has implied, that we think the agitation in which he was whirled along was formidable and mischievous in the extreme; but we have also expressed our strong opinion that it originated in no ungenerous or unworthy purposes. What Goldsmith has called the "patriot passion," was in truth occupied in creating an object to itself. With young men whose school studies have been just completed, and who have been educating themselves in debating clubs, the first form in which they begin to think of politics, shapes itself into a republic. They are in truth re-acting what they have read in the classics. The established constitutions of society are compared with their dream of a perfect government. None of them are found to dovetail with it, and they are straightway regarded as an usurpation. The business of life in the happier parts of the empire soon engages and occupies the attention, and the dream is at an end. In Ireland the case is different. The class of young men, of whom we speak, or great numbers of them, propose to themselves the bar as a profession, and laborious as the preparation, to insure any fair chance of success, would be, could the barrister reckon on any early employment, yet such are the numbers called, and so many are the accidents that advance the fortunes of those who can in any way keep themselves before the eyes of the public, that a sort of attention is given to public affairs, by a number of half-educated men, who would seem to have no business of their own to attend to. We prefer stating in other language than our own the fact of O'Connell having been influenced by this class of young men in his later career.

"O'Connell saw that he had to deal with a new generation. They were a petulant and conceited race; but among the young men who gathered round him there was one young man of decided talent and unswerving integrity—Thomas Davis—with whom nationality was a passion and a principle, the object of enthusiasm and the result of conviction. Such an ally was invaluable to the sincere, but most perilous to one who only used agitation as a means to selfish ends."

A few years before and no man would have shrunk more than O'Connell from the madness into which he was betrayed by younger minds. At times, even in the wildest moments of the convulsion which he seemed to have called into motion, he was seen trying to appease the tumult. To the populace he was still allowed to appear as the mighty magician whose powerful word

could rouse and still the tempest, but it seems plain that all his movements, whether consciously or unconsciously, were subject to the will of others. Even before the state trials, in his own DOM-DANIEL, where he once gave laws, where no voice had been permitted till then to dispute his sovereign authority, younger men bearded and defied him. By the result of the trials the charm was broken which had seemed to protect his person inviolate, and his power over his countrymen in a great measure ceased when he had been once rendered amenable to the law. His boast that he had never touched the mysterious line that separates law from lawlessness, in the course of a life that seemed to be exclusively occupied in learning and teaching the art of driving coaches-and-six through Acts of Parliament, was one which he could no longer make with the same exultation as in the days of old. The captivity, as in ludicrous earnest the imprisonment of O'Connell was called in the documents of the public bodies with which he was connected, seems to have crushed his spirit. But between the giving in of the verdict and before his imprisonment he had one hour of glorious triumph :—

“ Before O'Connell could be called up for judgment he paid a brief visit to England, and attended one of the meetings of the Anti-corn-law League in Covent-Garden Theatre. He there found that the Government prosecution had achieved for him what nothing else but a miracle could have effected. It had rendered him for the time more popular in England than he ever was in Ireland.

“ John Bull has had a thorough dislike of all constructive crimes since 1794. He thought that O'Connell could not have been guilty of any very overt sedition when it took about a month to establish the charge : he was deeply incensed at hearing that the office of an English newspaper had the appearance of being converted into a house of agency for espionage ; he was sure that the jury had been packed and the bench prejudiced ; and furthermore, honest John reproached himself for having encouraged Government to proceed, by feeling too sensibly O'Connell's senseless attacks upon the Saxon. This was the general sentiment of the English people ; but to the League O'Connell was further recommended by thirty years of opposition to the corn-laws, and by his zealous co-operation in every effort for their repeal, whether in or out of Parliament.

“ Under these circumstances, his reception by the assembled multitude was one of the most magnificent displays of popular enthusiasm ever witnessed. He declared himself that he was not prepared for it, even by the experience of the monster meetings. His speech, the last of any permanent interest that he ever delivered, was one of the finest oratorical displays of his life. He had achieved the object, of which if he had not despaired, the cry of repeal would never have been raised. He had triumphed gloriously and completely on English ground.

“ This event strengthened the suspicions with which O'Connell had

long been regarded by the Young Ireland party. It was remarked that he began to speak respectfully of the English people, and to abate the vehemence of his denunciations against the Saxon. The growing feeling of alienation was, however, suspended; on the 14th of May he was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment and incarceration in Richmond Penitentiary, near Dublin. During his confinement every possible indulgence was shown him; and on the 4th of September, 1844, the decision of the Irish judges was reversed by the House of Lords.

"O'Connell was liberated; but he came out of prison an altered man. During his confinement the presidency of the Repeal Association had been confided to Mr. W. Smith O'Brien, member for the county of Limerick, a recent convert to the cause. The Young Ireland party had elected this gentleman as the rival and future successor of O'Connell, and during the absence of the latter from the Association had used all possible means to extend his reputation and give him influence in the country. In former days O'Connell would have brooked no rivalry, but imprisonment had broken his spirit, and had afforded Smith O'Brien time to strengthen himself with his party. Their jealousy was soon pretty manifest; there were bickerings in public; there was marked coldness in private. A project for convening an Irish senate, of very doubtful legality, and still more questionable prudence, was abandoned. A ridiculous club, the members of which were to wear a still more ridiculous uniform, including a fool's cap, the shape of which was the subject of long and learned debate—was patronised by the O'Brien and jeered by the O'Connell party. Thus closed the year 1844, and thus opened the year of 1845."\*

In this record the most remarkable incident is the burst of popularity which greeted O'Connell in England, and this arising very much from the feeling that in the state trials he had not fair play—that there had been some tampering with the Jury, and—that the Bench was prejudiced against him.

The last topic, though one dwelt on at the time in the papers, could produce no permanent effect on the public mind. The Court could not avoid some direction to the jury on the law of the case, and it would be scarce possible to give such without using language that implied a reasonable man's view of the facts. Whatever the Charge had been this objection could scarcely have been escaped. The other is of more importance.

In every political trial in Ireland the statement that a jury has been packed is made. At one time it used to be made in every civil trial, and it is really marvellous, that considering the way in which, while all its privileges are taken advantage of for the protection of the accused, it is at the same time repre-

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\* A Munster Farmer's *Reminiscences of O'Connell.*

sented as a mere instrument in the hands of power, it has not been got rid of altogether. We wish its preservation, and for this purpose must do what we can to distinguish cases, that without some attention may be easily confused, and the mistake thus occasioned create no little mischief. What we have to say on the subject will be more intelligible when we have told in a sentence the course of the agitation after O'Connell's death.

After O'Connell's death the agitation assumed in some respects a worse aspect. Quiet men in vain hoped that the fever of excitement in which people had been so long kept would be now at an end. Vain hope! What had been called Conciliation Hall was a house divided against itself. Its members separated into two bodies; the one preachers of peace, who held that Ireland was to be saved and enriched, and the repeal of the Union to be carried by perpetual payment of rent, still rent, the Catholic rent, the only true rent—and by hebdomadal speeches; in short, they seemed to believe that all that was wanting was money and talk—money for the few, talk for the multitude. The other party insisted that England was not to be thus conquered; that the Irish people should arm; that talking nonsense was not the way to do business; and yet, inconsistently enough, they too talked nonsense.—That they did. They were younger men. Sedition was with them a passion that had not yet died away. They were not—the younger men among them were not—simulating extinct feelings. Compared with the other section of repealers this body was the more earnest; at all events, they outbid the others. They called on the people throughout the country to arm themselves. They threatened all landed proprietors who did not join them, that their property should be “carried to the national treasury.” They addressed the soldiery and constabulary in language seducing them from their allegiance and their duty. Under the names of tenure and tenant-right they addressed the natural cupidity of the peasantry; distinctions of Celt and Saxon were referred to, as if for the purpose of disuniting every family in the land. When a successful insurrection in Paris gave birth to the French Republic, they sent an embassy to it from Ireland, negotiating for an invasion. The genius of O'Connell and of Wolfe Tone united—seemed to meet in each of the Confederates—thus the war-party designated themselves—and mark the future rulers of Ireland's destinies—

The force of Nature could no further go—  
To make a third, she join'd the other two.

We have said that we believe this party to have been more in earnest than the other. They were, no doubt; many of them mad—not the less in earnest nor the less dangerous for

that. The newspaper press greatly aided them; for, while it spread their writings and speeches in every direction, it seemed to multiply their numbers. The peaceful part of the community in Ireland know them to be few, and know that it is the same performers who play in different parts of the country, and think of them or their audiences as little as they do of other players or play-going folk. They are regarded as a mischief and a nuisance for the most part; but there is no very serious thought that they can do any great harm. Even when it was known that persons were employed through the country to discipline disaffected men in military exercises, the forbearance of the Government met with more than sympathy from the general body of the country, who were inclined to laugh at the whole thing as a fantastic parody of very serious scenes transacted elsewhere. The Government, who had most probably more reasons for apprehension than they could prudently communicate to the public, took such precautions as they could to save the city of Dublin from the danger of an outbreak.

In the rural districts of Ireland there was much crime. It was not directly connected with the Agitation, but it grew in a great measure out of the base hopes that the Agitation inspired. Farmers refused or delayed to pay their rents. Agents were murdered under circumstances that left no doubt that men wealthy for their station in life, were accomplices or instigators of the crime. Through the country there was certainly a sort of expectation in the minds of many tenants that they might continue to hold their lands without paying any rent. The wise measure of a Special Commission succeeded in vindicating the law, and it became again possible to exercise the rights of property. The effect of the Commission was to protect the lives of the poor from ruffians that overawed the country. A duty as imperative as this was to terminate if possible the deplorable agitation which each day became more reckless and more fierce. Forbearance has its limits, and prosecutions were commenced against three of the confederates. Before these cases were tried a new statute applicable to any after cases that might arise was passed, and one of the persons about to be tried for sedition continued to issue writings which made him an offender under the new Act. It is necessary to state this to render intelligible what we have to say on the Jury question, as we think some mistakes have arisen from confusing the cases of special and common juries. O'Brien and Meagher were tried for sedition by *special juries*. In neither case was there a verdict. The law of Ireland requires unanimity in a jury. As far as can be known of these cases, the numbers for a conviction in one were *ten to two*, in the other *eleven to one*.



The statement of the juries being packed is always the cry of the convicted. In special jury cases it does not bear examination. Under the Act of 1833, when a special jury is obtained, it is formed from a body of names selected from what is called the juror's book for the year. The juror's book contains, or ought to contain, all the names of persons qualified to serve on juries. The class from which special jurors are taken consist of persons possessing various qualifications. The lowest money qualification is property to the amount of £5000. From this class, amounting generally to seven or eight hundred, forty-eight names are taken by ballot, and this forty-eight is reduced to twenty-four, by each of the parties striking off twelve names. The object is that the twenty-four left shall be men to whom neither of the parties can have a reasonable objection; and nothing can be more absurd or unreasonable than the kind of outcry which is made against the Crown for doing what it is absolutely compelled to do. It *must* strike off twelve names, and in such case no possible imputation can be fairly made against its officers, whatever be the politics of the persons whom it strikes off. It is not analogous to the challenge, whether peremptory or for cause, of a juror on an *ordinary* panel. In O'Connell's case the jury was a special jury. The quarrel was not with the conduct of the Crown in the way in which it reduced the forty-eight to twenty-four, but with the way in which the jury book itself, from which the forty-eight were taken, was made up. The book was made up incorrectly, the names of some persons who ought to be in the book being omitted, and the list from which the forty-eight were taken being thus diminished, to the disadvantage of the traverser. A majority of the Court of Queen's Bench in Ireland thought they had no means of correcting this. In the formation of a special jury it would appear that the Sheriff has absolutely no power. The list from which the forty-eight are selected, is supposed to contain the names of all the persons qualified to serve: the persons on the actual panel, and the order in which their names occur, (an important incident,) are determined by ballot; and nothing could be more idle than the popular clamour with which the conduct of the Crown is assailed in such cases, if it were not that such clamour has some effect on weak-minded persons. The juries in Smith O'Brien's and Meagher's cases were special juries. The Crown was accused of striking off Roman Catholic jurors. In each case, as we said before, it was compelled to strike off twelve. To try it by Catholics the Crown must have struck off Protestant jurors. As to the question of mere prudence, on which after all the selection of a special jury—as far as there could be a selection—must have turned,

we should rather, in cases of the kind, have three or four Roman Catholics in the box than only one. The chances, if there were but one, would be that the opposition of some false pride would detach him from his brother jurors, and that the question of guilt or innocence would scarcely be canvassed among them—that there would be a failure of justice because a want of any fair discussion, and that the result would be a mere exhibition of the power of a positive man to render ineffective the verdict of the others. It is an easy course to ascribe perjury to men, but we do not almost in any case regard this as the solution of such a fact as the disagreement of a jury. An analysis of the respective duties of the juror and the judge would make the juror believe that he is to receive information from the judge on matter of law, and communicate it on matters of fact; but to constitute the notion of Crime, a consideration of both elements is necessary—and it may be an actual evasion of a difficult duty in a juror—one to which the law in no case compels him, to find a verdict of guilty where he cannot, notwithstanding a disposition to receive such information on the law as it is the judge's duty to give—believe that the intention which constitutes crime exists. The juror's difficulty is not the mere mental process of analyzing the thoughts, but after this analysis has been performed for him or by him, the moral one of combining them. In some cases that which he has to do is, if he can, to call that crime which he has not before learned to designate by the name, or—a yet harder task—to overcome the prejudice which has hitherto regarded with favour a line of conduct which the moral sense does not disapprove, but which he is told is a violation of the law. To protect a man in danger—to throw your house open as a sanctuary of refuge to a person flying from pursuit, would seem so far from being a crime to be rather the subject of natural approbation; and indefensible as the feeling may be, we suspect that were jurors taken from the humbler classes of life, it would require more reasoning than a prosecuting counsel or a directing judge would be at all times able to bring to the argument, to persuade a juror that a poor man, whose father or brother, flying from justice, was protected in his house, was punishable as a criminal for affording him shelter. We state a case in which there can be no doubt that the jury should receive, without hesitation, the directions of the judge as to the law, but where natural feeling will affect each man of them with more or less influence, and in all probability lead some, if not all of them, to look round for excuses to acquit. In political cases, where the passions become strongly inflamed, where words have almost a magic power of affecting the temper, and reducing the most sober-minded man into a state of what is almost like insanity, it is certainly going too far to ascribe to

wilful and deliberate perjury the mind's continuing to move in its accustomed train of thought; and this, after all, is the case of the obstinate juror. Their abstract truth was not what recommended his religious or political dogmas to his mind, and fixed associations there which you have no means of disturbing or dissolving, so as to form them into other combinations of thought, may be the standards to which he refers when he would determine the innocence or the criminality of any particular act. You may make crimes by Act of Parliament, and you may be right; but while the machinery by which you punish them is the verdict of a jury, you cannot legislate effectively by a higher standard of morality than the average understanding of the class of men from whom jurors are taken can appreciate. If you will punish for treason or conspiracy, the traitor or conspirator has still the right of saying—Be your definitions what they may, my protection exists in the fact that the class of society from whom my judges are taken do not believe your accusation; or, if you have established the act which you say proves my guilt, you are unable to get them to agree with you in regarding it as crime. In prosecutions for seditious libel this is more remarkably illustrated, as the criminality of the act is much more often to be inferred from the state of mind of the persons to whom it is addressed than from any thing in the language itself; and in looking over some old volumes of State trials, one is frequently at a loss to discover why language apparently so innocent was prosecuted at all. In Horne Tooke's trial, there is no doubt that Lord Eldon, who prosecuted, thought the offence high treason—even after the verdict he thought so; suppose, instead of an acquittal, that the jury differed—that one, for instance, agreed with the Attorney-General, and was for a conviction, would we have a right to say that he was a perjured man? These differences of opinion must exist. It is, we think, unreasonable in the extreme to assume, without the strongest evidence, that there is wilful falsehood in the case; and though it is no doubt attended with some inconvenience, we think the practical effect of requiring unanimity in the jury has been, in criminal cases, on the whole beneficial. Crime, no doubt, often goes unpunished under the present system, but you could scarcely change it without introducing the worse chance of any examination of the conduct of men in power being punished as crime.

We have said that the Government commenced prosecutions against three of the Confederates for sedition, and that they failed in obtaining verdicts against two; against the third, Mr. Mitchel, it was unnecessary to continue the prosecution, as he was, a few days before the trial for sedition was to have taken place, convicted of felony under a recent statute, by a common jury.

The statement of the jury being packed is always the cry of the convicted. We have shewn that in special jury cases it can never be true—though, in Ireland at least, raised in these as in all other cases. The fact is, that in all these cases the anxiety of the traverser is, that there shall be no verdict, and the case is argued for him as if he was in earnest anxious for a fair investigation and determination of the issue knit between him and the Crown. His language is, “all I want is a fair trial,” and the only evidence he or his friends will admit of a trial having been fair, is that there shall be no verdict. In all cases there can be no doubt that it is the interest of society that there should be a verdict—a true verdict, and for this purpose that all disturbing elements should be as far as possible removed. The law does not presume such absolute impartiality in the sheriff, who selects and returns the jury panel, as to deny the parties the opportunity of inquiring into the fact, and enabling either of them to have the case tried by a jury returned by another officer. Where special juries are granted, one of the grounds stated by law-writers for this deviation from the ordinary course of forming a jury is, that “the sheriff might be suspected of partiality, though not upon such apparent cause as to warrant an exception to him.”\* But while the law guards, as far as it can, against any bias in the sheriff’s mind, that may injuriously affect either party, it is plain that to him a large discretion is intrusted, and it is his duty to exercise that discretion by returning only such jurors as he conscientiously thinks will give a true verdict. In the year 1833, the act was passed under which all juries in Ireland are now formed. A list prepared annually by certain tax-collectors unconnected with the sheriff, exhibits the names of all persons entitled by property to be on the jurors’ book for the year. In that list must appear the name of every man occupying a house worth £20 a-year. When the law was about being passed, objections were made to a class of persons, subject to every influence calculated to warp the judgment being now for the first time introduced to bear a part in the direct administration of justice, any one of whom, if placed on a jury, would have it in his power to render abortive law-proceedings either civil or criminal. It was said that in some parts of the country, numbers must be returned in these lists who did not understand one word of English. To this it was replied that the sheriff ought not to return such persons on any panel—that the fact of their being eligible by property was not enough—that he would be subject to being fined by the Court, if he placed such persons on any jury panels. His discretion,

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\* 3. Commentaries, 357.

which before was absolute, was now limited to the names he found in the jury book of the year. Among these he was to select "good and true men above suspicion." The complaint in Mitchel's case is that there was any selection.

At Mitchel's trial there was what is called a challenge to the array—a statement that the jury panel was not impartially formed by the sheriff; and it was sought to shew that it had been formed under the directions of the Crown. This allegation was disproved; but it was established that a more respectable jury than is ordinarily returned was summoned in this case. In fact, we believe the ordinary juries are very carelessly formed. There is some distinction between the Commission and Quarter Sessions Juries. In the Report of the Commissioners of Judicial Inquiry on the office of Sheriff, we are told that "in Dublin with respect to petty juries at the Commission and Quarter Sessions Courts, panels of those descriptions contain about 150 names each. A greater degree of attention is paid to the formation of Commission petit jury panels than of the others, as capital cases are tried by them." This Report was drawn up from evidence taken in 1828 or 1829, but describes pretty well a present state of facts. Unless the counsel for Mitchel could establish that a jury was selected for the purpose of giving an untrue verdict, it seems to us that they would have done absolutely nothing. Before the trial the newspapers in the interest of the prisoner did all they could to influence the jury by arguments addressed to their prejudices and their fears. Public meetings were held for the purpose. At one of them a resolution was passed not unlikely to be interpreted by the poorer class of shopkeepers into a direct threat of the consequences to themselves of a finding unfavourable to the traverser:—

"Resolved—That we shall by every means in our power, within the law, oppose ourselves to this system of jury packing while the protection of the law is left us; and we feel ourselves called upon to warn the Government not to dare to abrogate the Constitution, and drive us beyond the limits of endurance. To every inroad on our constitutional rights we shall oppose the powers of the Constitution, but to manifest and avowed tyranny we shall oppose, if necessary, our very lives."

At another meeting the same sentiment was expressed in similar language:—

"Resolved—That while we are unwilling to identify this confederation with all the opinions of John Mitchel, we recognise in him a fearless and devoted fellow-soldier in the war which we are now waging against English oppression.

"That as such we demand for him a fair trial before a fairly selected jury; and if that demand be not complied with, and this champion of

Irish liberty be convicted by a jury selected for that purpose, we pledge ourselves to use all means, not inconsistent with morality, to bring to punishment all parties concerned in the perpetration of so foul a wrong."

In such circumstances what was a Sheriff's duty? Is it not plain that the class of jurors most likely to be injured—the poorer class of tradesmen and shopkeepers—ought not to have been summoned? Is it not plain that it would have been unjust to them to place them in the position of being ruined by the withdrawal of custom from them; for this was among the threats expressed in deliberate speeches at these meetings;\* and can

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\* We transcribe the following from a multitude of similar threats, issued immediately before Mitchel's trial:—

"To the Jurors of Dublin.—God's truth has been spoken and written by John Mitchel. He has proclaimed to the world the labourer's right to live in the land of his birth by the sweat of his brow; the farmer's right to the fruits of his labour, his capital, and his skill. This is God's truth!

"Will you, jurors, pronounce, by your verdict, God's truth to be a seditious libel—'a felony'?"

"If you do (which God forbid), then the blood of that innocent man of truth, John Mitchel, be on you and yours, to all eternity!

"The curse of God will fall upon you! The fate of perjurers and assassins await you!!

"Attend to your oaths, and a true verdict give!!!

"ONE OF THE PANEL."

"We have but one word more to say. If the official persons conducting the prosecution do in this instance pack a jury of men known to be politically opposed to the prisoner, the whole proceeding is a base and cowardly murder, and shall be dearly avenged."—*United Irishman*.

"John Mitchel shall walk a free man from his gaol. If by a jury of his countrymen, then so much the better; he shall have proved the truth on which he started—that English rule here is an unreality—a vile, horrid dream, a mere goblin of the sense, to which we too long stupidly shrunk submissive, thinking it 'government,' and its airy mumblings 'law;' which needed but that one man should spit upon and laugh at to exorcise it for ever. And if not by a jury, then by the verdict of some thousands of armed citizens, ready to back the defiance he will hurl from the felon's dock—and by fifties of thousands throughout the land, wherever want has been and tyranny. Never—oh! never again—shall the faults of '98 bring down the just hand of an avenging God, in reigns of terror, and tyranny, and famines, upon a people ungrateful—upon men so bewildered or depraved as not to know that 'to be brave is to be truly wise.'"—*United Irishman*.

One of the speakers at a public meeting said—"He wished to inculcate on them that best of all maxims—for the love of God to buy rifles—(Loud cheers.) Lord Clarendon, Her Majesty's chief executioner and gaol-keeper in Ireland—(a laugh)—had requested the Orangemen to get guns, to slaughter the people of the south; and when he (the speaker) asked them would they turn their arms against their neighbours, they told him that they would never use them against the people, their brothers—(Cheers.) [A voice: 'A cheer for the Orangemen of Shane-hill'—Cheers.] At the insurrection in Milan one immortal girl had fired down eighteen of the soldiers with her rifle—(Great cheering.) For his part he was determined that this struggle should never cease unless with his death or the attainment of repeal. [A voice: 'So say we all'—Cheers.] As to himself he thought he was nearly a traitor—(a laugh)—indeed, he almost believed he was a felon—(renewed laughter)—but one thing he would say, that if the Government attempted to pack a jury against John Mitchel they would rue it.—(Loud cheers.)"

Another—"He must not be convicted. I shall not here insist upon the utter

there be a doubt with any one, that had the Sheriff returned a panel such as is ordinarily brought together for the trial of pick-pockets, the cry would be changed, and, were Mitchel convicted, that stories of one kind or another would be got up, and the Sheriff would be described as returning a jury of men likely to be bribed by the Government? In all criminal trials—in all trials, is not the great object to exclude as much as possible the element of chance, and to consult the peace of society by determining, with as near an approach to certainty as possible, the guilt or innocence of the party accused? Is it suggested by those who complain of the constitution of the jury panel, that any other verdict was possible from a jury, however constituted? Remember his language—“*Whatever has been said or done by the most disaffected person in all Ireland against the existence of the party which calls itself the Government, nothing can go too far for me. Whatever public treasons there are in the land, I have stomach for them all.*” The wild hope of an acquittal does not seem to have entered into any one’s mind; such chance, as no doubt existed for the prisoner, if some one man was found resisting all evidence—resisting even the statement by Mitchel’s own counsel of his client’s guilt—was all that could be reckoned on. The complaint in reality resolves itself into another, much more intelligible. The grievance is not the being tried by a packed jury, but the being tried at all. In the course of the very week in which Mitchel was tried, the counsel for Mr. Meagher, speaking in the Queen’s Bench for his client, referred to the constitution of the juries in Smith O’Brien’s and Meagher’s cases, and complained of the fact of no Roman Catholics being left on Meagher’s jury, while one or two were left on Smith O’Brien’s, and attributed the distinction to the fact of Meagher’s being a Roman Catholic. “The Attorney-General left Roman Catholics on Mr. O’Brien’s jury because he was a Protestant; but when he came to try Mr. Meagher, who was a Roman Catholic, eleven jurors of his persuasion were struck off.”\*

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atrocities of any trial in Ireland for ‘sedition,’ or ‘treason,’ or ‘felony,’ to a foreign Government. But it is enough that everybody in Ireland knows he cannot be convicted in due form of law, or without unprecedented roguery in the legal arrangement. No fairly-chosen jury of his countrymen can convict him.”

The inference that it was sought to intimidate the jury is inevitable; but there are minds to whom the admission of the parties themselves carry more conviction than any reasoning, and we therefore think it right to quote the acknowledgments of *The Irish Felon*. A principal writer in that paper, in addressing the clubs after the trial, says, “Let us not be foolish enough to imagine that we can frighten the Government, by pretending to strength that we do not really possess. There is no more absurd principle than the ‘intimidation’ principle. I felt this in those days when you marched through the streets of Dublin, believing that terror could do for Mitchel’s jury what conscience could not, and frighten them into giving that verdict which truth, not interest, would dictate.”—*The Irish Felon*, July 8th.

\* Butt’s Speech in Meagher’s Case. *Dublin Evening Mail*, May 20.

It is not surprising that in a desperate case counsel should snatch at any topics; but the same grievance was urged in a deliberate resolution, at a public meeting, with the Lord Mayor of Dublin in the chair, two days before Mitchel's trial:—

“Resolved—That we reprobate in the most solemn manner the removal of Catholics from the juries empannelled to try Catholics, and the contrary practice pursued when a Protestant is on his trial, and that this practice is unconstitutional and unjust, and must result in tyranny.”

This resolution was carried unanimously, and yet the very same persons are those who, in a few days after, complain that Mitchel, a Protestant, is tried exclusively by Protestants. How long will it be possible, in such a country, to preserve even the forms of liberty? Can there be a doubt that, be a Sheriff Protestant or Catholic, it would be at all events his duty to guard against such persons, so utterly incapable of honest reasoning, being placed on juries, and that in any panel he returned, he should deliberately exclude every member whatever of those associations. In Ireland it would seem that language has been in some way so wholly divorced from thought, that we think it probable the obvious contradictions in the propositions we have quoted, with the complaint of Mitchel, a Protestant, being tried by Protestants, may never have struck the speakers in their glaring inconsistency. We have ourselves heard declaimers against the way in which these Irish trials were conducted say, that they would not take fifty pounds to serve on one of the juries—nay more, we know with an approach to certainty, that Catholics have avoided serving on the very panels from which they complain that Catholics are excluded. We protest that, in a case of which the difficulties do not seem to be sufficiently appreciated, the Sheriff seems to us to have steered his way safely and well; and that if there were cause of complaint, it has been altogether owing to the efforts made, previous to the trial, to overawe the persons whose duty it was to form the panel, and yet more, the jurors who might try the cause. A mixed jury would, we think, on all accounts, have been better—nay, we cannot conceive any jury, not overawed by the tyranny of the clubs and the public meetings under their control, hesitating to convict Mitchel; but to try the case at all, preserving even the shadow of constitutional forms, was, as far as Association and Confederation and Corporation meetings could effect the mischief they meditated, all but impossible. The Sheriff returned his panel of 150. Eighty persons answered as their names were called. Of these 20 were struck off by the traverser, and 39 by the Attorney-General. The traverser's right of challenge is this—20 peremptorily, and



as many more as he can show cause against. He struck off no one *for cause*—some evidence, slight, no doubt, of the fairness of the jury. The Attorney-General is a Catholic, and of the 39 he struck off eleven were Catholics. Of the 39 persons removed from the jury we know nothing; it is to be presumed for the Attorney-General that he had good cause for their removal. The strict legality of the course pursued by the Attorney-General is not disputed, and of its prudence he alone could be the sufficient judge.

The Attorney-General's is scarcely the same arbitrary right of challenge as the prisoner's. The law gives him what would seem a far more limited right than that of the prisoner, while in actual practice his setting aside jurors is scarcely distinguishable from the arbitrary challenge of the prisoner, and from the very large number of jurors on modern panels, enables him to try a case by whichever among the number he likes, when the prisoner's twenty are deducted from the panel.

“ This privilege of peremptory challenges, though granted to the prisoner, is denied to the king by the Statute 33 Edward I. sect. 4, which enacts that the king shall challenge no jurors without assigning a cause certain to be tried and approved by the Court; however, it is held that the king need not assign his cause of challenge till all the panel is gone through, and unless there cannot be a full jury without the person so challenged; and then, and not sooner, the king's counsel must shew the cause, otherwise the juror shall be sworn.”\*

If this view of the law be just, it is plain that the Attorney-General has no right whatever to bid any juror stand by, except he in his conscience believes that there is some such cause as would be admitted by triers as good ground of challenge, should it become necessary for him to state it to the Court. No idle conjecture as to the probability of his finding for the prisoner can have place here. If Blackstone's doctrine be right, a challenge on the part of the Crown can be but for cause, and the Counsel for the Crown who bids a juror stand by, without himself being convinced that there is ground for challenge which he could sustain, is violating his trust. We do not believe that any juror has, in this trial of Mitchel, been put aside on the sole ground of being a Roman Catholic. Such cause could not be sustained. And even supposing that the Attorney-General has the same capricious right of challenge with the prisoner, it is not possible to impute to the present Attorney-General for Ireland—himself a Roman Catholic—the kind of prejudice against Roman Catholics which this charge would involve. The Statute of Edward I.,

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\* 4 Commentaries, 353.

entitled "He that challengeth a jury or juror for the king, shall show his cause," is that on which is founded the statement of legal and constitutional writers, that the Crown has no right of peremptory challenge. As, however, the Courts have said that the only object of the Statute was that trials should not be delayed by challenges on the part of the Crown, the practice has been to allow the challenge wherever delaying the trial is not the consequence of allowing it, so that the advantage to the subject of thus limiting the Crown's right is of about the same value as the Antiquary's proof that the laws of Scotland did not admit of imprisonment for debt was to the officers of Hector M'Intyre's regiment. The imprisonment was not for the actual debt, but for contumacy, in disobeying the king's court, that ordered its payment: the Attorney-General does not challenge the juror, he only bids him stand by, which has, now that panels consist occasionally of many hundred names, precisely the same effect.\* The right of compelling the Crown to go at once into its cause of challenge, as each juror was objected to, was pressed with great strength in Horne Tooke's trial; the exceeding disadvantage to the prisoner of the large jury panel—in Tooke's case 228 were summoned—was felt by the Court, and the Attorney-General (Sir John Scott, afterwards Lord Eldon) withdrew all his challenges. It is too late to dispute the Attorney-General's right of bidding jurors stand by. The same arguments that had been adduced in Tooke's case were again urged in Quigley's, and afterwards in Frost's. The matter indeed is so settled, that it is probable the Court in Frost's case would not have heard it reargued, but that the statute of Edward had been repealed and re-enacted, and this gave the opportunity of reconsidering the matter with reference to the later statute.† The state of society in Ireland renders it necessary for the Crown to exert this

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\* "LORD CHIEF-JUSTICE EYRE.—*The Crown has no peremptory challenge; but the course is that the Crown may challenge as the names are called over, and is not bound to shew the cause of the challenge till the panel is gone through; that is the course of proceeding which is now so established, that we must take it to be the law of the land; at the same time I feel, that the circumstance which is become absolutely necessary, of making the panels vastly more numerous than they were in ancient times—might give to the Crown an improper advantage arising out of that rule; and whenever we shall see that improper advantage attempted to be taken, it will be for the serious consideration of the Court whether they will not put it into some course to prevent that advantage being taken. I do not perceive at present that there is any complaint that an ill use has been made of this power in this instance. How many have been challenged on the part of the Crown?* Seven.

"LORD CHIEF JUSTICE EYRE.—Therefore, I say, it does not appear to me that any improper advantage has been taken."—*State Trials*, Vol. 26.

† In Ireland the matter is perhaps open to argument, as the language re-enacting the statute of Edward I. is different in England and Ireland.

prerogative more extensively than, if it could be avoided, can be at all prudent. In political trials, where the positions of the prosecutor and traverser are in truth often reversed, and where the Government of the day may be regarded as itself on its trial, the effect of the verdict on the public mind is of much more moment than any other consideration; and the notion that by any arrangement the traverser is deprived of any advantage that he ought to have, or might reasonably reckon on having, is calculated to deprive a verdict, however just, of any great value, further than as it exhibits the power of dealing with an individual case.

We think, with Judge Perrin, that the present practice presses unreasonably on traversers, and wish that his suggestion on the subject could be adopted:—

“I think,” says he, “the principle on which special juries are struck might be beneficially extended to criminal cases. I think there ought to be a right of peremptory challenge to the same extent—twenty—both in the Crown and the accused in all cases, the names upon the panel being drawn from a box, as in the civil court.”\*

In Ireland the seeming injustice of the present rule was very much felt—more especially in misdemeanour cases, where the prisoner has no right to challenge, and where the prosecutor being allowed to set jurors by, has all the advantages of a challenge without being obliged to state the grounds on which his challenge rests. He can in fact try his case by any jury he pleases. In prosecutions by private individuals, the rights of the Crown are exercised by the individuals prosecuting, and in this class of cases there was no limit to the abuse which this privilege gave. When Judge Perrin practised in the north-east circuit, he was very much employed in the defence of prisoners, and he tells us that at that time, and for twenty years afterwards, there was no such thing as a public prosecution in Ireland in which there was not also a private prosecutor with an agent, and often counsel, engaged to act with the Attorney-General and the counsel employed by him. “In party cases prosecuted by the Crown, it was a constant practice to have a private agent and counsel; ‘counsel,’ as the phrase was, ‘to watch the counsel for the Crown.’” So late as 1839, Mr. Justice Perrin could not say whether the custom did not still continue. The Crown-Solicitor for the circuit had not of course the local knowledge of the private agent, and though he was the official person through whom objections

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\* Lord's Reports. Crime in Ireland, 1839, page 1059. In *Frost's case* (1840) the Sheriff returned the panel alphabetically. The names were, by consent of the Crown and the prisoner, called, not according to the order in the list, but by ballot, and the challenger then taken.

to jurors were made, he yielded, as a matter of course, to such suggestions as were given him by persons always more interested in the results of particular prosecutions than in the purity of the general administration of justice. The effect of arbitrarily setting aside jurors was not so much that unfair verdicts were given, as that it could not be said that there was a satisfactory trial.

“As to the jurors,” says Judge Perrin, “it must be disagreeable to a man to be set aside. He must feel it as a kind of stigma; but that is a trivial matter compared with the general impression it creates as to the administration of justice, where it is injurious as tending to create a feeling that the verdict is not the result of a cool, deliberate, and impartial trial, but may have been affected by the opinions of particular individuals designedly put on the jury. But the most important point of view is *the real effect* which it is calculated to have on the administration of justice. It enables the prosecutor, especially in misdemeanour cases, to set aside any jurors that he pleases to avoid, and prevent a vigilant, searching, impartial, penetrating inquiry by persons whom he thinks able and likely to institute it, if he considers his case an infirm one; besides, that it gives him this advantage where there is a fixed panel, that he can set aside *ad libitum*, in order to arrive at and obtain individuals whom he may wish to put on—persons having a known bias or prejudice injurious to the accused. In misdemeanour cases, where the accused has no peremptory challenge, it amounts to packing a jury.”

In one case, where O’Connell as counsel for a private prosecutor had an opportunity of exercising the rights of the Crown, he set aside the fifty-two first jurors who answered their names. “It was,” said he in the House of Commons, (August 2, 1833,) “an issue on which *no man would think of challenging a juror in England*, but unhappily in Ireland the case was widely different. Such was the state of the panel for the county of Cork, that I was obliged to set aside fifty-two jurors before there was to be found a juror impartial enough to try the issue.” This was a case of misdemeanour in which the traverser had no right of challenge, and where O’Connell selected his jury from a panel of 800 persons. In this case, on his own showing, the law was practically different from what its administration would have been in England. Under the letter of the law—or its interpretation—the same incident might have occurred in either country, but till very lately, a more serious grievance was peculiar to Ireland. The old law-books in speaking of the prisoner’s right of peremptory challenge, describe it as given *in favorem vite*, and this led the Irish Courts to the inference that it was only to be allowed in capital cases. The privilege was by them confined to capital cases, till a case arose which Mr. Whiteside and Mr. Napier insisted on being brought before the House of Lords, which

decided against the Irish practice. This was so late as 1844. Till then, therefore, any plea of the Crown, not capital, was tried by a jury in the formation of which the accused had no voice whatever, and where the power of the Crown had scarcely any limit. Mr. O'Connell has told us that when he practised on the Munster Circuit, the interference of magistrates for the purpose of forming juries likely to be unfavourable to prisoners, was such that he complained of it to the counsel for the Crown, and that it then ceased, or at least was not exercised to the same extent. When Mr. Perrin was Attorney-General, he directed that no person should be set aside unless there was a substantive objection to him; that the Crown-Solicitors should not delegate their power, and that they should at the end of the circuit communicate to him the names of all persons set aside, and the causes. Sir Michael O'Loughlen when Attorney-General, went even farther. He held that the Crown had no right of peremptory challenge, and his opinion was that the construction of the statute of Edward I.—which construction allows the Crown the power to order jurors to stand by, without assigning any cause of challenge till the panel is exhausted—was not a sound one, and he gave directions to the Crown-Solicitors in accordance with these views. We transcribe his letter to the Crown-Solicitors:—

“ It is not my wish that you should exercise the privilege of setting aside a juror, except in cases in which a juror is connected with the parties in the case. You will not set aside any juror on account of his political or religious opinions, and you will be pleased in every case in which you may consider it necessary to set aside a juror to make a note of the objection.”

Nothing could have been more calculated to confirm him in the prudence of the course he adopted than its effects.

“ While Attorney-General for Ireland,” he tells us, “ I tried many persons of notorious political opinions by persons connected with the Associations to which they belonged, and in most instances I got verdicts. I tried several persons for processions against the provisions of the Procession Act by persons known to belong to the Society of Orangemen, and I got several convictions, and scarcely ever had an instance of a just complaint of a verdict: I tried several persons for riots, connected with the opposition to tithes, by jurors who were notoriously opposed to the payment of tithes themselves, and I got convictions.” \*

This result we should have anticipated; and we even agree with Sir Michael in the feeling that dictated his reply to what was meant to be a test question.—

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\* Lord's Report. *State of Crime in Ireland, 1889, p. 1162.*

"Suppose an attack by the members of one sect of religion on the members of another, or by the members of one political party on another, do you think that the administration of justice would be aided by allowing those persons to try the cause whose opinions on either side, religious or political, were strongly excited?"—"I think there is a choice of difficulties. I think the moral effect of allowing the jurors to be sworn as they are returned by the sheriff, and as they come to the book, unless there is good cause of challenge, would be better than the exercise of a right of challenge without assigning any cause."

A letter from Mr. Tickell, Crown-counsel on the Home-Circuit, is quoted by Sir M. O'Loughlen as confirming his impression:—"The jurors, in what might be called party cases, honestly discharged their duty." He states the number of trials for three assizes after Sir Michael's rule had been acted on, and says, "Out of the whole of these cases I could not fix on a dozen in which I should have differed from the jurors, nor do I recollect half a dozen in which I thought the Crown had any reason to complain." The fierce agitation, however, of our day had not then commenced. The thought of living as a distinct nation, governed by different laws, was not then the doctrine of the press. O'Loughlen's rule was certainly of more easy application in all cases where there was a distinct breach of a positive law than if he had to deal with "seditious libel," where the very essence of the offence is the effect which the prosecuted matter has a tendency to produce on other minds, and where what is innocent in one state of public feeling may in another be the deepest guilt. Of this class of questions Sir Michael was fortunate enough to have no experience—at least we do not remember during his time any prosecution for libel. Our own impression is very strong that a mixed jury would be far safer for the Crown than any other. In the jury-box, as elsewhere, there is no duty of citizenship that Roman Catholics will not honestly and fearlessly discharge; but Roman Catholics or Protestants, members of the clubs and associations, the legality of which is involved in the very questions knit between the Crown and the traverser, we think should be excluded. In such cases the challenge might with great advantage to society be at once made "for cause," and openly gone into. The result of a few such challenges might shew that there is something to be said for the forbearance of the Attorney-General, in not communicating his grounds of objection, and prove that his instructions to the persons acting for the Crown, not to set any man aside on the single ground of his religion, had been strictly complied with. The plan, however, suggested by Judge Perrin of the names of the panel being drawn from a box as in the civil court, and a peremptory right of challenging the same fixed

number given to the Crown and to the traverser, would go further to removing all real objections to the constitution of a jury than any other that has been proposed.

The enormity of the offences in Mitchel's and such cases, has been so great as to provoke sober men into calling for martial law—a course not unreasonable when the object of Government is to interrupt avowed preparations for civil war, and \*in all respects better than any violation of the existing forms of the administration of justice—any management in the selection of juries further than guarding against accused men being tried by accomplices—or any overstraining the ordinary law for the purpose of punishing particular delinquents. For martial law there is as yet no necessity. With respect to juries there can be little doubt of their doing their duty when a clear case of crime is established—of any warping of the law for the purpose of making cases of constructive crime, there can be no fear whatever. Our apprehension is in the other way. Our fear is that men guilty of felony under the late Act may be indicted but for sedition—as to proceed under the late Act for felony, committed by spoken words, requires informations to be sworn within a certain time—six days—after such speech; and that persons guilty of actual treason may be but indicted for felony. In cases where the indictment is for sedition, and where the evidence establishes the higher crime of felony or treason, in which the lesser one, according to the principles of the law of England merges, the grand jury may throw out the bills, or the petit jury be instructed to acquit.\* We cannot but remember Lord Eldon's vindication of his own course, in indicting the members of political societies in 1794 for High Treason :—

“As Attorney-General and public prosecutor, I did not think myself at liberty to let down the character of the offence. The mass of evidence, in my judgment, was such as ought to go to the jury for their opinion, whether they were guilty or not guilty of TREASON. Unless the whole evidence was laid before the jury, it would have been impossible that the country could ever have been made fully acquainted with the danger to which it was exposed, if these persons and the societies to which they belonged, had actually met in that national convention, which the papers seized proved that they were about to hold, and which was to have superseded parliament itself; and it appeared to me more essential to securing the public safety that the whole of these transactions should be published than that any of these individuals should be convicted. They too, who were lawyers and judges, having stated their opinion that these were cases of High Treason, I could not but be aware what blame would have been thrown on the law officers of the Crown, if they had been indicted

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\* The Act guards against the danger of such *Felony*, as is created by the Act merging in Treason, but makes no provision as to *Sedition*.

for misdemeanour, and the evidence had proved a case of High Treason, which, proved, would have entitled them to an acquittal for the misdemeanour.”\*

The inconvenience of this principle of law is so great that we doubt whether legislation should not be directed against the principle itself—which can scarce even assist in the furtherance of justice—rather than against its application in a particular case. In an able work of Mr. Hudson’s† it is strongly urged on the Legislature to get rid of some of the old maxims which—arising in a different state of society, are now often only known by consequences which can never be perfectly avoided, so long as the maxim is recognised as law. At present it would appear that a *sedition* disturber of the peace has no bad chance of escape, if he can prove that his offence amounts to *treason*—“and then,” in Lord Eldon’s words, “the country would not tolerate, and ought not to tolerate, that their lives should be put in jeopardy by another indictment for High Treason.”

Ireland—to judge of it by some of its newspapers, and to exclude all other evidence—presents the most daring determination that has ever been expressed to declare actual war against the very thought of society itself. The theory of the present agitators is this, that no existing laws are binding on Ireland. Repeal of the Union is not what is now wanted—that is described to have been a mere humbug—a trick worthy of O’Connell and the moral-force impostors of days that are with the years before the flood. English dominion was at all times an usurpation. No laws that it has enacted, or could enact, had any binding force on conscience. The Irish parliament of 1782, or any other period, was no better than it ought to be:—

“Repeal in its vulgar meaning,” says one of these gentlemen, “I look upon as impracticable by any mode of action whatever, and the constitution of ’82 as absurd, worthless, and worse than worthless. The English Government will never concede or surrender it to any species of moral force whatever, and the country peasantry will never arm and fight for it, neither will I.”

In language of great power the writer describes his purpose to be to unite with the question of Repeal, which he admits to have some interest for the town population, another which is likely to act on the rural peasantry:—

“I want to ally the town and country. Repeal is the question of the town population; the land-tenure question is that of the country peasantry. Both combined, taking each in its full extent and efficacy, form the question for Ireland—the question for the battle-day. \* \*

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\* Twiss’s “Life of Lord Eldon,” vol. i. p. 284.

† Hudson’s “Landlord and Tenant”—Preface.



You may think it a pity to crush and abolish the present noble race of landowners. \* \* \* What! is your sympathy for a class so great and your sympathy for a whole people so small? \* \* It is a mere question between a people and a class—between a people of eight millions and a class of eight thousand. \* \* The rights of property may be pleaded. No one has a higher respect for the rights of property than I have, but I do not class among them the robber's right, by which the lands of this country are holden in fee of the British Crown.”\*

In another Number of the same journal from which our quotation is made, the same writer says—

“ We hold the present existing Government of this island, and all existing rights of property in our soil, to be mere usurpation and tyranny, and to be null and void as of moral effect, and our purpose is to abolish them utterly, or lose our lives in the attempt. The right founded on conquest, and affirmed by laws made by the conquerors themselves, we regard as no other than the right of the robber on a larger scale.”

And in a paper entitled the “ Faith of a Felon,” by the same writer, there is a further development of the plan by which he would carry his theories into practical effect :—

“ Here,” says he, “ is the Confession and Faith of a Felon.

“ Years ago I perceived that the English conquest consisted of two parts combined into one whole : the conquest of our liberties—the conquest of our lands.

“ I saw clearly that the reconquest of our liberties would be incomplete and worthless without the reconquest of our lands—would not necessarily involve or produce that of our lands, and could not, on its own means, be possibly achieved ; while the reconquest of our lands would involve the other—would at least be complete in itself, and adequate to its own purposes, and could possibly, if not easily, be achieved.

“ The lands were *owned* by the conquering race, or by traitors of the conquered race. They were occupied by the native people, or by settlers who had mingled and merged.

“ I selected as the mode of reconquest to refuse payment of rent and resist process of ejection.

“ In that mode I determined to effect the reconquest, and staked on it *all my hopes here and hereafter*—my hopes of an effective life and an eternal epitaph. \* \* The opinions then stated, and which

I yet stand firm to, are these, ‘ that the occupying tenants of the soil of Ireland ought, *on principle*, to refuse all rent to the present usurping proprietors, until the people, the true proprietors, (or lords paramount in legal parlance,) have, in National Congress or Convention, decided *what* rents they are to pay, and *to whom* they are to pay them.

"And that the people, on grounds of policy and economy, ought to decide (as a general rule admitting of reservations) that those rents shall be paid to *themselves*—the people, for public purposes, and for the behoof of them, the entire general people."\*

In the *Nation* of July 1, 1848, is a paper entitled "*The Value of an Irish Harvest*," from which we quote a few sentences:—

"There is growing to-day on Irish soil £80,000,000 worth of produce, by the reckoning of the best accountants. \* \* \* To our minds if these £80,000,000 worth were boldly taken advantage of, a new foundation for life might be laid in Ireland. Let us suppose the thing to be tried—let us suppose a thousand clubs of 300 men spread over Ireland; their club-rooms over against every barrack in town and country—their scouts spying through every pass—their thousands battalioned in every city—their Irish League a Council of 300 honest men—clear-headed and brave, what great purposes might not a regeneration-fund of £80,000,000 be turned to? Less than one-half of it would feed the people till another harvest had found its way into the light. \* \* \* Upon the appropriation of this first part there could be no quibble, and should be tolerated no argument. If any man said nay, and put forth his hand upon the people's food, their answer should be the pike-point or the bullet. The uses of the surplus is a legitimate subject for deliberation. To direct the expenditure of £40,000,000 of money to an Irish Government just come to power must be a task of great complexity and anxiety. England, Italy, France, and Prussia, have had their peasant-insurrections, their wars for the possession of the soil. Ireland's is at last at hand."

In another paragraph of the same date, the *Nation*, speaking of the "Protestant Repeal Association," says—

"Let them calculate for their fellow-Protestants the value and uses of one Irish harvest, and place against it all the miserable subsidies and stipends England gives or can give—the wealth this soil grows, and the resources hidden under it; let them collate for them the laws of the land and the laws of nature, and ask them to decide whether they prefer retaining a tithe of the produce for their Church, or the whole of it for themselves, their Church, their children, and their neighbours."

In the *Tribune*, (another Dublin paper,) of the same date, the same doctrine is advocated. A writer of considerable talent, and zeal worthy of a better cause than that to which he has given himself, complains of the apathy of the members of the Clubs:—

"Why is it that you are idle when industry would be most effective?" [*Industry!*—But the next sentence exhibits what "industry" means.]—"The long talked-of harvest is approaching, and I ask you,

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\* *The Irish Felon*, July 8, 1848.

are you preparing to reap it? \* \* In summer we say, wait for autumn; take heed lest in autumn we say, wait for spring—when is an opportunity of use?—when you are prepared to avail yourselves of it. You, or at all events your leaders, call this coming harvest ‘an opportunity’—are they prepared to lead, and are you prepared to follow? Let *them* think well on it, for the sin of murder will be on their souls if they shrink; let *you* think of it, for if you falter, the Lord, in his justice, will appoint you the suicide’s hell. Better to die on your foemen’s bayonets in the cause of freedom, than to live another year like the last in a rotting Province. \* \* What we want most in Ireland is WILL. \* \* The people *wish* but they do not *will*. The men who go to a public meeting, and cheer every sentiment which pleases them, may continue their attendance at meetings until their hair is grizzled, and no good come of it. But the men who go out on a hill-side, or get behind a strong barricade, and remain in silent determination to take that which would not be given, must find that their will is synonymous with triumph. \* \* When this much-talked-of harvest is come, are you prepared to reap it?” “Repeal,” we quote from another article in the same paper, “Repeal is useless, unless it be preceded by a great social revolution. If the landlord class has been previously routed, and if the land returns into the hands of the rightful owners, then repeal may possibly be of some advantage. It may be the first step towards complete independence.”

We think there is more to alarm those who are anxious for the preservation of society in this plot of seizing the crops than in any other, or in all the others suggested, because that something of the kind is practicable has been already experienced in Ireland in the tithe-disputes some fifteen or sixteen years ago. The possession of the land and the property in the existing crops is, of course, the farmer’s, and that he should retain both without paying anything till extorted by legal process, is no doubt easily possible—that the country may be kept in such a state as to render the execution of any legal process dangerous to the subordinate ministers of the law, and to the agents and stewards of the landed proprietors, is too certainly feasible. The Dublin agitators are little likely to get one shilling of what the close-fisted farmer may withhold from his landlord, either on the pretence of a payment into the national treasury or any other; but we have some fear of their playing some such game on their own account, and impossible as is its ultimate success, yet if a sturdy resistance to rent were continued even for a few months, the interest on the debts of the landed proprietors being unpaid, there would be immediate law-proceedings for the sale of the lands, and in this way an extensive change of property would be accomplished. We fear not for the success of any contemplated plan of revolution; but for what seems to us a very probable consequence, not distinctly contemplated by these workers of

mischief, and which, if we know anything of the relations of Irish society, must be ruinous to all.

We disregard what the Republican journals call their war-department—directions for street-warfare, raising barricades, making gunpowder, spiking cannon, &c. These things cannot be safely despised, nor will they of course by those whose duty it is to watch for the peace of society; but even suppose some outbreak and an effort to react the scenes of Paris, we do not think the actual evil of this so great as the pollution of the public mind by familiarizing it with the atrocities dwelt on with insane delight in these publications. A street-riot, an hour of pillage and of massacre, is as nothing compared to the evil done in a different way. These newspapers are the chief literature, we fear, that circulates among a large class of society, and even the extracts we have given, though selected for a different purpose, prove that the journals are written with a degree of power that cannot but work on the minds of their readers. The earlier volumes of the *Nation*, and indeed all but the very latest were comparatively free from the faults which now taint it, in common with the other journals from which our extracts are taken. These writings are likely to debase the imagination, by bringing before it for ever scenes of ferocity, familiarizing it with evil, and thus depriving us of the best if not the only means of educating a people into a sense of their proper humanity. In some countries every word of the language is degraded by some vile association of ideas, so that truth cannot be communicated without the suggestion of falsehood, and thus the most efficient instrument of civilisation is a weapon in the hands of its most dangerous enemies.

“You taught me language,” says Caliban, “and my profit on ’t  
Is, I know how to curse.”

A more extensive change than Repeal would effect is now acknowledged by the leaders of the agitation, and the leaning of most seems to be for a Republic. We believe that a dream of actual occupation in the business of a Provisional Government has seized on the minds of some of these men; that with a view of hurrying things to some such issue was the organization of the country by means of local clubs devised, and with this view does it appear to us that the purpose of seizing on property has been recently announced. A repeal of the Union, such as was preached for a few years, met with many advocates; and their number was not diminished among men of property, from the notion that the relations of Irish society were not understood in England, and that property would be better preserved by the Irish gentry managing their own affairs. This class has been now taught that the violent seizure of property is among the

objects of the revolutionists. To the revolutionists it would not answer to have in the new Irish Parliament the same order of men that formed the Irish Parliaments of the days of old. "A mightier passion nerves Ireland to-day than that of merely repealing the Act of Union. Not the constitution that Tone died to abolish, but the constitution that Tone died to obtain, \* \* the soil of Ireland for the people of Ireland." We do not think it fair to argue from the language of any one of the agitators as to the opinions of the others—still less as to the existence of any consistent plan of the constitution of the future Government of Ireland—but that all landed property shall be taken from the present proprietors has for the last month past—not before—been preached in every one of the revolutionary journals; and this must have the effect of separating from the cause of Repeal that section of land-owners who every now and then, when provoked by the course of legislation on the Poor Laws, expressed an opinion that a Parliament in Dublin would have saved the country from measures which they in vain deprecated.

The organization of Clubs through the country is one which at the moment creates great alarm. It will not, however, succeed. We do not so much rely on the power of the legislature to put down these mischievous assemblies as a common nuisance, or on the clergy effectually discouraging them—for it will not be easy for legislation to draw a line of distinction between assemblies that ought not to be interfered with and these clubs, and there is a jealous spirit of resistance often in the Roman Catholic laity to the clergy's intermeddling in business purely secular—as on the fact that they must be soon felt to be for the most part assemblies of blackguards, with whom no decent person would associate. The strongest temptation to these places is vanity; and when the first excitement is over, vanity will lead persons to stay from them. Motley will for a while be the only wear. There will be field-days and exhibition displays. The President will wear his Tara cap and his dress of green and gold, but they will fade away and not be renewed. The whole thing will seem as foolish as his freemasonry does to a man of fifty. No enthusiasm will keep the fever alive, if the people have anything to do. In O'Connell's time great part of the country was organized in much the same manner as is now proposed. Each parish was then placed under Inspectors, Repeal-Wardens, and Collectors. The duties of these officers were defined, and one of them was to take care that newspapers were bought in every locality. This was a principal, or *the* principal object of the arrangement, and when the newspaper-people found other means of creating and supplying a demand for their ware, the machinery of repeal-wardens and collectors was discontinued, and the Dublin Association, the staff of which was supported by what remained after

paying for the newspapers, was closed for want of funds. The clubs are no doubt mischievous, but we cannot attach any great importance to them in their present state. So far from uniting the persons who lead the agitation, we have no doubt they will lead to discord and dissension. Wolfe Tone tells the history of one of his political clubs. He attributes to its members agreement in political opinions on essential points, information, talents and integrity. "Yet, I know not how it was, we did not draw well together; our meetings degenerated into downright oyster-suppers; we became a mere oyster-club." Then came misunderstanding or rather rooted dislike between the men of more ambitious talent—"the Cæsar and Pompey" of their little empire. Members dropped off one by one, and "after three or four months of sickly existence, our club departed this life." Mr. Mitchel, the victim of this insane agitation, describes himself as compelled to act for himself alone, not being able to find any of his associates to agree with him. From this has arisen the number of journals, and from this the phantom of a treason larger than any corresponding reality—for as the sale of these journals is an object, each seeks to outvie the other. The scene in Limerick, where a mob sought to burn the house in which some of the patriots were assembled at a soirée, is not more remarkable for the fact of the whole set being assailed by the Limerick populace, than for the other more significant one of the dissension between the invited guests.

"We went," says a writer in Mr. Mitchel's paper, "to rouse the national spirit of our countrymen against an alien Government, and while we did so, had to be protected by the soldiers of that alien Government *against* our countrymen."\*

In the same paper is printed a letter from Mitchel to the Committee of the Irish Confederation:—

"Differences \* \* between Mr. Smith O'Brien and myself have at length come to that point which makes it necessary in Mr. O'Brien's opinion, that one or other of us should leave the Irish Confederation."

We do not think that concord will reign long among these clubs, however constituted, and we cannot feel all the alarm on the subject that is expressed. Where drilling or training in military exercises is used in any club, it might be well to have the locality in which it occurs proclaimed under the late Act,† and to allow no person to have arms unless licensed. Some

\* *United Irishman*, May 6, 1848. "I came to emancipate you," said Major Brian, at a Catholic dinner in Kilkenny, "and you stole my hat."

† Since the above was written, and while we are transcribing this for the press, a proclamation has been issued, proclaiming Dublin, Waterford, Drogheda, and Cork—localities in which a good many of these clubs were planted.

summary jurisdiction should be given to the police magistrates, to punish by fine or imprisonment all persons guilty of drilling or training without authority. There are old acts of parliament punishing such offences, not too severely ; but the delay—often many months—which must intervene between the offence and the trial, is fatal to the best effects of penal justice, and plainly insufficient where the crime is directed against the very being of society itself. The captains and colonels may be allowed to “wear laurel crowns, and take what names they please,” so that proper care is taken to keep dangerous weapons out of their hands. Some earnest young men, connected with the newspapers, are the planners of this organization, and while they tell of numbers everywhere enrolling themselves, they acknowledge in the same breath that all the stimulants they can apply to rouse the universal country are in vain, addressed to any particular part of it :—

“The clubs,” it is said, “would rejoice if liberty were won for them by others, but they have no intention of risking their safety to obtain it themselves, and each locality strives to palliate its inactivity by declaring, that though it be apathetic, the rest of the country is up and stirring, and on that account there is less necessity for its own immediate action. If the men are unarmed, they satisfy themselves by thinking that there is elsewhere more exertion. Distance lends enchantment. Cork looks to Dublin, and Dublin to Cork. The Limerick man points to Belfast, and the Belfast man to Limerick. Everybody thinks everybody but himself is doing wonders, and the result is, that nothing is done.”\*

If this be a true account of the state of the clubs, it is plain that as yet they present nothing very formidable.

We have avoided, as far as we could, saying one word calculated to affect in any way the trials of the persons who have yet to answer to their country for what its laws call a crime. We have avoided as far as we could, even in our mind, forming an opinion of the guilt or innocence of individuals. Indeed, the greater part of what we have said has been written before the late movements of the Irish Government. In selecting our extracts from the *Nation* and *Felon* papers, we have been in part influenced by our admiration of the talents of, we believe, very young writers, whom we would sacrifice much to be able to recall from what we regard as a course utterly hopeless, and which if they so regarded it, would, we have no doubt, be felt as criminal. We have not said one word of the state of the country, as we feel that its miseries, whatever excuse they may furnish for distress making itself felt in the form of crimes against pro-

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\* *Irish Felon*, July 8th.

perty, are no justification in the case we are examining, and are in truth wholly unconnected with the influencing motives of the agitation. We in truth feel more than we can express for many of the young persons who write in these journals, and who, as far as we can judge by their writings, seem to us to have been deluded by no ungenerous ambition. Many of them are mere boys—some absolute children.\* Would that there could be any mode of saving them! The people will be taken out of their hands—indeed, we believe that they are not in them. The rural population in the north have no sympathies with them, and they find no access whatever to the minds of the peasantry in the south. “As the present Chief Baron of England said, when he saw his children patting a tortoise, you might as well pat the dome of St. Paul’s to please the Dean and Chapter.”

We would be inclined to address some of these men—the author of the “Claims of Labour” would have the Chartist addressed. “Tell him, and you will not be exaggerating, that there are people in the higher classes whom he curses as aristocrats, the best energies of whose minds have been given for many a year to thought and endeavour for him. If he begin with his ‘liberty, equality, and fraternity,’ tell him *that there is here neither time nor space for such things.* \* \* \* If time and space were unlimited we might say to him, be directed by no one, do not suffer yourself to work in the grooves of any state of society or under any constitution. There is no such thing as hoarded wisdom, there shall be no such thing as hoarded labour. You shall knock at famine’s door yourself, and get your own answer. \* \* And had we all to begin in this way, and each generation to reconstitute society, and were there space and time for so doing, it might be an admirable mode of education. It certainly would be a most severe one.”

“Then as to equality, what does it mean? Civil equality! we have got it. Social equality! which of us ever met his equal? Indeed, to the same man in the same day I am lord and servant; now instructor, now pupil. Life is an interchange of dependencies. Folly, which lives in crude abstractions, never found such a home as in this word ‘equality.’”†

In the reconstruction of society in Ireland we anticipate more from the effects of education than from any other cause. There is no uneducated or half-educated man who is not the slave of some theory or prejudice. Let a man but learn any thing thoroughly;

“setting himself to wrestle with nature, trying to master some one

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\* One of the articles prosecuted as felony is said in the paper to be by a child of nine years old.

† *Letter from a London Special Constable*, (p. 14.) London, 1848.



branch of art, he may learn a humility which he will never acquire while he is fabricating fancy constitutions.”\*

Through the country efforts have been made to instruct the people in practical agriculture. This wise measure—Lord Clarendon’s own we believe—has done much. In most educational establishments of a public kind agricultural instruction is now given. Model farms are about to be attached to the poor-houses, and thus some compensation given for whatever may be reasonably complained of in the principle of these laws. From the provincial colleges, which must soon come into operation, much may be expected. The history of the past, too, will be read in a different spirit from that in which it is now studied, and men will find that it has another value than furnishing weapons of party aggression. It delights us to be able to quote from the pages of Mitchel—a man who, though deeply criminal, seems, towards the close of his career, to have been almost insane with enthusiasm, and to have proceeded to lengths which he could not have originally contemplated—a passage written in no unkindly or uncandid spirit to the Church of England. With it, as more likely to have effect with the class of readers whom we have been last addressing, we conclude:—

“ Among the national institutions, among the existing forces, that make up what we call an Irish nation, the Church, so far as it is a spiritual teacher, must be reckoned. Its altars, for generations, have been served by a devoted body of clergy: its sanctuaries thronged by our countrymen: its prelates have been among the most learned and pious ornaments of the Christian Church. Their stories are twined with our history: their dust is Irish earth: and their memories are Ireland’s for ever. In the little church of Dromore, hard by the murmuring Lagan, lie buried the bones of Jeremy Taylor: Would Ireland be richer without that grave? In any gallery of illustrious Irishmen, Ussher and Swift shall not be forgotten; Derry and Cloyne will not soon let the name of Berkely die; and the lonely tower of Clough Oughter is hardly more interesting to an Irishman as the place where Owen Roe breathed his last sigh, than by the imprisonment within its walls of the mild and excellent Bishop of Kilmore. *Sit mea anima cum Bedello!* ”

“ When Irishmen consent to let the past become indeed history, not party politics, and begin to learn from it the lessons of mutual respect and tolerance, instead of endless bitterness and enmity, then, at last, this distracted land shall see the dawn of hope and peace, and begin to renew her youth and rear her head among the proudest of the nations.”†

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\* *Letter from a London Special Constable*, p. 21.

† *Life and Times of Aodh O'Neill*. By John Mitchel, Preface, pp. xi., xii.

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